September 21, 1935

5¢ a copy

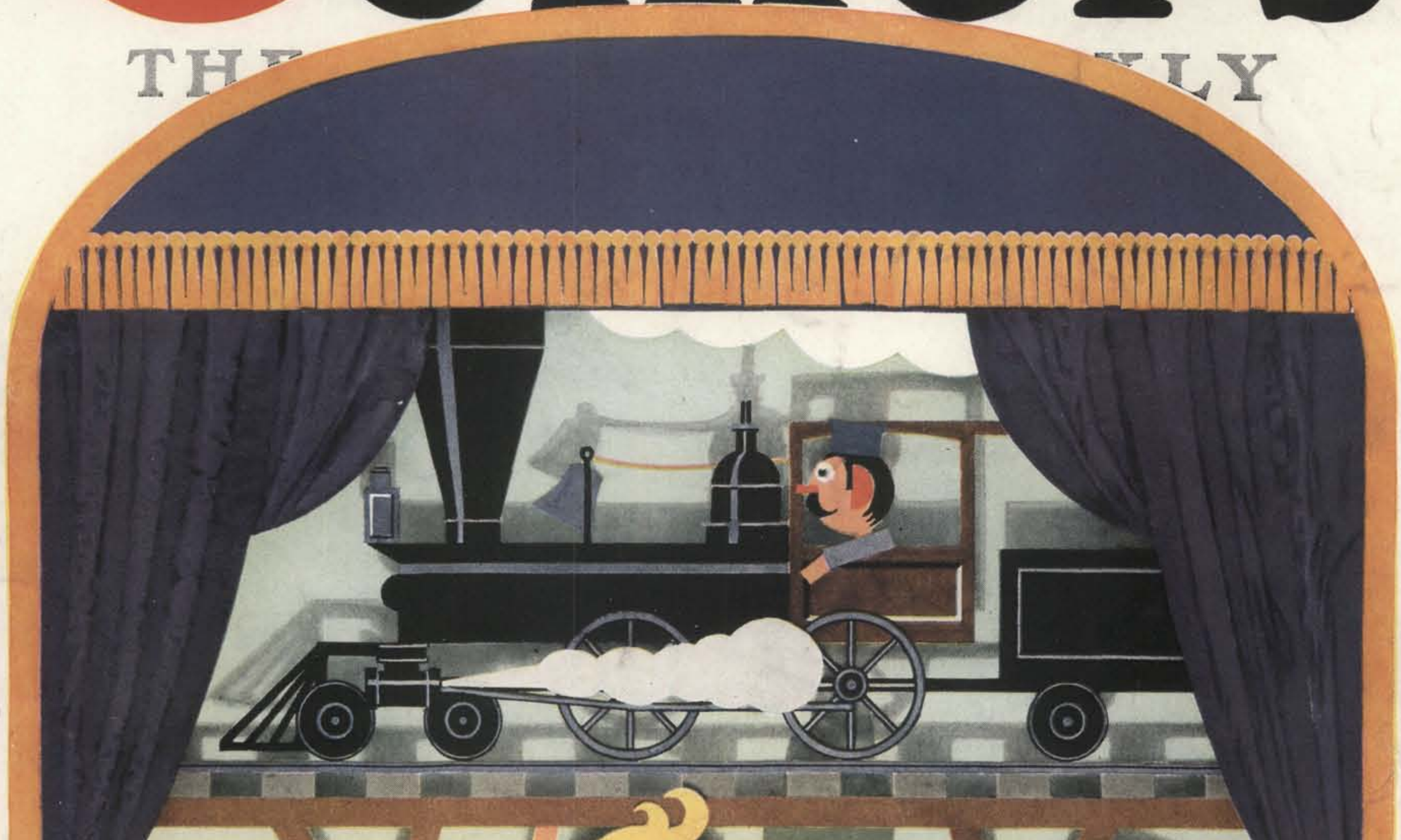
10c in Canada

1

Collier's

TH

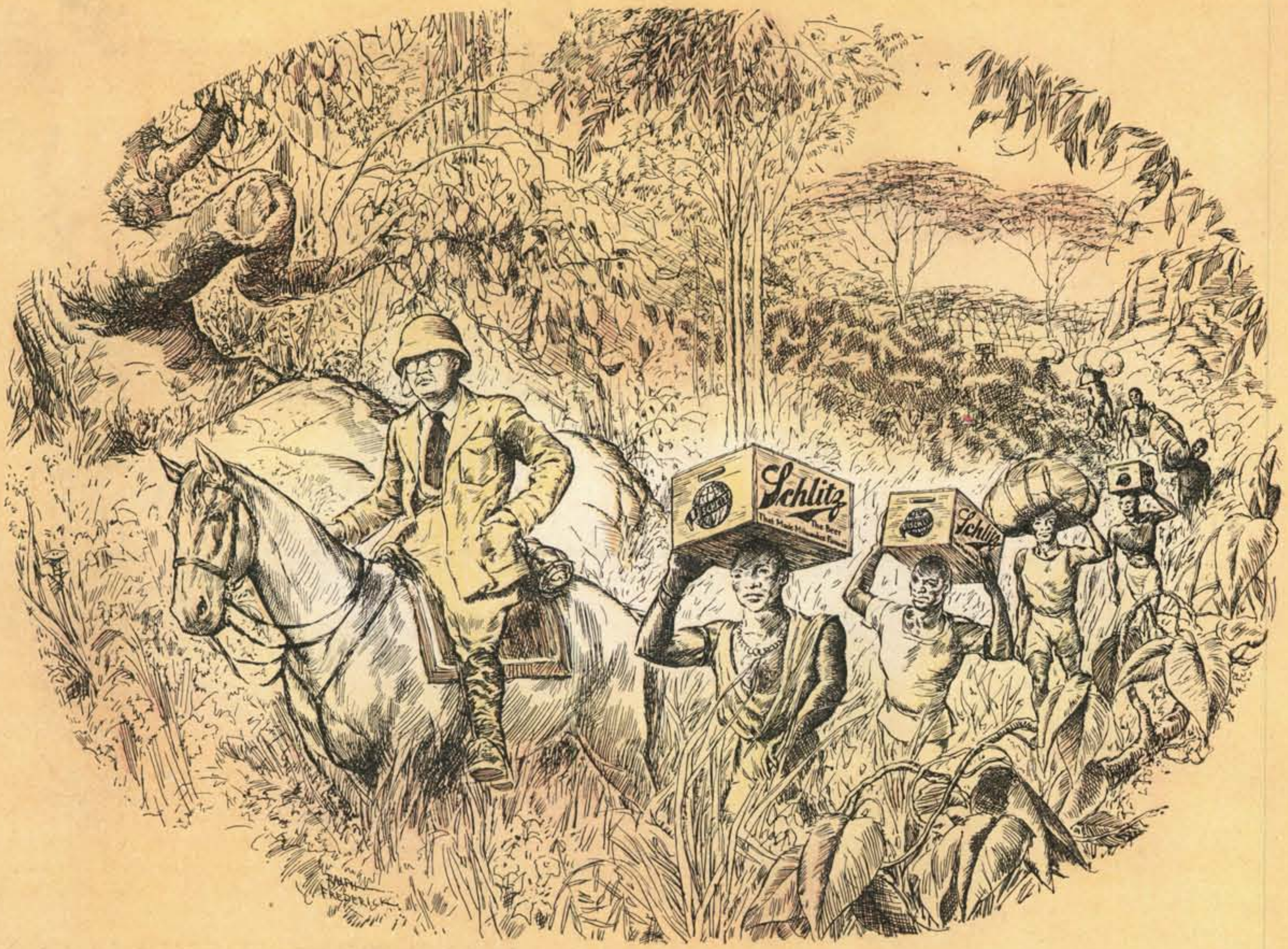
LY


Now Playing
"BERTHA the SEWING MACHINE GIRL"
COMING SOON
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"
ANTHONY FRAIOLI

Deepwater Island a novel of love, mystery and adventure in the mid-Pacific By A

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE —

SEPT. 21, 1935



SAID T.R. "I WANT IT IN AFRICA"

So Schlitz, the Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous, went along

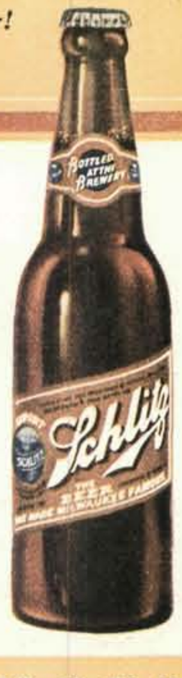
To the headwaters of the Nile, under the Equator, went Theodore Roosevelt in 1909. He was after specimens of African big game. With him went tons of salt, for curing skins. His famous pigskin library. The rabbit's foot John L. Sullivan gave him. And a good supply of Schlitz Beer!

AT HOME or in darkest Africa, he knew he'd enjoy Schlitz. It is different from all other beers. It has a delicious flavor all its own. It stimulates quickly and pleasantly and never has a trace of after effect. It retains valuable vitamins for extra healthfulness. And Schlitz is easier to digest than common beer. That's because it is made from the choicest grains and hops, malt and yeast; brewed under Precise Enzyme Control — a costly and secret Schlitz process. Next time drink Schlitz, on draught or in bottles. You will agree that Schlitz agrees with *you!*

Schlitz

© 1935, J. S. B. Co.

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

The Newest, Largest, Richest Treasury *of* Living Classics

Ever Put Into One Volume

1600 Pages

free

to New Members of the Literary Guild

Carl Van Doren's Amazing New Anthology of World Prose

Here is an amazingly complete collection of the best writings of all time! Even skeptics have gasped at its size and scope, marveled that all of it could be put into ONE compact, beautiful volume. Think of it! 1600 pages, well printed in clear type, in a book hardly two inches thick! 1,100,000 words containing more choice reading and more cultural value than the average busy person could find in a lifetime! 214 of the MOST IMPORTANT PROSE WRITERS OF FORTY CENTURIES are included in this volume. See the partial list at the left—then you will decide at once that you must have this book for your own. WE WILL SEND IT TO YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE IF YOU JOIN THE LITERARY GUILD NOW!

GUILD MEMBERSHIP IS FREE

The Guild offers you many unequaled advantages. It provides the most complete, economical, and convenient book service in the country. It selects for you each month an outstanding new book just published. If you want the Guild selection for the month you pay only $2.00 (plus a few cents carrying charges) for it regardless of the retail price. (The regular retail prices of Guild selections range from $2.50 to $5.00). If you do not want the Guild selection for the month, then you may take your choice from twenty other outstanding books selected from all the publishers' lists and recommended by the Guild, or the Guild will deliver, postage prepaid, any other book in print you wish at the publishers' prices.

However, if you do not want any book that month, then you are not obligated to take any. You may buy as few as four books during the year to enjoy all advantages of membership.

Guild Members Save Up To 50%

Outstanding of all advantages of Guild membership, particularly at this time, is the saving in cost of books. Guild savings are not merely fractional savings. When you can get a $3.00, $4.00 or $5.00 book for only $2.00, you can see at once that your book bills can be cut in half, and that you can afford to buy more books you wish to read this way than under any other plan.

FREE BONUS BOOKS DISTRIBUTED TWICE A YEAR TO GUILD MEMBERS

This popular new plan now makes it possible for Members to get an additional NEW book every six months, ABSOLUTELY FREE. The Handbook describes this important new feature of Guild Membership.

SUBSCRIBE NOW---Send No Money

The special features of Guild membership guarantee you greater economy, convenience, and satisfaction than any other method of book buying. Remember: members buy only the books they want and they may accept as few as four books a year. The Guild service starts as soon as you send the coupon. Our present special offer gives you the 1600-page ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD PROSE absolutely free. This book will come to you at once, together with the Member's Handbook giving full information about the Guild Service and special savings, and the Guild's sensational new Free Bonus Book plan.

A Miracle Book

214 Greatest Writers

of All Times.. Ancient and Modern

ITALIAN
- Dante Alighieri
- Marco Polo
- Boccaccio
- Leonardo da Vinci
- Machiavelli
- Cellini
- Casanova

SPANISH
- Don Juan Manuel
- Christopher Columbus
- Cervantes
- Pedro Antonio Alarcon

FRENCH
- Rabelais
- Montaigne
- Moliere
- Saint-Simon
- Voltaire
- Rousseau
- Stendhal
- Balzac
- Sainte-Beuve
- Flaubert
- Ernest Renan
- Maupassant
- Anatole France
- Marcel Proust

GERMAN
- Goethe
- Grimm
- Heine
- Karl Marx
- Schopenhauer
- Nietzsche
- Thomas Mann
- Franz Werfel

SCANDINAVIAN
- Hans Christian Andersen
- Henrik Ibsen
- Sigrid Undset
- August Strindberg
- Selma Lagerlof

RUSSIAN
- Nikolai Gogol
- Sergei Aksakov
- Ivan Turgenev
- Fyodor Dostoevsky
- Leo Tolstoy
- Maxim Gorki
- Anton Chekhov

ENGLISH
- Shakespeare
- Samuel Pepys
- Daniel Defoe
- Jonathan Swift
- Fielding
- Sterne
- Samuel Johnson
- Edmund Burke
- Thomas Paine
- James Boswell
- Sir Walter Scott
- Jane Austen
- Carlyle
- Dickens
- Thackeray
- Darwin
- Lewis Carroll
- Oscar Wilde
- Bernard Shaw
- Max Beerbohm
- W. Somerset Maugham
- W. H. Hudson

IRISH
- William Butler Yeats
- George Moore
- Lady Gregory
- James Joyce

JAPANESE
- Lady Murasaki Shikibu
- Yoshida Kenko

GREEK
- Plato
- Aristotle
- Epictetus
- Plutarch
- Aesop's Fables

AMERICAN
- Benjamin Franklin
- Washington Irving
- Emerson
- Richard Henry Dana, Jr.
- Poe
- Hawthorne
- Melville
- Thoreau
- Mark Twain
- Henry Adams
- George Santayana
- Dreiser
- Cabell
- Eugene O'Neill
- Sinclair Lewis
- Thomas Wolfe

CHINESE
- Lao Tzu
- Confucius

PERSIAN
- Sa'di
- The Lights of Canopus

HEBREW
- The Old Testament

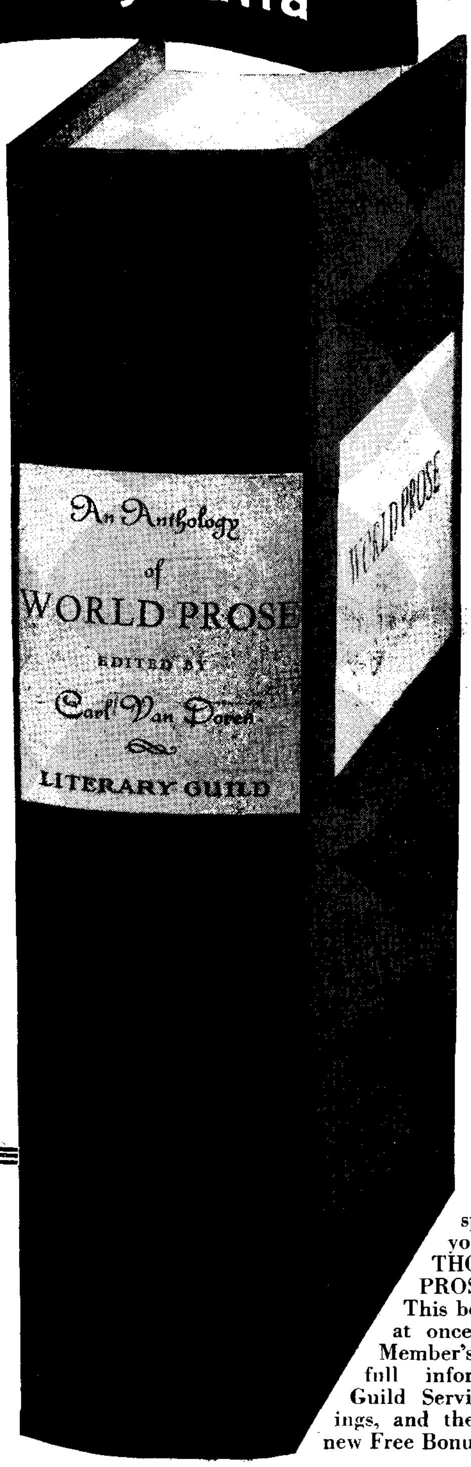
ARABIAN
- The Koran
- A Thousand Nights and a Night

LATIN
- Petronius
- Cornelius Tacitus
- Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus
- Apuleius
- Thomas a Kempis
- Sir Thomas More
- Nicholas Copernicus
- William Harvey
- Baruch de Spinoza
- Sir Isaac Newton

and many more

Monthly Literary Magazine "WINGS" Free

During the year you will receive without charge 12 issues of "WINGS," a sparkling illustrated little journal with news of books and authors. In this magazine descriptions are given of the Guild's current book selections and recommendations. It is a guide to the best reading and is invaluable to every one who wants to keep up-to-date on the new books.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Free---Anthology of World Prose

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Dept. 9-C.W.
244 Madison Avenue, New York

Enroll me, without charge, as a member of The Literary Guild of America and send me the Member's Handbook.

I am to receive free each month the Guild Magazine "WINGS" and all other membership privileges for one year. I agree to purchase at least four books of my choice through the Literary Guild within a year—either Guild selections or otherwise—and you guarantee to protect me against any increase in price of Guild selections during this time.

In consideration of this agreement you will send me at once, FREE, a copy of the 1600-page ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD PROSE.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Subscriptions from minors must have parent's signature.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*

WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*
DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA *Foreign News*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

"DON'T go after big dames or big dough," Archibald Pilliwer's father told him; "they'll drive you nuts. If you want to be happy get yourself a little dame and a little dough and settle in the country while you're young."

Seldom has any paternal advice been so faithfully followed. You will meet Mr. Archibald Pilliwer as caddy at the Three Lakes Golf Club—and you will hear all about Tootles. As for the dough, that, too, came from the elder Pilliwer's advice and resulted in Archibald controlling the club. He turned out to be a very formidable caddy indeed, as you will learn in "No Experience Needed," an uproarious short story by Jerome Beatty.

NO ONE knows what made that afternoon unique. DeMille had set up his cameras on the lip of the Grand Canyon and ordered a late "take." The rushes showed a perfect three-dimensional scene, with all the solidity and sharp perspectives of a stereoscope. No one knows why—yet. The scene grew out of some mysterious harmony of light waves, shadow and atmosphere. But soon we'll have the secret. In the laboratories of Hollywood this and a hundred new marvels are in preparation. The new films will really be "Stupendous, Colossal, Gorgeous." W. B. Courtney takes you to a preview.

THERE has been a lot of loose and malicious criticism of the Jolly Bachelors Club for passing "Sentence of Marriage" on Flathead Millegan. The critics just don't understand. It was a question of marriage or death and, in a weak moment, the bachelors chose the former for their friend. All the extenuating circumstances, including the flying form of Flathead and Trina, are to be found in a gay love story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.

AT SIX o'clock on the evening of January 5th, Mercury, the planet of Illusion, was just entering the second house, the house of Money. At that very moment Mark Naugle read in the paper that the lottery ticket he held had won $50,000. Mr. Naugle was born in "The Sign of the Goat" and luckily behaved accordingly. With Tarat guiding and Thomas McMorrow recording, everyone came out ahead.

COREY FORD and Alastair MacBain contribute a dramatic short story, "The President Goes Fishing." The Short Short Story is by Elmer Davis. George Creel, Kyle Crichton, Alan LeMay, Marie Beynon Ray, Ernest Haycox and others complete the bill. Now, try to be calm.

This Week

●

September 21, 1935

Cover by Anthony Fraioli

ALAN LeMAY
Deepwater Island, Part I. Romance in an island empire—the new serial. Page 7

WALTER DAVENPORT
Power in the Wilderness. Who'll buy the government's kilowatts? Page 10

C. S. MONTANYE
Open Net. The love story of a smart guy. Page 12

BERNARD DeVOTO
View from the Top. What happened to a man and a girl who thought they wanted success. Page 14

ROARK BRADFORD
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. Glory in the land of "The Green Pastures"—the Southern Negro's religion. Page 16

RUD RENNIE
Twang, Twang. The witchery of archery. Page 18

FREDERICK SKERRY
The Blinding Stars. Inspiration from on high. Page 19

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Silver Desert, Part VI. The trap that shut the wrong way. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Umpire's Choice, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Page 22

ROBERT ORMOND CASE
Lost and Found. The story of a small boy. Page 24

GROVER JONES
Movie Magician. Ernst Lubitsch: he wanted to lead a band. Page 26

GEORGE CREEL
The Prospect Pleases. The Republicans scrutinize Comptroller General McCarl. Page 28

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Foster's freaks. Page 30

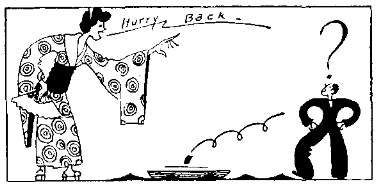
EDITORIAL
The Rising Tide. Page 74

●

Any Week

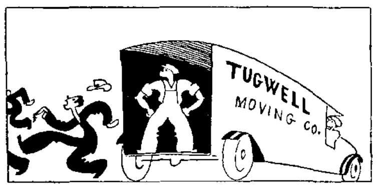
MR. MORDECAI SALEM TOOMBS, D. S. T., writes a letter of appreciation from Los Angeles, California. Mr. Toombs is Founder, Guardian and Provost of Soul Tillage, a "natural philosophy which one does not have to absorb." It seems we mentioned Soul Tillage recently. Says Mr. Toombs: "We ask nothing of converts but their silence. There are no fees exacted. Instead, we pay each student of Tillage one dollar for each step successfully taken. We oppose the Townsend Plan because it begets greed. We oppose all Share-the-Wealth proposals because they condone avarice. We solicit no membership because membership must be voluntary. We collect no dues because dues-payers expect a return for money paid. There are no rules and there is no creed because pilgrims must find their own way. Solitude and quiet reflection are all one needs. Thus one Tills one's Soul. Every human mind contains all knowledge. Till it and have peace. Thank you."

IT MAY be, as some of our readers insist, that we're a little dumb. But things like Soul Tillage always frustrate us. To begin with, we don't know how to start. Mr. Toombs leaves us as mystified as Mr. A. Lichtenstock of Toronto, Canada, does. We gather that we've offended Mr. Lichtenstock, who threatens to ruin us with exposure. "I know all about you and the First National Bank," says he. "And I know all about the money that was passed in Suite 2-B. At the proper time I shall turn over the documents to the proper authorities."



NOW the only thing anybody in any First National Bank ever said to us, as far as we remember, was No. And till our souls as we may, we cannot recall Suite 2-B. We do remember that we won three dollars in a craps game in a hotel in St. Louis in the fall of 1932, but that happened on the ballroom floor while a Mr. Johnson was denouncing a Mr. Hoover who, at the time, held some sort of public office in Washington. Still, as we are frequently reminded, we may have a whole flock of pasts. For example, here's a card from a Miss Katsuko Terada of Yokohama, Japan, bidding us to "hurry back." Seems to us that if we'd been in Japan we'd have remembered it.

ANOTHER job for Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell. Professor Tugwell has done some radio broadcasting which, had it been interrupted now and then with song, might have been even more effective. Down in Arkansas, says Mr. Ted MacNellis of Fort Smith, the news that Professor Tugwell was about to move populations around a bit in the interests of rehabilitation was received with mingled feelings. "Everybody," says Mr. MacNellis, "began to make a list of people they wanted moved out of the neighborhood. They even went so far as to suggest places to move them to—Australia, Hell, Little America, Alaska and so forth. But everybody decided that they themselves weren't going to move for Mr. Tugwell or six more like him. So when he gets down this way with his moving van he's going to get into a lot of arguments."


TUGWELL MOVING CO.

ANYWAY, Mrs. William R. Engle of Houston, Texas, is pretty "tired listening to men telling all who'll listen what President Roosevelt ought to have done and what, if they were in the White House, they'd do. Especially," she goes on, "when most of the most positive ones would have an awful time proving that they ever were a big success at anything except breaking the liquor laws."

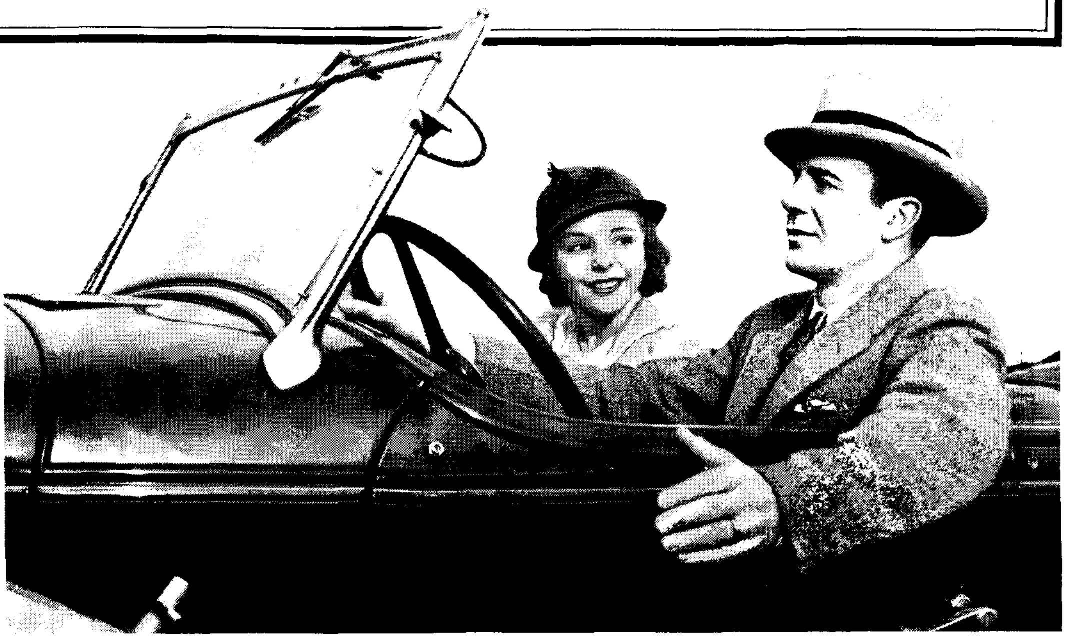
AND a nasty pain in the neck has Mrs. Florence R. Toohey of San Francisco, California, down. "Our lovely climate," says she, "is being affected by aspirants for office, each pledging himself to broad, humanitarian relief laws, immediate payment of the bonus, the Townsend Plan, prompt and adequate relief for the farmer and small businessman, a drastic cut in local and federal taxes, economy and a balanced budget. And they'll probably get the votes."

MR. LEW GLENDON of Portland, Maine, is going to vote Republican. Mr. Glendon has been on relief. "The Democrats have used up all the money they can lay their hands on," says Mr. Glendon. "The money they can't lay their hands on belongs to the Republicans. So we're going along with the Republican dough until that runs out. After that we'll go to work."

WHERE?

Vol. 96, No. 12. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

If you are a careful driver you can save money on Car Insurance



LIBERTY MUTUAL'S money-saving plan for careful motor car owners is summed up in these nine words: "Careful drivers are entitled to lower automobile insurance cost."

Here's how it works: By barring dangerous drivers and selecting only careful drivers, we have fewer accidents. This means fewer losses to pay. Furthermore, you avoid paying large commissions to insurance salesmen on new policies or renewals. The savings which result from this plan come back to you. More than 43 million dollars in dividends have been so returned to policyholders by Liberty Mutual since it started 23 years ago.

Here is a money-saving opportunity for you and a chance to associate yourself with more than 100,000 carefully selected, responsible car-owners who are working together to prevent accidents. If you believe your driving record qualifies you to join this selected group, clip the coupon below now. Then you and we can decide whether we should do business together.

No car can be safer than the man at the wheel. And no driver can feel 100% safe without adequate insurance on his car. If you are a consistently careful driver, we believe you are entitled to car insurance at lower cost. With us, you do not have to pay the same price for automobile insurance as dangerous, reckless drivers. Here is the way our plan works: Selected drivers, hence fewer accidents and fewer losses—savings returned to you.

8 GOOD REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD INSURE WITH LIBERTY MUTUAL

1. You are identified with reputable, careful drivers. Liberty Mutual's clients are selected, not merely solicited. They are the most careful automobile drivers in the country. You profit by that association in dollars and cents.

2. You do not have to help pay for costly accidents caused by dangerous, reckless drivers.

3. Savings effected by careful selection of careful drivers, and savings resulting because your premiums do not go to pay large commissions to salesmen on new policies or renewals, are returned to *you*. In 23 years at least 20% annually has been so paid back to policyholders.

4. Your company is the largest, strongest mutual casualty insurance company in the United States. It has grown steadily in size and strength, in good times and in bad.

5. Your company operates from coast to coast. Liberty Mutual service is as close as your telephone.

6. Your car insurance is handled without bother or red tape. Claims are settled fairly and promptly.

7. Responsible car owners can participate in our convenient Deferred Payment Plan.

8. It is *your* company. *Mutual* companies are owned and operated by their policyholders.

LIBERTY MUTUAL

INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: 31 St. James Avenue, *Boston, Massachusetts*

NATION-WIDE SERVICE

LIBERTY MUTUAL *also writes Workmen's Compensation, General Liability, Burglary and Robbery, Personal Accident, Forgery and Fidelity Bonds for manufacturers, merchants and individuals. All forms of Fire Insurance written through United Mutual Fire Insurance Co.*

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

How to
SAVE MONEY
on your
AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE
for careful drivers only

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
31 St. James Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Without obligation, please send me free booklet which shows exactly how much careful drivers can save on car insurance; also facts about your convenient Deferred Payment Plan for responsible car owners. C 9-21

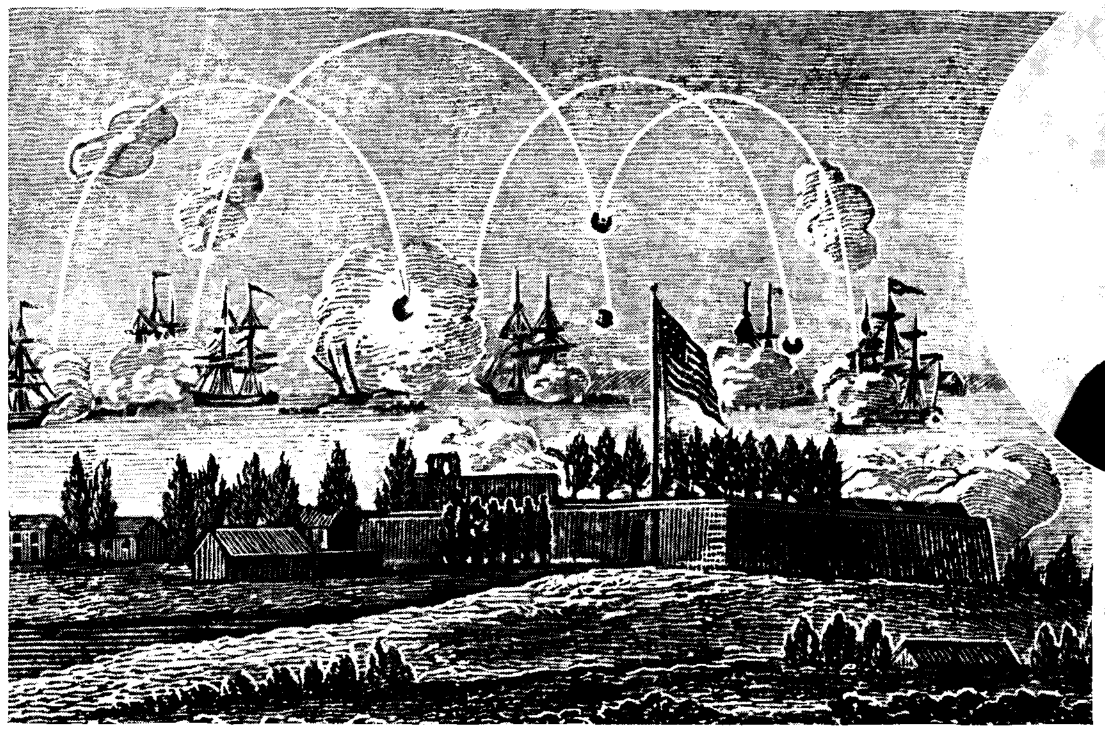
Name ____

Business address ____

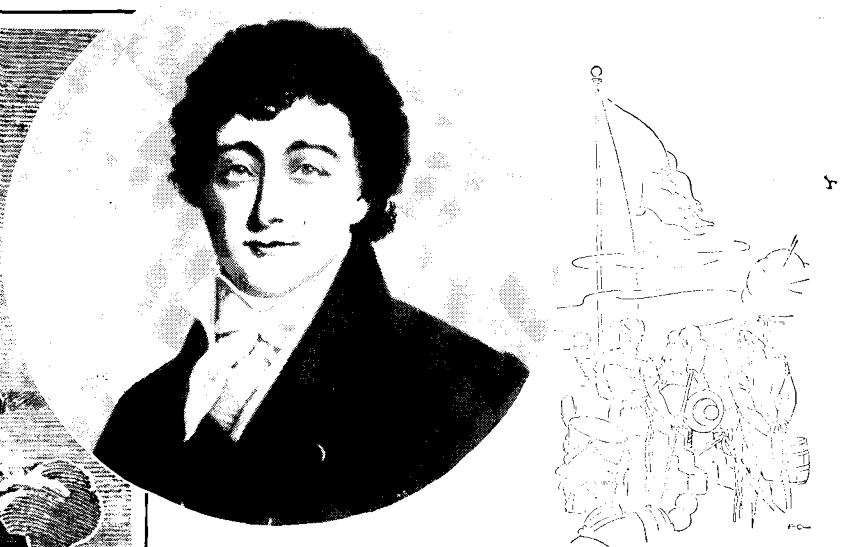
Town where car is kept ____ My present policy expires ____

Make of car ____ No. of cylinders ____

Body type ____ Model No. ____ Year ____



Bombardment of Fort McHenry—from a contemporary print.



September 13, 1814. No song was ever composed under more dramatic circumstances than "The Star Spangled Banner." Francis Scott Key *watched the bombardment of Fort McHenry from* a ship of the British fleet... thrilled to the fact the "flag was still there" at dawn... wrote the words which won him enduring fame. That night Ferdinand Durang, an actor serving with the American troops in Baltimore, sang it for the first time. But it was not until March 3, 1931 that "The Star Spangled Banner" was *officially designated* as the national anthem.

[These facts have been authenticated by H. W. Elson, Litt.D., one of America's great historians. . . . The portrait is used by courtesy of the New York Public Library and the engraving by Robert Fridenberg.]

Mid "the rocket's red glare"

he wrote the song that is Radio's greatest thrill to every American

The United States Marine Band playing "The Star Spangled Banner"! No American ever hears it without a surge of patriotic emotion. And no American ever hears it as magnificently over the air as on a 1936 Philco 116X.

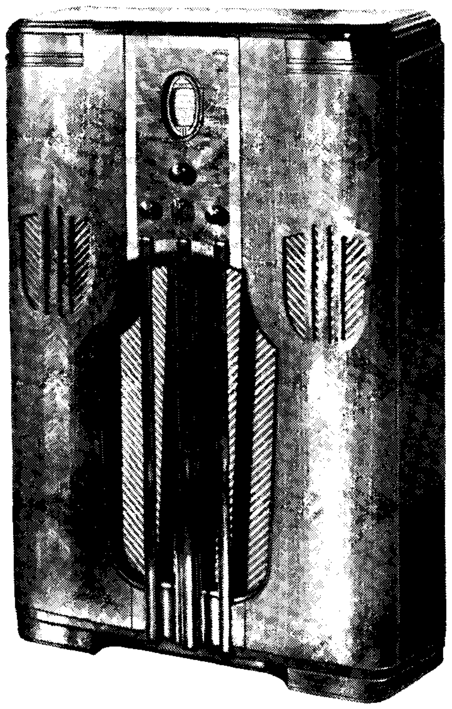
No matter what your choice of program, the new Philco 116X reproduces it so perfectly the artists seem to be right in your living-room. Through Philco High-Fidelity you hear the overtones which give individuality to woodwinds, to strings and to brasses . . . the overtones which endow singing and speaking voices with life-like warmth and naturalness.

Would you hear what foreign broadcasters* are offering? With surprising clearness and regularity Philco 116X carries you across the Atlantic. You linger a while in London where a cathedral choir is singing . . . drop into a Berlin concert hall for a program of Bach and Brahms . . . dance if you choose to the torrid tempo of Castilian castanets from the popular Madrid station, EAQ.

Every other broadcast service in the air, too! Rapid-fire orders to police cars. Two-way conversations between airplanes and ground stations. Amateurs talking incredible distances on the twenty meter channels! Even the U. S. Government Weather Forecasts on the long waves.

Your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate the 116X . . . and tell you about the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

* IMPORTANT! To span oceans you need a scientifically designed aerial. Install a Philco All-wave Aerial to get everything this powerful 116X is capable of giving.



NEW PHILCO 116X	$175
WITH PHILCO ALL-WAVE AERIAL	$180

THIS new Philco is a true High-Fidelity instrument with vastly extended musical range bringing you the overtones which identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. . . NEW and exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers automatically prevent unpleasant barrel-like boom. . . ALL the clarity of tone produced by the Acoustic Clarifiers, and all the extended musical range of Philco High-Fidelity are preserved and projected up to ear level by the large area and slope of the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board. . . IN addition, the 116X gives you Precision Control over every broadcast service in the air—Foreign as well as American Stations; State and Municipal Police, Local and Distant Amateur, Ship, Aircraft, United States Government Weather Forecasts. And its automatic Aerial Selector used with the Philco All-wave Aerial automatically maintains maximum power on each wave band. . . In effect, five aerials in one.

PHILCO

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

FORTY-THREE MODELS

$20 *to* $600

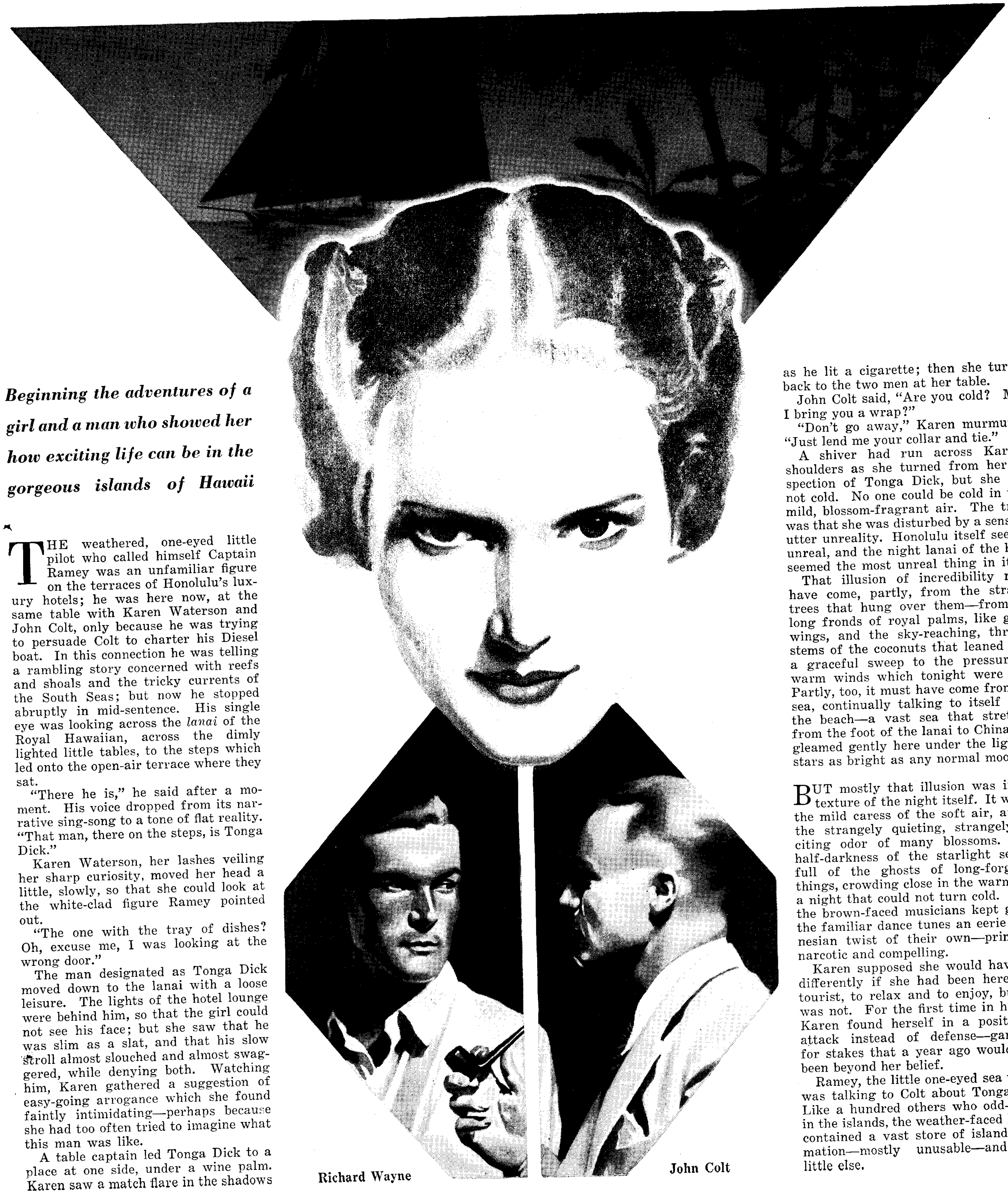
PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO . . . SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR CAR . . . LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

Collier's The National Weekly for September 21, 1935

Deepwater Island

By Alan LeMay

Beginning the adventures of a girl and a man who showed her how exciting life can be in the gorgeous islands of Hawaii



Richard Wayne

John Colt

THE weathered, one-eyed little pilot who called himself Captain Ramey was an unfamiliar figure on the terraces of Honolulu's luxury hotels; he was here now, at the same table with Karen Waterson and John Colt, only because he was trying to persuade Colt to charter his Diesel boat. In this connection he was telling a rambling story concerned with reefs and shoals and the tricky currents of the South Seas; but now he stopped abruptly in mid-sentence. His single eye was looking across the *lanai* of the Royal Hawaiian, across the dimly lighted little tables, to the steps which led onto the open-air terrace where they sat.

"There he is," he said after a moment. His voice dropped from its narrative sing-song to a tone of flat reality. "That man, there on the steps, is Tonga Dick."

Karen Waterson, her lashes veiling her sharp curiosity, moved her head a little, slowly, so that she could look at the white-clad figure Ramey pointed out.

"The one with the tray of dishes? Oh, excuse me, I was looking at the wrong door."

The man designated as Tonga Dick moved down to the lanai with a loose leisure. The lights of the hotel lounge were behind him, so that the girl could not see his face; but she saw that he was slim as a slat, and that his slow stroll almost slouched and almost swaggered, while denying both. Watching him, Karen gathered a suggestion of easy-going arrogance which she found faintly intimidating—perhaps because she had too often tried to imagine what this man was like.

A table captain led Tonga Dick to a place at one side, under a wine palm. Karen saw a match flare in the shadows as he lit a cigarette; then she turned back to the two men at her table.

John Colt said, "Are you cold? May I bring you a wrap?"

"Don't go away," Karen murmured. "Just lend me your collar and tie."

A shiver had run across Karen's shoulders as she turned from her inspection of Tonga Dick, but she was not cold. No one could be cold in that mild, blossom-fragrant air. The truth was that she was disturbed by a sense of utter unreality. Honolulu itself seemed unreal, and the night lanai of the hotel seemed the most unreal thing in it.

That illusion of incredibility must have come, partly, from the strange trees that hung over them—from the long fronds of royal palms, like great wings, and the sky-reaching, thready stems of the coconuts that leaned with a graceful sweep to the pressure of warm winds which tonight were still. Partly, too, it must have come from the sea, continually talking to itself upon the beach—a vast sea that stretched from the foot of the lanai to China, but gleamed gently here under the light of stars as bright as any normal moon.

BUT mostly that illusion was in the texture of the night itself. It was in the mild caress of the soft air, and in the strangely quieting, strangely exciting odor of many blossoms. The half-darkness of the starlight seemed full of the ghosts of long-forgotten things, crowding close in the warmth of a night that could not turn cold. Even the brown-faced musicians kept giving the familiar dance tunes an eerie Polynesian twist of their own—primitive, narcotic and compelling.

Karen supposed she would have felt differently if she had been here as a tourist, to relax and to enjoy, but she was not. For the first time in her life Karen found herself in a position of attack instead of defense—gambling for stakes that a year ago would have been beyond her belief.

Ramey, the little one-eyed sea tramp, was talking to Colt about Tonga Dick. Like a hundred others who odd-jobbed in the islands, the weather-faced Ramey contained a vast store of island information—mostly unusable—and very little else.

"This here Dick Wayne—Tonga Dick—he's what you might call the black sheep of the Waynes."

"Sheep," Karen commented absently, "have kind faces."

Ramey looked silly. "I just mean he's kind of out of line."

"Oh," said Karen.

"He don't figure much around Hawaii," Ramey explained—"nothing like his uncle does, not even like his two brothers. Generally speaking, you can leave him out of the picture."

"MY EXPERIENCE," John Colt said, "is that to leave any factor out of a picture is like leaving a plank out of a ship." John Colt's pleasant, deeply suave voice carried the reassurance of actuality and of the things which John Colt knew how to control. "Black sheep or not, he can't be insignificant, because he is one of the Waynes."

"In some ways," Ramey admitted, twirling his whisky-soda, "Tonga Dick has been the most talked-about of all the Waynes."

"Talked-about?" Colt prompted.

"He was always the wild one," Ramey remembered, "even when he was a kid. He pulled out on his own when he was eighteen. Lord, how time gets out from under a man! That must be nearly eight years ago!"

"How is it he's talked about," John Colt suggested, "if he's never here?"

"People keep wondering what his racket is," Ramey said. "After he broke off from his uncle, people always wondered what he was up to, and how he got by so well. He's got him a good, fast schooner, carrying both power and sail, and he goes whacking around the South Pacific, all over, from Viti Levu to the Tuamotus. Used to be, people thought he was in the copra trade; and even after the price of copra went to nothing, some still figured he was trading shell. But that boat of his can't carry any cargo—ain't built for it. And there's always been others that said—well, you know how people talk."

"They said—?"

"Oh, of course there were always a lot of wild stories," said Ramey deprecatorily, but with relish. "I've heard it said he was in the opium trade. And then again I heard it said he was trading Chinese girls; and if any authorities took to overhaul him—why, he just drowned 'em."

"Cheating the government—that's what it is," Karen said. "Oh, how horrible!"

RAMEY looked hurt. "Well, you know how people talk."

John Colt was looking respectfully interested. Sometimes it seemed to Karen Waterson that Colt could turn on and off his moods like so many lights. When he chose, he had an air of candid forthrightness that was singularly disarming.

"Do you happen," he asked Ramey now, "to know of anything that Richard Wayne actually did?"

Ramey, who hated to have his stories winnowed out, put forward his next offering with some heat. "Well—everybody knows about the time he threw the U. S. revenue officer overboard. I don't know why they never hooked him for it, but I got my suspicions. And everybody knows he was the one who shot old Chief Tahili, and the only reason he never come to trial, the natives wouldn't let the French authorities take him, and the whole business got lost in the files. And then there was the time he boarded the British merchant sloop and took the captain off, at sea; and nothing came of that because nobody on the sloop, not even the captain himself, would testify. All such phony stuff, like that. . . ."

"But what does he do to make his money?" John Colt asked.

Ramey looked sulky.

"I don't know," he said sullenly. Suddenly he flared up. "Give me a few weeks below the Line," he almost snarled. "If you think there's anything in the everlasting Pacific that I can't find out—"

Karen Waterson was amazed at the ferocity of the little man. Very evidently, Ramey's pride was touched. If an odd-job man in the Pacific did not possess a futile omniscience, presumably he possessed nothing at all.

But now John Colt sat back; his candid air of interest withdrew itself, gracefully, not too fast. His eyes turned to the dance floor under the stars, where the pastel gowns of the women made a vague, slowly revolving pattern, articulated by the black-and-white kits of the men.

"I'll see you later, Ramey. Let me hear from you in a week."

For a moment Ramey was motionless, reluctant to leave a scene which he could seldom afford; but he tossed off his drink and rose. "Okay," he said. "Good night, Miss Waterson."

"Good night."

WHEN he was gone John Colt rested his folded arms upon the table and leaned across it toward Karen.

"Frightened?" he asked sympathetically.

She met his steady gaze with eyes that were clear and cool under dark brows. "Wherever I am," she said, "there will always be a little of the spirit of fresh country butter, unconscious and unsubdued. No, I'll be honest. I do feel a little lost, I think."

"You'll be over that in a few days. After all, aren't you practically a native daughter? You mustn't forget that you came within an ace of being born in the islands yourself, child."

"There's nothing here," Karen murmured, "that doesn't seem strange. Even all these people from the Pacific Coast look strange, as if they didn't belong here. Like snow on a straw hat. I don't feel as if I belonged here either."

He operated his reassuring smile. "But, you see, you do belong here. These islands were your grandfather's stamping ground before any of these people were born. If he had lived he would have made part of these islands yours, Karen."

"We don't know that," Karen said. "I don't believe he ever even heard I was alive. Oh, what a shocking deprivation!"

"He undoubtedly did *not* know you were alive," Colt agreed. "If he had known it, he would never have let them get his island away from him. He would have saved it for you. A lonely old man, with no kin left so far as he knew—it's reasonable that he should be reckless with his property; and undoubtedly he was very hard beset when he sold Alakoa. But if Garrett Waterson had known he had a granddaughter, things would be different now."

She looked at him gratefully. John Colt gave the impression of being built of basic materials that were hard and immutable, as if his interior were of rock. His dark suavity and his engaging air of candor were external things—the weapons of a mind as fixed of purpose as a fish-hawk. It was hard to imagine John Colt failing in anything; and this, rather than his smile, with its easy, superficial warmth, conveyed a certain reassurance to Karen.

"I have been very fortunate in finding out what we needed to know," John Colt said now. "Some of it has cost a little money, but not too much. I'm glad to say that all reports are extremely favorable. We have dug up more witnesses and more conclusive testimony than we could possibly have hoped. And when it comes to the present condition of your island—"

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

"It isn't my island yet."

"You simply have to hold in mind that it is rightfully yours. And it's going to be yours in actuality. Your claim has a wealth of legal precedent here, principally because of the white man's habit of separating the natives from their things. What I started to say is that the Alakoa plantations are in wonderful shape—I don't see how they can possibly net less than forty or fifty thousand a year. There will be no trouble at all in financing a continuance of activity, without any hitch, as soon as you take over. Old James Wayne has evidently been an excellent manager. After you have taken possession, it may prove wise to employ him as such. That would be feasible with some men—but I don't know whether it will be possible with James Wayne."

THE driving energy behind John Colt never caused him to hurry, nor to stumble. He knew how to attack swiftly, but his plan of attack was always thorough to the last detail. His restless mind went round and round his plans, shoring up guards against contingencies that had not arisen, might never arise.

"I have not the least doubt," he told Karen, "that we'll win your case. Of course there will be several appeals. But I am now convinced that in the end Alakoa will be yours, just as inevitably as sunrise. Very little is left to be done."

Karen drew a deep breath, trying to contemplate rationally this incredible dream in which she, unaccountably, found herself playing a living part.

"The one thing I would like to know now is what this Richard Wayne, this so-called Tonga Dick, is doing here."

"He's one of the brothers, isn't he? Isn't it natural that he should come back, under the—the circumstances?"

"Possibly, but not necessarily. Richard Wayne may or may not expect to inherit a part interest in the island of Alakoa. Certainly he has been at outs with his whole family for some time. I would like to know exactly why he is here."

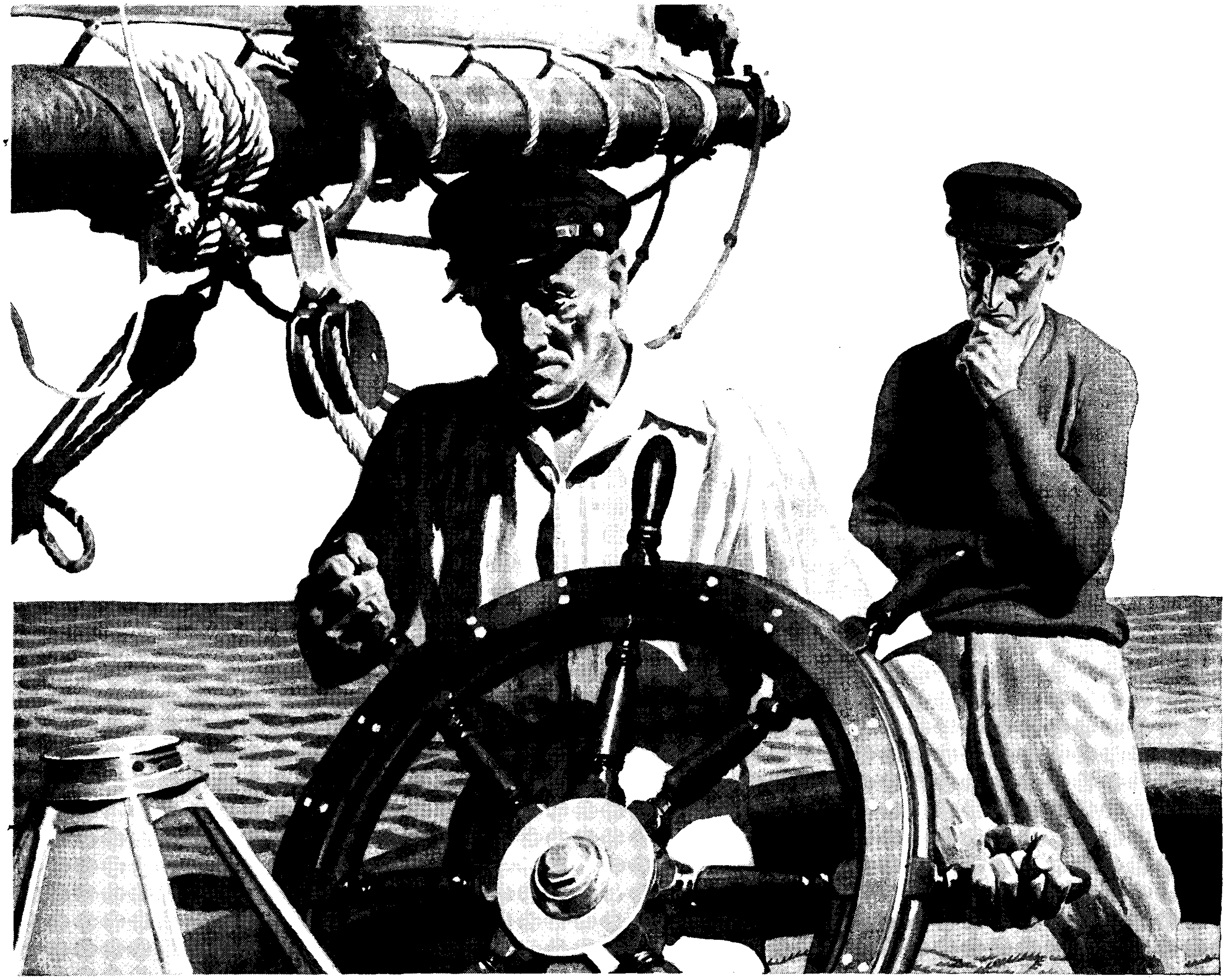
"But if our case is complete—"

"One thing could beat us, and break our case completely, and lose you Alakoa forever. One thing, and only one thing."

"And that?"

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not discuss that angle of it, even with you."

His eyes did not avoid her as he said



Even the manner of his death was spectacular and pointless—he just set sail for the open sea and was never seen or heard of again

that; his practiced air of candor remained imperturbable. Nevertheless, a small, unwelcome chill touched Karen. A shadow of something very like unpleasant mystery was beginning to creep into a situation that was already disturbing enough.

"IT MUST be something pretty poisonous," she said.

"On the contrary, it is a contingency that I think improbable in the extreme. I think it is impossible that we lose. But I still would like to know more about Richard Wayne."

"Why wouldn't it be a dandy idea," Karen said hopefully, "for me to talk it over with Tonga Richard himself?"

"For you to—what?"

"Ask him why he is here."

"Are you being funny?"

"Well, isn't he the only one who knows?"

"Ha-ha," said John Colt dutifully, mistaking his cue.

"I mean it, John," Karen said. "I suppose Richard Wayne's brothers know what I look like, by this time. But Tonga Dick has just arrived; it's very possible that neither you nor I have been pointed out to him. If not—why can't Mr. Wayne and I have a clubby little chat?"

John Colt looked at her acutely; undoubtedly she had surprised him. "Just what is it you want to do?"

"Well—for instance, if you will leave the table, I'll have him come and sit in your place."

Partly, Karen knew, the suggestion was born of an irrepressible curiosity to know more about Tonga Dick. But partly, also, it was the result of a desire to take part in action—any kind of action—that would relieve for a little while her intolerable sense of drifting in currents which she could not control.

"You mean you'd actually have the temerity to send for him?"

"Really, John! That thought must have come in by freight."

"I suppose, of course," John Colt admitted, "that there are ways."

"Of course."

John Colt slowly sipped the remainder of his Scotch before he replied. Almost visibly she saw him conclude that, after all, Karen knew little that could prove helpful to the Waynes.

"I suppose there isn't any really practical objection," he said; "but isn't this notion just slightly on the silly side? You can hardly expect—"

"Do you have to be stuffy?"

He must have caught the twang of tightly strung nerves in her voice then, for he rose, smiling at her. "Very well." She perceived plainly that he was letting her attempt, as a diversion for herself, something he considered childlike in its futility; and she was annoyed. He started to say something more, but let it pass; then he bowed with exasperating courtesy and walked away.

She watched him threading his way between the little tables under the dim lights. She knew that she still did not understand John Colt, this hard-bitten, restless man, with something of the unhappy single-mindedness of old empire-builders evident in every aspect of his mind. Sometimes she wondered if the reason she did not understand him could be that he was of too great a simplicity—a complete and feral simplicity, baffling in itself.

WHEN he was gone she sat quietly a little while, trying to relax. Presently she turned her chair a little so that she could look into the shadows where Tonga Dick sat, three tables away, alone in the obscurity of palm shadows. She still could not clearly see his face, but she focussed upon the coal of his cigarette, and waited. She let her eyes rest there almost to the limit of endurance; then she smiled faintly, and returned her attention to the dance floor.

Tonga Dick stood up, wound his way to her table. He laid a hand on the back of the chair where John Colt had sat.

He bowed to Karen. "May I?" he said.

"Perhaps, if you wish."

Richard Wayne sat down, crossed his knees comfortably, and took his time about lighting a cigarette. Karen waited, determined to make him lead the way; but she watched him curiously, with a sharp interest that was partly caused by his name alone. In the world she knew, you could no more be called Tonga Dick, in seriousness, than you could be called Red-handed Harry or Terrible Pete. Had she had no other relationship to this man than that of a casual tourist, she still would have stared, just because of the name he was called.

She saw a lean, cleanly-carved face, strongly boned and beaten very dark by many tropical suns; an easily smiling face, apparently, characterized by an effect of impertinence that made him look anomalously young. His eyes, in that light, she could not see; but she found herself antagonized by an impression that this man was somehow detached from everything familiar to her—totally ignorant of half the values she knew, yet annoyingly secure in another set of values unknown to her.

Tonga Dick surveyed her slowly, with grave eyes. "You wanted to see me?"

Richard Wayne watched admiringly

(Continued on page 47)

Power in the Wilderness

By Walter Davenport

Who is going to use the power generated at Grand Coulee? Or at Seminoe, Casper-Alcova, Wheeler and Pickwick Landing? We're building huge power factories but no transmission lines. Most of the plants are in regions thinly populated. Markets for government power will have to be created by shiftings of people and industry. Talk about building for the future!

KEYSTONE

[redacted]

MR. DICK COLLINS thanked us but guessed he didn't care one way or another what was in the papers. Oh, he read the papers now and then, but mostly he kept track of another fellow named Collins in big-league baseball. This other fellow named Collins was his brother. However, he advised us to hang on to our newspapers; they'd come in kind of handy later to wipe the Grand Coulee mud off our city shoes.

But he didn't care one way or another what Seattle and Tacoma with their cheap city power thought of the Grand Coulee Dam and its future. Nor was it any concern of his what the politicians were doing over at Olympia, the state capital. Life for Mr. Collins was just one dam thing after another and he loved it. As long as a certain number of rumbling blasts tore the underjaw from the maw of Grand Coulee and a battery of ton-shovels kept on scooping into the gullet of the dark canyon, Congress could do anything it liked to holding companies, and holding companies could use Congress for a handkerchief. That was Mr. Dick Collins for you—what the hell and where's that big Swede Olson? He had work to do—lots of it—and it was his muck-and-rock opinion that everybody ought to have more of the same.

In the great world of bawling, blundering and boasting, Mr. Collins set up as no hero. Just a minor boss at Grand Coulee, a vast valley of rock and black wilderness in the center of the state of Washington. Ghosts a hundred feet tall inhabit the place and they'll tell you that birds as large as ostriches with solid gold breasts and wings that sing like fiddles have been seen. To Minor Boss Collins this arid valley is just a symptom of one of the big bellyaches Nature used to have while the ice was melting. To you it may be a stretch of deep and brooding beauty, but to him it's just a job—another job. Two or three years hence, he and the other bosses, minor and major, will step back, heave a great concerted sigh and, lighting their pipes, announce that that's that. Just like that. A prodigious wall of steel and concrete will have risen four hundred and seventy-five feet—the high dam—to imprison the waters of the Columbia River as it flows between the cliffs of the Grand Coulee. Within that wall there will be emplacements for eighteen generators to be spun by the flood that batters its way through the turbines. Singing their Lorelei song to cynical industry, these shining monsters will be able to grind out 1,900,000 kilowatts of electric power. Below, from the face of simple dikes that will impound the boiling flood, miles of canals will meander southward, like watery tentacles exploring and groping, aimed at the redemption of a million and a quarter acres of dead land bitter with alkali. They'll tell you out there on that inter-mountain bad land that the air you breathe is full of the dust of dead men's bones. In the years gone by thousands of men have struggled for life on the dry farms from Spokane to Walla Walla, up again to Wenatchee and between. They struggled a while and then surrendered to the despair that is dictator.

What the years to come will see spread out from Grand Coulee we don't know. Whether the dead land will bloom like Portland's roses and the yellow mustard fields of Washington is something to leave to the future. Listen to the land speculators, the real estate sirens and the ballyhoo trumpeters who have descended upon the site of Grand Coulee like the side-show boys on the flanks of the circus, and you have your ears filled and your heart uplifted with stories of glory and riches that are to be. Turn to the cities of Seattle and Tacoma and you'll be told that those generators in the bowels of the Grand Coulee Dam will be wasting their music on the desert air and that the million acres into which the water will carry revival will continue to be just a million acres that Nature reserved for her own, unfit for man and barren of wealth.

But Dick Collins, the minor boss, will have moved on—perhaps to Fort Peck in Montana, where again the government is passing a hoped-for miracle. Or to the Casper-Alcova project and the Seminoe storage and power dam on the North Platte in Wyoming. We shall look in on these as we proceed. We make great to-do about the Grand Coulee and the power that will flow from it. We see social, political and economic problems in Boulder, Wheeler, Norris, Pickwick Landing and Bonneville dams and measure them in tons of food, volumes of energy, ship-tonnage and flood-control dollars. Your Dick Collinses tell you a dam is a dam and you're a fool if you don't make it work for you. Particularly as you have to pay for it.

It's Only a Beginning

In the eyes of such men the important thing in life is that within the United States there is more than 70,000,000 water horsepower available and only about 13,000,000 of this has been developed. This, they'll assure you, is a fool's flight into Nature's face. And the fool deserves what he gets. Therefore, whether they be Republicans, Democrats or Socialists, they are apt to tell you that what the Administration is doing in the Tennessee Valley, on the North Platte, on the upper reaches of the Missouri, in Black Canyon on the Colorado and the haunted caverns of the Grand Coulee, is belated intelligence awakened by distress. But, then, they are not running for office. They have nothing to sell but their skill and their dreams.

They take it calmly and see nothing but righteousness in that the government has appropriated or set aside at least $400,000,000 (a mere beginning) for a bold broad scheme of power development, flood control, water conservation and water transportation. Harnessed for maximum power production, this plan may ultimately add as much as 4,000,000 horsepower to the country's present power-producing capabilities. They are not concerned with the demurrers of political and financial axe-grinders who ask them what we are going to do with electric power generated in the hearts of deserts. There's your dam and there are your generators. And there is your power which you pay for whether you use it or not—in taxes, of course.

Therefore it is not for us to carry other people's banners decrying or extolling. Instead we would do better to set forth the huge facts, show you the dams that Dick Collins and his like build and leave it to you whether they shall be a part of our national destiny or merely "monuments to an Administration's prodigality and egotism." And we may as well start where we are—at the Grand Coulee, seventy-six miles west of Spokane, in a dreary waste where live fewer than five persons to the mile. We may as well pause to consider the sparseness of the population of the three northwestern states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, because it is upon this sparseness that much of the opposition to the Grand Coulee and the Bonneville projects on the Columbia is based.

The three states are five times as big as New York but their combined population is only 3,000,000. This population is scattered unevenly over 250,000 square miles. It is concentrated largely in the narrow strip between the Cascade range and the Pacific Ocean. Actually half of those 3,000,000 persons live on one tenth the area. And it is in this tenth that most of the natural economical water power is located—power from the short, turbulent mountain streams. In these three states, then, the population is less than thirteen to the square mile. In Multnomah County (Portland) you'll find about 800 to the mile, but Harney County, Oregon, can show you only six tenths of a human being to the square mile. At least two of Washington's counties have fewer than two persons to the mile and over in Idaho there are counties with fewer than one to the mile.

Add to this somewhat lonely picture plenty of immense natural grandeur interspersed with arid plateaus that even snakes and lizards shun, and you have a hastily-sketched background for the roaring giant that is rumbling into being at the Grand Coulee.

Once you have recovered from the shock of the stupendous beauty of the Grand Coulee, you may ask yourself the painfully practical question: "What are they going to do with it?" Developed to its maximum of power production and irrigation, it is going to cost more than $300,000,000. Developed to the ultimate, the high dam and power plant alone will cost something over $160,000,000, our figures being more or less still in the estimate stage. The Grand Coulee's big sister, Boulder, is costing us but little more—$165,000,000, including the dam and reservoir, the power plant, interest charges and the All-American Canal, a great irrigation ditch which will carry Colorado River water into California's Imperial Valley.

If you value personal peace you had better not utter the question of what is to be done with the power developed at Grand Coulee. Just keep it to yourself unless, of course, you enjoy being dragged hither and yon by the hotly contending propagandists. Think it over long enough and you will probably agree that the question is a trifle shortsighted. At any rate it must appeal to you that if a hundred and sixty millions or so of the vast sums of money the government has misspent in "developing" the West had been devoted years ago to the development of the Grand Coulee Dam and power plant, most of the objections now being raised would have no existence. Grand Coulee may be belated, but only time can say whether it is an "economic monstrosity" or "political crime." Make what inquiries you choose; your reward will be propaganda.

Cheap Power But Not Cheap Rates

To sell the power Grand Coulee will generate, there must be markets. None exists now. The largest possible markets would be Seattle and Tacoma. But these cities are three hundred miles away. To drag Coulee power over the Cascades to Seattle and Tacoma, into that narrow strip wherein half the population of the three northwestern states lives, might easily make the consumer's meter rate prohibitive. But even if it were less than prohibitive, just high, Seattle and Tacoma would have none of it for the excellent reason that they have adequate municipally-owned plants of their own from which power may be purchased at a very low and ever-diminishing rate. At present their average rate at the customer's meter is 15.4 mills a kilowatt-hour.

One hears much about "cheaply manufactured power" which, it would follow, means lower rates to the consumer. But after a little inquiry you discover that the manufacturing costs are but a sixth to a tenth of what it costs to get the power from the plant to your kitchen. We are dealing, of course, in general, not specific, figures. The price you pay per kilowatt-hour is largely transmission cost. Of course, you who lack the simple benefits of the muncipally-owned power plant pay for extraneous levies upon the producing company—certain holding companies, for example. But even under the best conditions of municipal ownership of generating plants, the cost of production is but a fraction of what the customer pays.

One of these days science may evolve a method of producing power on a large scale for practically nothing—by "cracking the atom," for example. But unless something is done to reduce the cost of transmission your rate will be but ten per cent lower—perhaps twelve. Generally speaking, when a power concern cuts rates half a cent a kilowatt-hour, the reduction represents more than the cost of producing that kilowatt-hour. If Grand Coulee gave power free to Seattle, asking only that Seattle convey it from the dam to her streets, Seattle would laugh.

We may as well enlarge on the subject a bit because the distribution problem has been the same at Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals and will obtain wherever the government goes into the power-producing business with no transmission lines. To be sure, Coulee's problem is complicated by the municipally-owned plants at Seattle and Tacoma. Seattle has built her own plants—locally known as City Light—and strung her own wires. She has invested $55,000,000 in her system and owes about $34,000,000. She has managed her own power affairs so sensibly (no magic nor startling genius being involved) that, left to her present non-profit course, she will in fifteen years be delivering power to the customer's meter for three quarters of a cent per kilowatt-hour. And Tacoma promises to do better than that. She is now considering a flat rate—a dollar a month and use all you want.

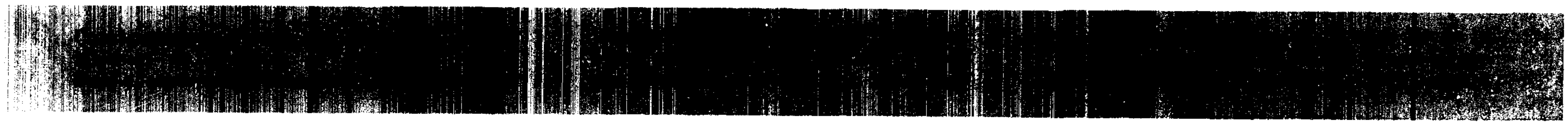
Naturally Grand Coulee, Wilson Dam, Boulder and the rest of the government's power plants are in no position to promise anything like that. Moreover, considering what we have learned about the relative costs of power manufacture and power transmission and distribution, we find ourselves looking with some misgivings upon all we've heard about the "yardstick" virtues of government power. What with the indebtedness the Grand Coulee plant must pay off, a part of that indebtedness being added to the cost of power at the Grand Coulee bus bars, the cost of power at the plant must for quite a number of years be higher than Seattle's production cost. And similarly at Wilson Dam and Boulder.

Two Kinds of Competition

Particularly in the state of Washington does the government's power yardstick come in for quite an unfavorable inspection. Under the Norris Bill, power generated at Muscle Shoals (and subsequently to be developed elsewhere by the government) has entered into competition with power produced by corporation-owned plants. The public may purchase it provided it has, or supplies, its own distribution system. The first town to do so—Tupelo, Mississippi—benefited by rates gratifyingly lower than those they had been paying the Mississippi Power and Light Company and the rejoicing took on Independence Day proportions. It was an auspicious and, incidentally, geographically fortunate début for government power. Under its financial setup—federal and local taxes, tribute to holding companies and so on—the privately-controlled company confessed itself unable to meet the challenge of low-cost power plus a municipal distribution system. The private power interests had but one weapon, an appeal to the courts. Here and there they were temporarily successful—unfortunately so. Their litigation, particularly when successful, did them more harm than good, the public becoming more determined than ever that it should not be forced to pay the old high rates if the government should open the way to cheaper ones.

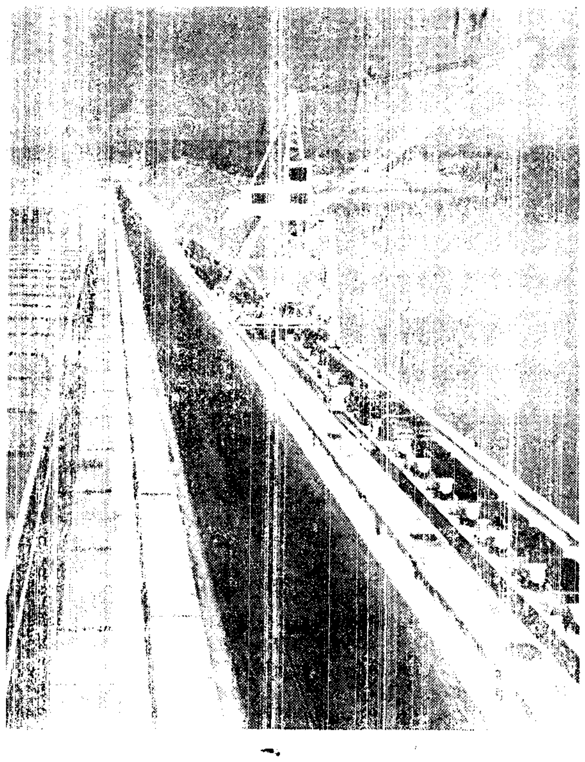
But in the state of Washington, the government's new power plants at the Grand Coulee and Bonneville face younger, faster and stronger competition—municipally-owned plants that are not encumbered with taxation nor holding companies; which are run in an efficient and orderly manner that the government would do well to imitate. And in these circumstances the loudly heralded yardstick loses some of its potency and becomes less of a cudgel and more of a symbol. However, we shall

(Continued on page 56)



ACME

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING



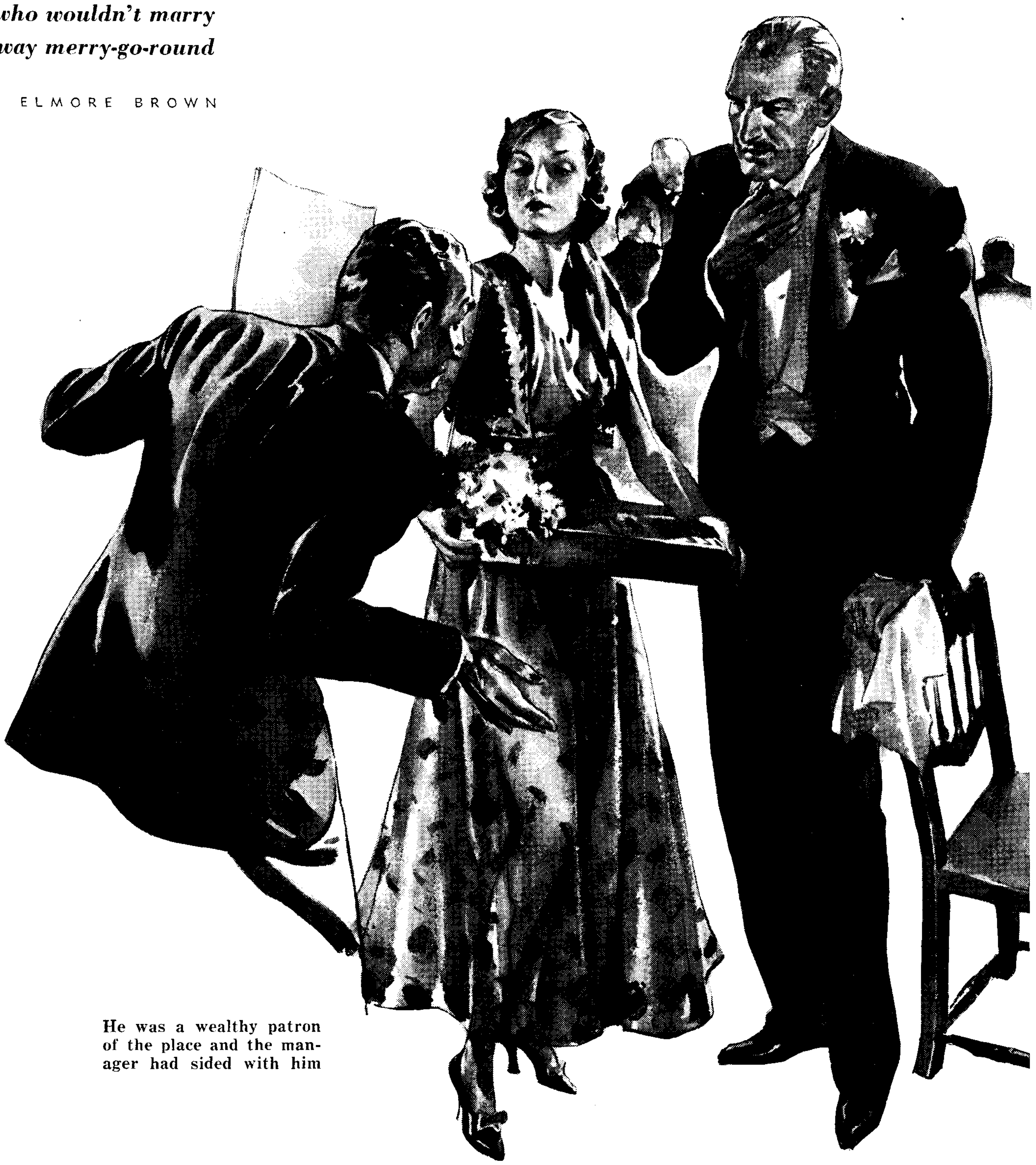
KEYSTONE

Open Net

By C. S. Montanye

The story of Cliff Parish, who thought he was wise, and a girl who wouldn't marry a rider on the Broadway merry-go-round

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



He was a wealthy patron of the place and the manager had sided with him

THERE were three men in the rear room when Cliff Parish went in. One was Bermuda; the other two his crew managers. They sat around an ordinary unpainted kitchen table. It was heaped with rolls of freshly printed lottery tickets. One of the men was checking numbers with Bermuda while the third placed the rolls neatly in an open satchel on the floor.

Parish nodded. He continued on to the corridor door. Bermuda turned and looked in his direction. The man was swarthy. He had high cheekbones, black, oiled hair, shrewd, deep-set eyes. A diamond blazed on the smallest finger of his left hand. For months the fake lottery racket had paid Joe Bermuda substantial profits.

"What's your hurry? Come here, I want to talk to you."

Parish went back. The sun, slanting in through the high, dusty ventilators, fell on him. It yellowed his crisp, blond hair. It touched his good-looking, wise face, softening its set, impassive expression. He wore a gray flannel suit. Its draped lines accented his slim, straight figure. He was twenty-six. Broadway had given him a sophistication and hardness far beyond his years.

"Want something?"

Bermuda smiled thinly.

"You're a sucker, Cliff." He jerked a thumb toward the corridor door. "Going in there—expecting to hit Rubin on the gees. All you got to do is watch Rubin count up at night. A couple of grand a day, all sucker dough."

"Meaning—what?"

Bermuda folded his number list in half. He handed it to the smaller of his two lieutenants.

"That's all, Steve. Get up to Harlem. You wait outside," he told the other man. "I want to talk to Parish."

THE pair went out. When they opened the door Parish heard the muted crash of duck pins. Someone was rolling on one of the alleys. He looked at Bermuda speculatively.

"Chirp, will you? I've got a hot lead at Arlington. They go to the post in eight minutes."

Bermuda's deep-set eyes roamed over him.

"Why don't you come in with me? You've got what I'm looking for—a front. There's nice money in it. It's steady, sure. You don't have to eat your heart out when a long shot gets nipped on the wire. You're wise. I can set you next to some big sugar."

Parish smiled.

"No, thanks."

"Scared?"

"Not exactly."

"What's the matter then?" He smiled briefly. "That dame you're chasing around with?"

"Maybe."

"She's all the more reason why you should edge off on important cash. Janes are expensive. I know, I had one once—before I got hep to myself." He searched his vest pocket for a cigar. "Better think it over, kid. Stay with Rubin and you'll be walking around in your socks."

"But I'll be walking around." Parish glanced at the watch under his left cuff. "Thanks for the proposition."

Bermuda shrugged.

"We'll leave it open. If you change your mind give me the office. The job's always waiting."

Parish went on into the crowded space where Sam Rubin operated. It was windowless. Like the room Bermuda used, it had glass ceiling ventilators to let in the light and air. On a wall were the charts of the entries at four race tracks. A cashier's cage bulked at one end of the place. Two tables and chairs were set against the north wall. Lidless cigar boxes contained slips of paper for the patrons to write their choices on. A couple of drinking glasses held pencils. On the wall behind the tables were pencil-sharpening machines.

RUBIN'S wire-man and caller moved along before the charts, making notations on them. He wore a headphone with one earpiece. Sam Rubin, in the cashier's cage, had a duplicate headphone on. He used it to check the prices when they came in. Opposite, over a narrow, flat table heaped with rolls of money, Rubin's sheet writer lounged in shirt sleeves.

"Going to the post at Arlington," the caller announced quietly. "At the post in Empire."

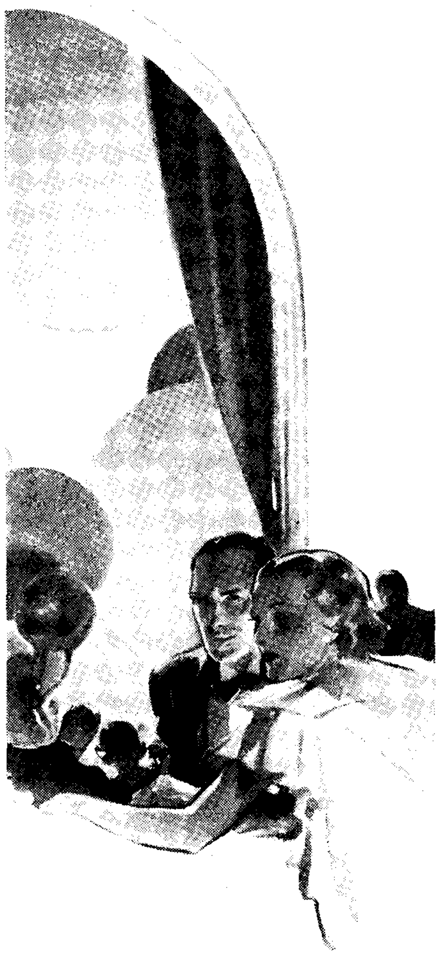
There were a dozen or more men in the room. Parish glanced at the Arlington track chart. He noted the price of the horse he intended to bet on. He took one of the slips from a cigar box, sharpened a pencil and wrote out his wager. He signed it with initials that meant nothing, in case of a raid. Rubin nodded to him when he passed the slip and thirty dollars to the sheet writer.

"How's everything, Cliff?"

"Sour, if this goat doesn't roll home."

"At the post at Arlington," the caller said.

Parish rested against one of the tables. The room was quiet. Again he heard the far-away thunder of the duck pins. He thought about Bermuda's proposition. Of course there was money in it. The Italian had cleaned up a fortune in the past six months. But it was dangerous. The threat of the Stony Lonesome was constant. The coppers



were bearing down on the policy, lottery and sweepstakes business. In Harlem the big push was on. Nearly every day peddlers were picked up, carted off to court.

BERMUDA'S racket wasn't even legitimate. There was no such thing as the San Domingo Drawing. Bermuda had the tickets printed in his private shop. He zoned the city, covering it with peddlers who were under the direct supervision of crew managers. No one could win, but every week the green tide rolled consistently in. It was a dirty racket because it was crooked. Yet, Parish knew, it was no worse than others of its kind. Fake sweeps tickets. The numbers game, artfully designed to lure dimes and quarters from the pockets of optimistic, unsuspecting and stupid people. Always the promise of gain beckoned. Always chance bent a finger.

"They're off at Arlington." The caller's colorless voice broke in on his thoughts. "At the quarter. Lagoon by two lengths. Black Prince a length and a half. Snow Queen."

There was a stir among those facing the charts, an involuntary anticipatory movement. Parish moved farther back on the table. The sheet writer's pencil moved mechanically. Rubin lighted a fresh cigar. He pushed a stack of bills aside to make room for an ash tray.

"The three-quarters. Black Prince by a head. Snow Queen by two lengths. Mascot."

Parish unbuttoned his gray jacket. It was hot in the room. He took a cigarette from his silver case. He had twenty dollars on Snow Queen to win and ten for show. Enough, he decided, to take Del places that night. But would he win? His luck had been indifferent lately. His case dough was running low. Unless he hit a good-priced winner over the next few days he'd have to get out and hustle again.

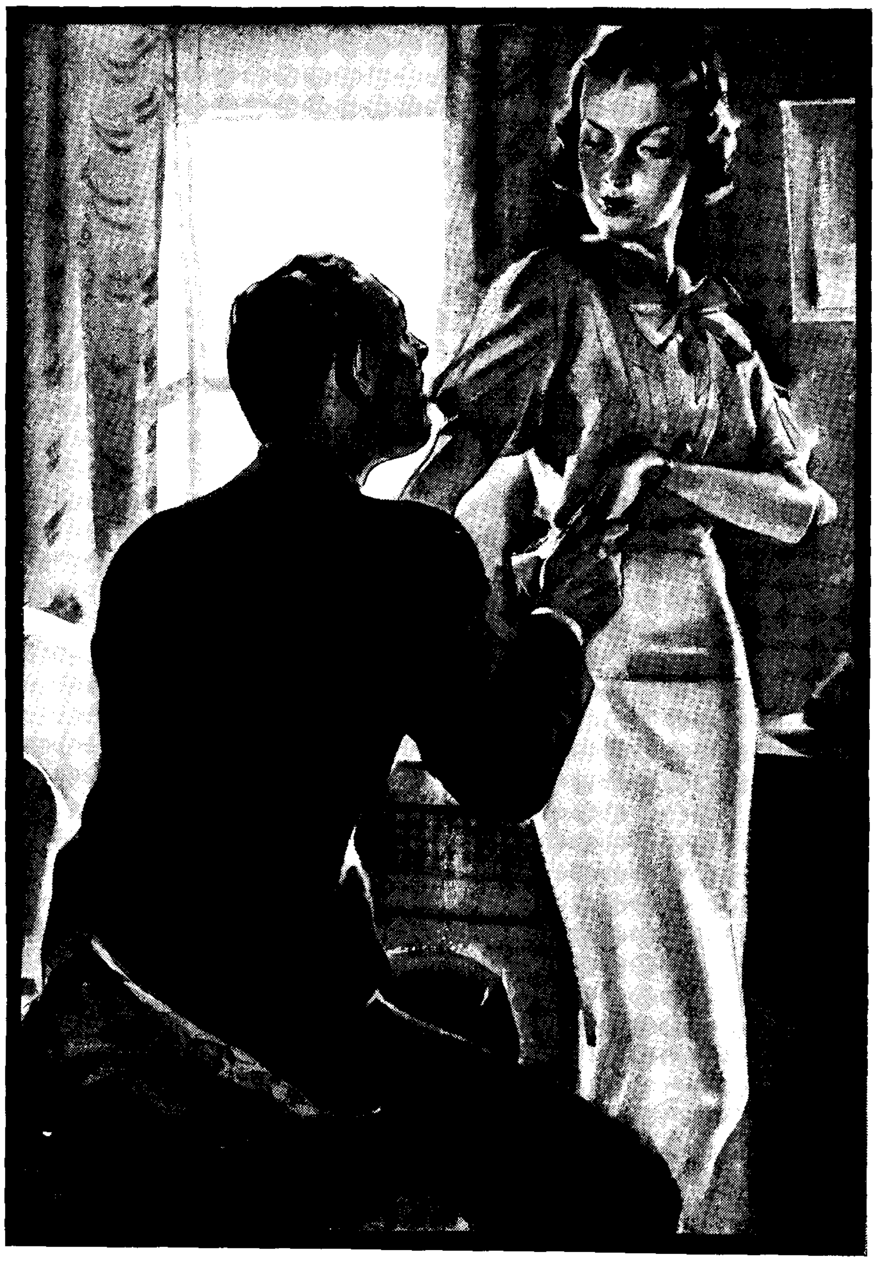
"The stretch. Snow Queen a neck, Mascot second, Early Bird third." The caller's blue pencil hovered over the printed names. "The winner at Arlington." Parish got up and joined the group. The pencil remained poised. The uncertain moment seemed to lengthen. "Mascot the winner. Early Bird second. Trump Bid third."

Parish watched the time of the race as it was jotted down. He felt apathetic, numbed, as he always did when something sure failed to materialize. He walked back to the table. Rubin was calling the names and initials of those who had won:

"J. W. Harvey. Benny Cohen."

FOR a minute Parish hesitated. He had a tip on a horse in the fourth race at Jamaica. He wondered if he should play it. The temptation was strong. He shrugged it aside. When luck was bad it was folly to press it. He lighted a cigarette and let himself out.

Bermuda had gone. The room was empty, the kitchen table was bare. He went up the steps, crossed the recess in back of the bowling alleys, left by the Forty-eighth Street side door, and shaped a course toward Eighth Avenue. His destination was a shabby apartment house one street west and two north. The bell he rang in the vestibule clicked a buzzer that opened the front door. He went up a flight of stairs paved with a mangy carpet. Del Carruth smiled at him through the opaque gloom of the landing.



"Do we have to go through all that again?" she asked

"That you, Cliff?"

"No one else but. Who'd you think it was? Expect another guy?"

Her husky, contralto laugh sounded.

"Come on in. I'm ashamed of the place. Margot left about twenty minutes ago and I haven't had time to straighten up."

She led the way into a small living-room. Parish put his hat on the table. The room was untidy.

"Where did Margot go?"

"Audition at the studio. Sit down, Cliff. Don't mind the mess. I only got up an hour ago."

She had reddish, polished hair. Her long, oval eyes were almost almond-shaped. There was no color in her smooth cheeks except that which she had put on. Beauty, left unfinished in other faces, gave hers the glamour and illusion of youth.

Parish had met her late that winter. At the time she sold cigarettes and cigars at the El Paso Casino near the Circle. She had worn a Mexican costume with a bright bandanna tied around her red hair. She had left the Casino because some man insulted her. He was a wealthy patron of the place and the manager sided with him. Recently she had been posing for advertising camera artists.

"Drink?"

"Rye and water."

HE FOLLOWED her into a bandbox kitchen. Over a singing teakettle a black velvet evening gown hung wanly. She took a tray of ice cubes from the small electric refrigerator, put them in the sink and let warm water run over them. The broom closet yielded half a bottle of whisky.

"You'd better pour your own."

"Three fingers, as usual." He nodded toward the dress. "Going out tonight?"

"Heavy date."

"I know him?"

"No."

"Is he this Park Avenue hillbilly you've been playing around with? The one Margot introduced you to—Ortell?"

She filled the glass with water.

"You win on all points."

He tasted the drink, looking at her over its brim. He didn't know whether she liked or hated him.

He thought of Ray Ortell. Her latest boy friend was hard to figure. He had seen him with her once. He remembered Ortell as a heavy-set, big man. Parish shook himself mentally. If Snow Queen had copped for him he would have asked her to break the date.

For weeks he had been in love with Del Carruth. He intended to marry her when he was back in the money again. Make her love him, marry him. He wanted to live respectably, to have some clean business. In a sick world of reality he wanted life to be secure. Broadway had taught him a lesson.

"What are you staring at?"

HE SET the glass down on the tub cover. When he took her in his arms she was limply passive. Her oval, half-shut eyes peered up at him. The lips he kissed were cool, unresponsive.

"I love you, Del!"

"Do we have to go through all that again?"

She slipped from his embrace.

"You're a funny dame," Parish said.

"Not half as funny as you." There was a shadowy smile curving her flower-red lips. "What do you think I am, anyway—a rag doll you can maul around whenever you have a yen?"

"I love you," he repeated. "Get that through your scarlet topknot. It means something! You can't laugh it off! I'm going to marry you—"

"Is that so?" She turned off the teakettle. "The party I tie up with isn't going to be any night rider on the Broadway merry-go-round. No, thanks."

"Meaning—"

She led the way back to the living-room.

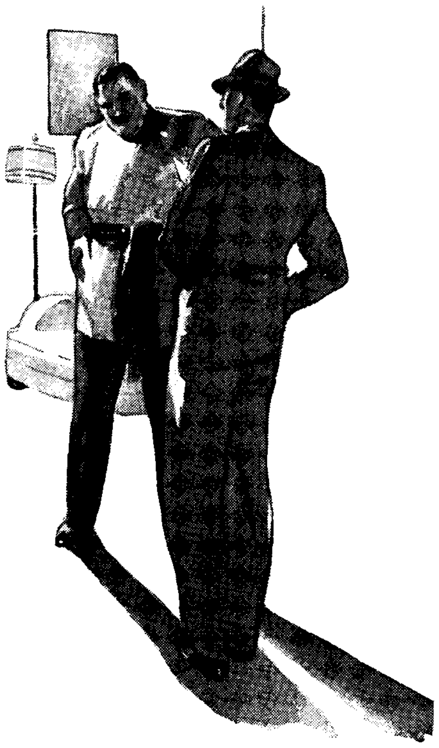
"Figure it out yourself. If you can be sensible I'll let you stay a while." She warmed a little. "Cliff, get those ideas out of your head. Look. Did you ever write to Benson about that summer hotel job in the Catskills?"

He blew a match out.

"Picture me as a hotel clerk. It's comical. I can make more in ten minutes on a fast nag than I could in a month up there."

She curled up in a chair by the window. Parish dropped down on the end

(Continued on page 52)



View from the Top

By Bernard DeVoto

What happened to Humphrey Marsh, who couldn't forget his ex-wife—a story with an ending which may take you unawares

"YOU'VE talked to me far too long, Hump," Christine Mason said. "Everybody says you're making tons of money now, but divorced people have to watch their reputations. Run along, darling, before a rumor starts. Besides, Brian Forbes is here and I look ahead."

A white hand impelled him away and blue eyes crinkled at him. Humphrey Marsh, Christine's ex-husband, moved off into the whirlpool of Mary Schramm's party. Fifteen minutes with Christine had made him restless and discontented. Peter Schramm started for him purposefully but Hump dodged into another room. He was determined not to take the job Peter was offering him. But Peter's wife was in the other room and at once abandoned an African explorer and this year's soprano and advanced on him with some certainly ruthless scheme in her eyes.

Mary Schramm's appearance of innocence and fragility concealed the will of case-hardened steel that made her a victorious hostess. She fingered his lapel. "Hump, I'm dreadfully glad you came—have you seen Christine? But look, there's a girl who wrote a book. I forget her name, but the poor child! She made just a hundred and fifteen dollars out of it. You've got to introduce her to some publisher who will change all that."

"What was the book?"

"I don't know," Mary said trustfully. "She's here somewhere. Ask her."

Hump didn't know any publishers. That wouldn't bother Mary. She'd have him meet some. He broke away. He tried to escape to the roof but the way was blocked; so, hoping for a quiet corner, he went upstairs and bolted into an alcove that looked empty.

"Do you shoot crocodiles or are you in the Brain Trust? Do you write, sing or paint?" a bitter voice inquired. A girl with short dark hair and a red, unhappy mouth.

Hump blinked. "I could whistle a little."

"I'd rather you found me some beer." She scowled when he stared, and said, "I know the place is a river of champagne, but what I really like is beer."

IT WAS suddenly a very sound idea. The search would take him away from the noise and from a crowd that had Christine in it. "Let's go," Hump said. "New York is full of beer." The dark girl nodded and they started for the stairs. She paused at the balcony rail and looked down on the big, kaleidoscopic room. "One last look at the promised land. I'm a back-street type—this isn't my gang. Is it yours? For instance, who is the overblown blonde on the make, with a tenor in one hand and eight million dollars in the other?"

Mariotti was kissing Christine's hand but Christine was holding out the other to Brian Forbes. "Why," Hump explained, "for three years she's been managing a shop where women pay forty dollars for a dab of lingerie. Before that she was married to me."

The dark girl blushed to her hair, then grinned. "It's a black-out," she said. "You say, 'Madam, do you know who I am? I'm the wench's husband.' I say, quick, 'Do you know who I am?' You say, 'No!' I say, 'Thank God!' and then I fade fast."

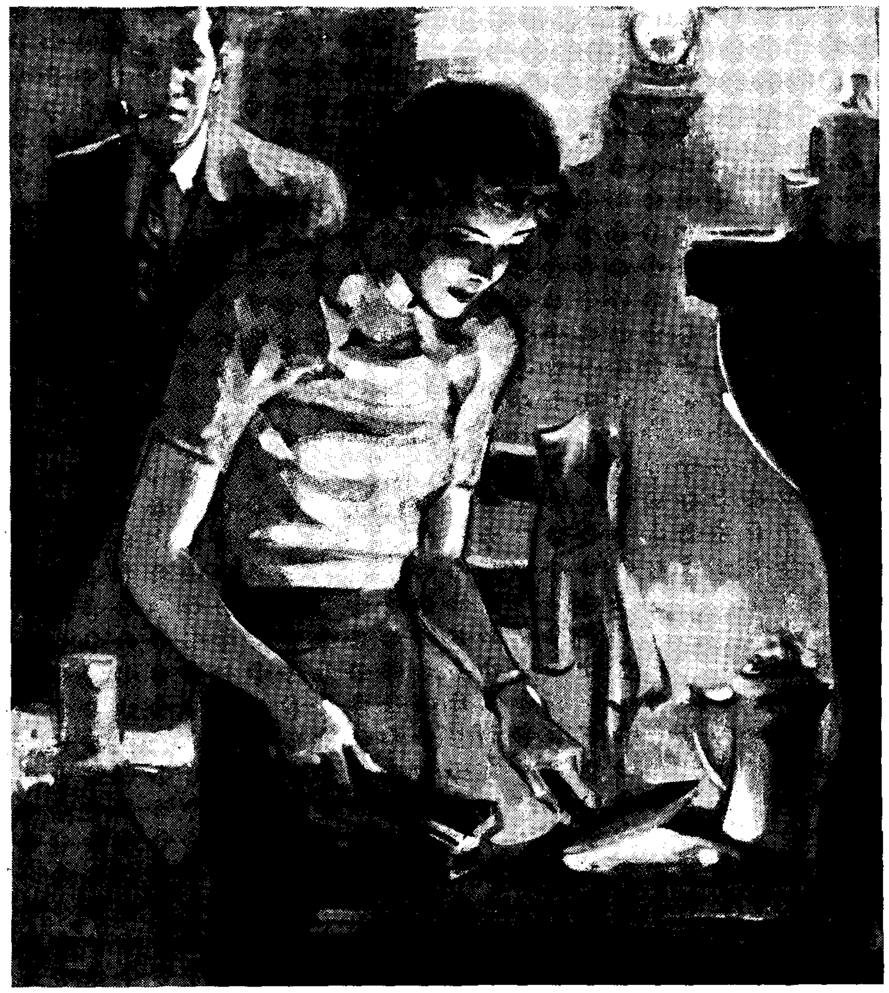
She started to fade fast but Hump took her arm and reminded her that it was beer, not blondes, they were investigating. She said, "All right. You can see I'm far too vulgar for this company. You're pretty low-down yourself—if you like beer."

He took her to Heinrich's. She really liked beer. Her name was Janet Littell and she wrote publicity for a publishing house. She had written a book—no, he needn't ask about it, nobody had ever heard of it. She had made a hundred and fifteen dollars from it. Hump grinned but decided to say nothing. That was Mary Schramm's problem—Mary arranged people's lives. . . . When they said good night two hours later he had had his first pleasant evening in months. Janet Littell's acid, humorous self-reliance pleased him. She was both unpretentious and unimpressed.

BUT he mustn't see Christine. In the three years since the divorce they had remained amiable when they met, but it took too much out of him. Deciding that, he went on trying to meet Christine by accident. . . . Queer to realize that, now he was really making money at last, it wouldn't mean anything to her. Once it would have meant a lot. Even four years ago it would have meant just about everything to her. Peter Schramm wanted him to quit free-lancing and be Consolidated Tools' head engineer, with a vice-presidency in the offing. No point in that. At last Hump had his work the way he wanted it. Besides, he'd just bought an abandoned farm in Rhode Island. He didn't need Consolidated's job, and he did need the farm.

A month later Mary had another party. This time he danced with Christine and wished he hadn't. It brought back too many dances when they had been younger and kinder. She was soft and yielding, her corn-gold hair shone at his shoulder, all the tones of her voice were memorable. "Darling," she said, "I've conquered the retail field. I've bought out Gilberte, Inc." Obviously she wanted him to ask where the money had come from. He didn't need to. If not from Brian Forbes' eight millions, then from their equivalent. Christine had made the grade. That was the crowd she had always wanted to belong to. It was a crowd which would see to it that Gilberte, Inc., remained a great success.

Pondering Christine's ability to soar to any height, he wandered into the library. Janet Littell was there and was examining a run in her stocking.



The bare-legged fiancée of eight million dollars became furiously active in a farm kitchen

"Do you prowl about waiting for my awkward moments?" she demanded.

He realized how glum that dance had made him. "If you still like beer," he said, "let's get out of the monkey house."

Janet said that several men had been attentive and a tenement-district girl ought to look after her interests, but then again that run in her stocking would discourage any possible ardor, so let's go. He got a real lift from taking her to Heinrich's again. Beer and cheese sandwiches harmonized with her moods and manners. They talked easily, desultorily, with a shared irony. No need to impress, no hurry, no display.

"I found out about you," she said. "You design machinery; they say it's swell machinery. And that was a depression divorce. Overcapitalized."

He ought to resent that but it was true enough. Overcapitalized and then sold short when the going got rough. He hadn't been able to put his heart into Christine's fight for the more lavish life. Christine was big-time and he belonged to the three-a-day.

"Mary Schramm says you're still crazy about Gilberte, Inc. I don't blame you. She's lovely."

That would be Janet's effort to apologize for her gaucherie of last time. He said, "Nothing is so ended as an ended marriage. Has Mary seized you for a protégée?"

She was looking at him narrowly. "You're lying. If you aren't, watch out for Mary. I'm sure she means to reunite you, and what she starts she finishes. . . . Me? Oh, Mary uprooted me and jammed me into a new job."

SHE was reporting fashions for a women's magazine. If you managed to live through Mary's relentless kindness, she said, it was very good for you. The new job paid more. . . . She turned defensive when he asked if she was writing a new book. "Listen," she said sullenly, "I'm not an author; I just wrote a book. Forget about my art."

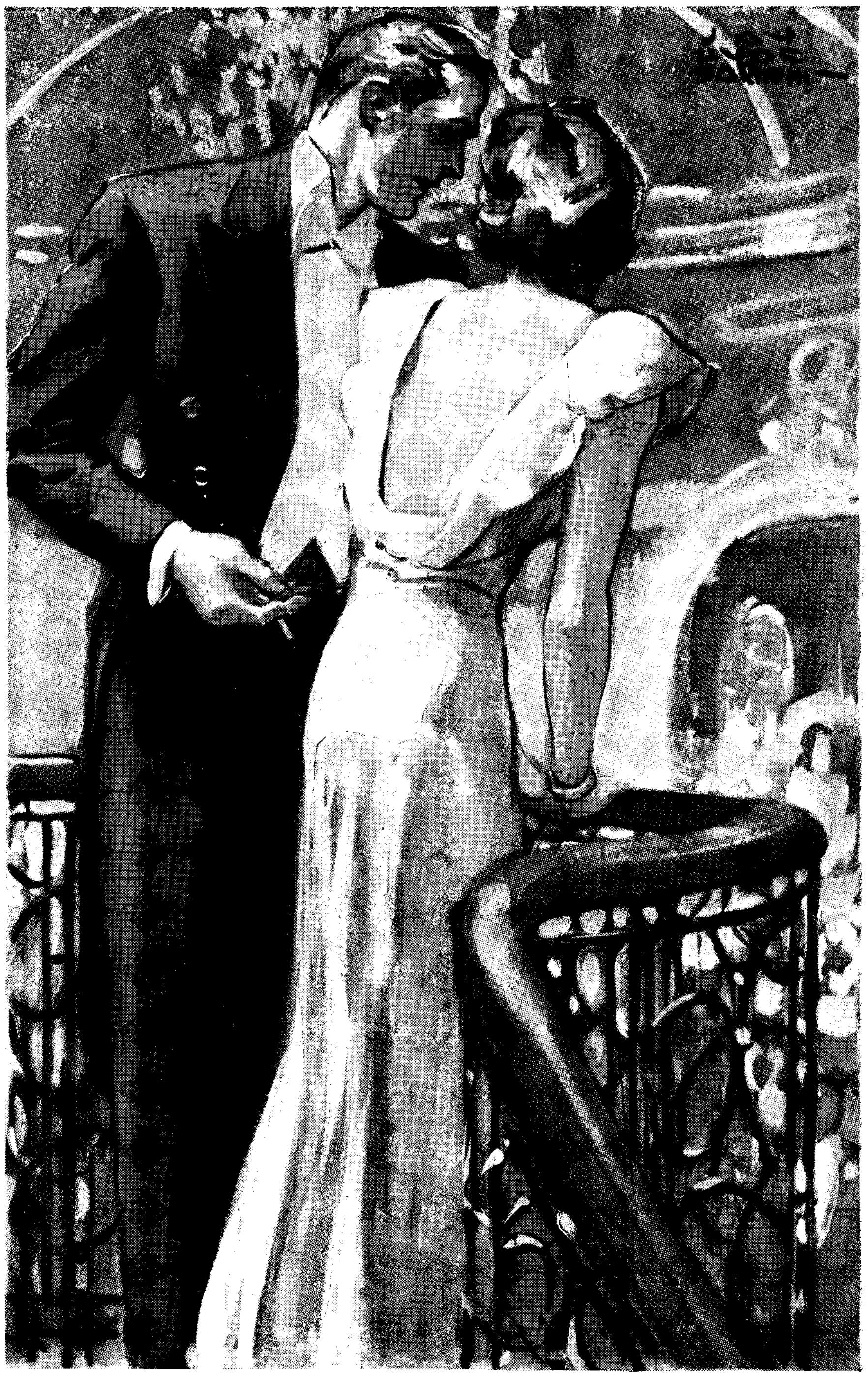
He had a good time. Janet had this curious fellowship—as if both of them had found out you couldn't get what you wanted and had learned to make as much as possible of what you could get. Some amused, reconciled acknowledgment of unimportance.

At the entrance to her one room, plus kitchenette, plus alcove, she took his hand. "You seem to like the simpler pleasures," she said. "Next time I'll buy the beer."

"Why, you East Side Lucy Stone!" he said affronted. "I'm making more money than your magazine. I'm the man who licked the depression—too late for it to count."

They saw a lot of places like Heinrich's from then on, and New York became pleasanter than it had been for a long while. By the end of spring such evenings had become absolutely indispensable. Hump found himself journeying with her to penny arcades, shooting galleries, fifty-cent photograph galleries, nickel dance halls, produce markets—she had an insatiable liking for strangeness and bustling life. She was limping when they met one Sunday evening and she said, sure, she'd been walking in the Palisades. "I'm a kind of Manhattan girl scout, Hump. I cook meals over campfires and I can call all the birds by name. On my salary, you learn to prefer inexpensive amusements."

He said, "Good! I'll show you the



ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

farm I've bought in the Rhode Island hills." But he didn't. He was secretive about that fulfillment of his oldest dream. He drove Janet to other countrysides but he went to his farm alone, tinkering with it in profound solitude.

ONE evening by a driftwood fire on a New Jersey beach, sea and stars and a piquant profile moved him to slip an arm round her. She leaned her head on his shoulder but said, "All right, Hump, if that's your whim, but I'd rather go to Coney Island."

Her remark dashed him considerably. "Why?" he said.

"I could like kissing you, Hump," she said calmly, "but knowing you were seeing a golden blonde all the time would take the edge off. Let me remain just one of the inexpensive amusements."

That both angered and amused him, but there wasn't any answer.

Then Janet announced that the capitalist system was giving her two weeks' vacation. Mary Schramm had asked her to her summer place, but she distrusted the lavish life and Mary's intentions.

"She takes my art seriously. She's trying to get it endowed."

Hump grinned. "Narragansett Bay. Go ahead—everybody ought to visit Mary once. You'll think the place is a national park. Except that the menagerie makes it circus day."

"You never quite belonged to the menagerie, did you, Hump?"

"Never made up my mind whether I wanted to. That was my whole trouble."

That was the trouble now. Pete Schramm's patience was about gone and he was issuing an ultimatum about that job. Hump had to make up his mind—did he want to go his own way at his own speed, or did he want to travel onward and upward fast for Consolidated Tools? Suddenly he found himself, with extraordinary seriousness and anxiety, blurting the whole dilemma to Janet. He didn't want the damn' Consolidated job—he was making more money than he needed on his own; he wanted to take things easy and putter round his farm; he had no use for a glittering job and frenzied pressure and big returns. But also he wanted it like the devil—he'd always wondered what things looked like from the top, and there was this urge to be somebody important, and a vice-president of Consolidated could soar high.

Queer emotions showed in Janet's face. She looked tired, bored, disdainful. Why did her mouth sometimes seem so unhappy? "Ever try telling the truth, Hump?" she asked wearily. "Come right down to it, what do you want?"

"Isn't that what we're arguing? What do you want?"

"We're talking about you. Well, you know what you want and I know, too. You think you can turn the clock back and you want to try. You're kidding yourself about this job. A little place in Rhode Island is just darling, but it can't support Gilberte, Inc."

He tried to dodge that one. "I'm essentially a sub-caliber guy."

Janet nodded. "That's what you were told for quite a while, so why shouldn't you believe it? You believe a lot of things, don't you? You believe that you can go back to wherever things went wrong and be a pair of infatuated young fools again. You believe that the only thing wrong with that marriage of yours that busted wide open was that you didn't make enough money." She scowled. "Well, maybe you're right. Go in and pitch, big boy. A vice-president of Consolidated isn't eight million dollars, but you can always try."

Thereupon she stood up. She looked at him with intense hostility. "The answer is, you want the vice-presidency. What do I want? Oh, me, I want a glass of champagne and some forty-dollar lingerie!"

A FEW days later she had gone to Mary's, leaving New York sultry with dog days and more lonesome than it had ever been. Then, before another two weeks, Mary's urge showed itself and her invitations to a house party went out like a fiery cross among the hills. After a shower of telegrams and a bombardment of phone calls, Hump made out that he was to come on Friday and bring Christine with him. Mary's plaintive and transparent romanticism showed in that request, but Hump was suddenly on fire. It was at least a four-hour drive.

The front of Gilberte, Inc., had been newly remodeled with chromium and black marble and angular windows full of lacy froth. Christine must be flinging money around. Well, her friends wouldn't let her lose it. Hump shrugged and went in.

Christine met him.

"This place," Hump said, "looks like one of the newest Paris cocktail bars."

"That's my system. Let them know you come high and they'll arrive in mobs."

She was impressed by the coupé. "This is a much more expensive car, isn't it? Isn't it dangerous to be so prosperous? I might go talk to the judge."

Already, as a defense against her overwhelming loveliness, he was trying to remember her querulousness and disdain in the difficult years, her scorn, her contempt of his mediocrity. No use—what he kept remembering was far different. . . . Presently she demanded the wheel. That, too, was poignant—to see her arrogant recklessness, the familiar cut corners, the smiles she gave more timid drivers who lurched out of her way. She took off her hat, and sun glinted on fine gold; her eyes were sea-blue, her lips curved with the exhilaration of speed and holiday.

After a time she turned and smiled at Hump. "You have the nicest way of looking as if you still adored me. I'm so glad we're civilized people." She patted his hand. "Don't hesitate to be extremely civilized in front of Brian."

"Is Brian going to be on hand?"

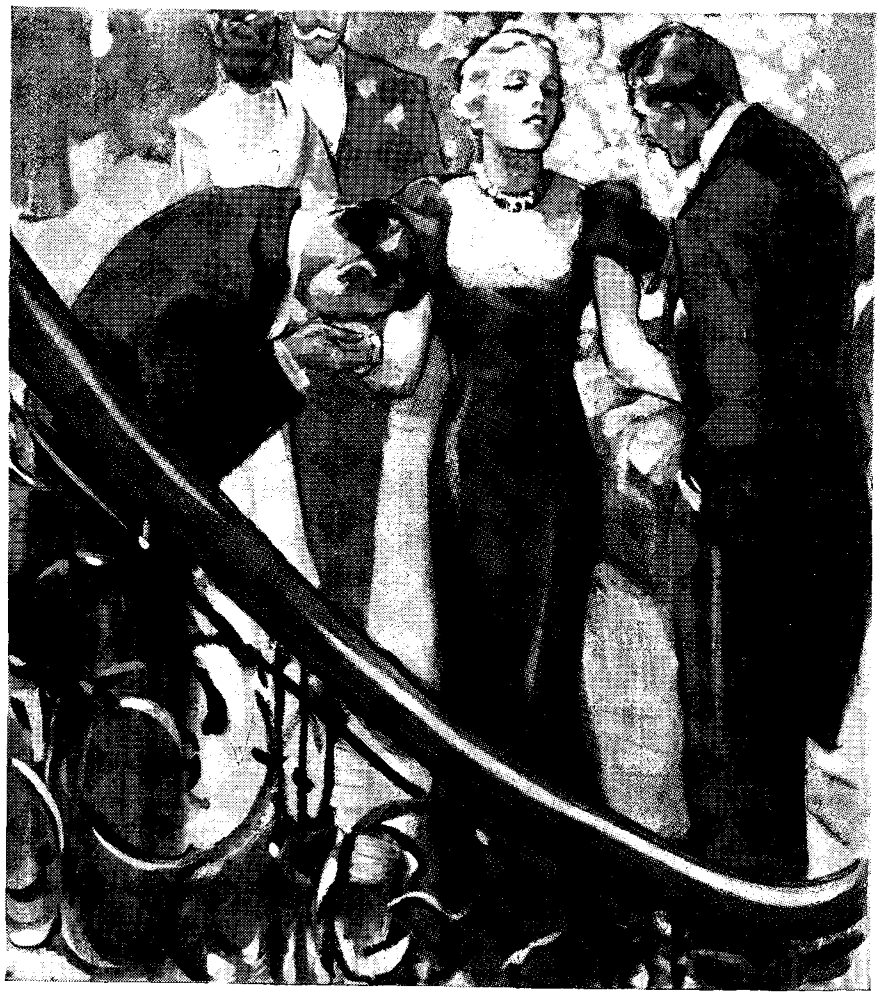
"Why, Hump, could a business woman afford just an idle week end? He's coming over from Newport in the Pilchard. That's his yacht. Well, not yacht," she said with amusing, reluctant honesty; "it's a cabin cruiser."

After a lunch along the Sound, Hump took the wheel. An hour later he turned off the highway. Christine looked surprised. "That's not the way." When he explained that he was showing her the place he'd bought, she looked still more surprised. "You mean you've finally got the place you mooned and moaned about for so long? Hump, you must be absolutely rolling! Getting divorced by me seems to have been the richest speculation since 1929."

His heart quickened when he turned

(*Continued on page 62*)

"Why," he explained, "for three years she's been managing a lingerie shop. Before that she was married to me"



Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

By Roark Bradford

"You white folks gits religion, and den you jest sits back and looks solemn and don't pleasure yo'se'ves no mo'." Those are the words of the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel. Roark Bradford, the man on whose book The Green Pastures was based, introduces you to the dramatic and whole-hearted religious rites of the Southern Negro—services that bring release from the uncertainties of a troubled world and ministers who dispense a heady spiritual intoxication that makes the old church "weave wid Glory"

NOT since the days of slavery has religion played such a vital part in the everyday life of the Southern Negro as now. Cotton prices tumble and meat prices soar. The "public works" shut down until a man can't get a job even if he goes hunting for one. Giant steam shovels bank earth upon levees where, a few years ago, a man and a pair of mules dragged dirt with a fresno scraper. The N. R. & A. man would give you some garden seeds to plant, but the Uncle Sam lady is likely to come along a month later to ask you questions about them. The charities and the relief might give a man a few days a month, but mostly they just write his name down and tell him to come back Tuesday.

Even the plantations, where a man could always get a house and a piece of ground to work in cotton and make a living for a year, furnish little hope. Big gasoline tractors drag plows down the furrows, and the white folks are talking about buying a gasoline cotton picker to take that last little piece of cash money away from the Negro—his Christmas money.

The Southern Negro, fully aware of his precarious economic condition, will tell you, "I know hit's tight, but I'll make hit efn I live and nothin' happen."

It isn't optimism when he says that. It is a combination of hope and faith: hope for the immediate present and faith in the future which he has picked up in his little unpainted, dilapidated church.

These little churches usually represent amateur carpentry work with makeshift timbers, their architecture following a general plan of slipshod simplicity. Not infrequently the buildings have to be buttressed into an approximate vertical position by four unbarked saplings. A "church-propping" ceremony sometimes takes on the pomp and dignity of a cornerstone-laying in more cultural centers.

It is in these little churches that the Negro men and women receive not only the promise of celestial rewards, but they get immediate spiritual exaltation which enables them to live from day to day in a land beset with uncertainties and troubles.

Not all of the Negro churches in the South are mere shanties built without plan, nor are all the Negro preachers in the South unlettered. There are many fine churches and educated ministers. In fact, a glance at the vacant pews in some of the costlier churches during the discourses of the college-trained Doctor of Divinity would indicate a surplus of this type of equipment.

A Cure for the Blues

In the little churches, where the preacher moans and groans and the congregation whoops and shouts, a man can escape from a hard world and become a Lamb of God, get happy in his soul, and help make the old church he loves "weave wid Glory."

There is, for instance, "the Sunshine Spiritual Christian Mission African Baptist Church," where Elder J. J. Johnson is "prop. and pastor." When Elder Johnson gets to bearing down on the 19th chapter and 11th verse of Revelations, with old Aunt Mary Weathers in the Amen Corner rooting for him, there isn't a congregation in the land that will sit and worry about the economic situation.

"Hyar come de big white hoss," yells Elder Johnson, "a-rampin' and a-ragin' down de hall er Time! Clackity-clack! Clackity-clack! Clackity-clack! Wid his eyeballs squirtin' fire and his tail wavin' like a diadem in de cool er de evenin'! And I hyared a voice!"

"Yes?" says Aunt Mary Weathers.

"Oh, I hyared a voice!"

"Well."

"And I hyared a voice!"

"He'p him out, Lawd!"

"Cryin', 'Time is no more! Time is no more! Time is no more.' "

"Amen, amen."

"You knows dat's 'amen' talk, Church," the elder admonishes. "Lemme hyar you say amen."

A lusty chorus responds.

"Well," Elder Johnson beams with satisfaction, "efn you likes hit dat good, some er y'all members go buy me some socks tomorrow. Feibleman's sellin' five pairs for a dollar. I wears size twelve and a ha'f."

The horse gallops on, cutting magnificent figures and inspiring Elder Johnson to unbelievable heights of imagery.

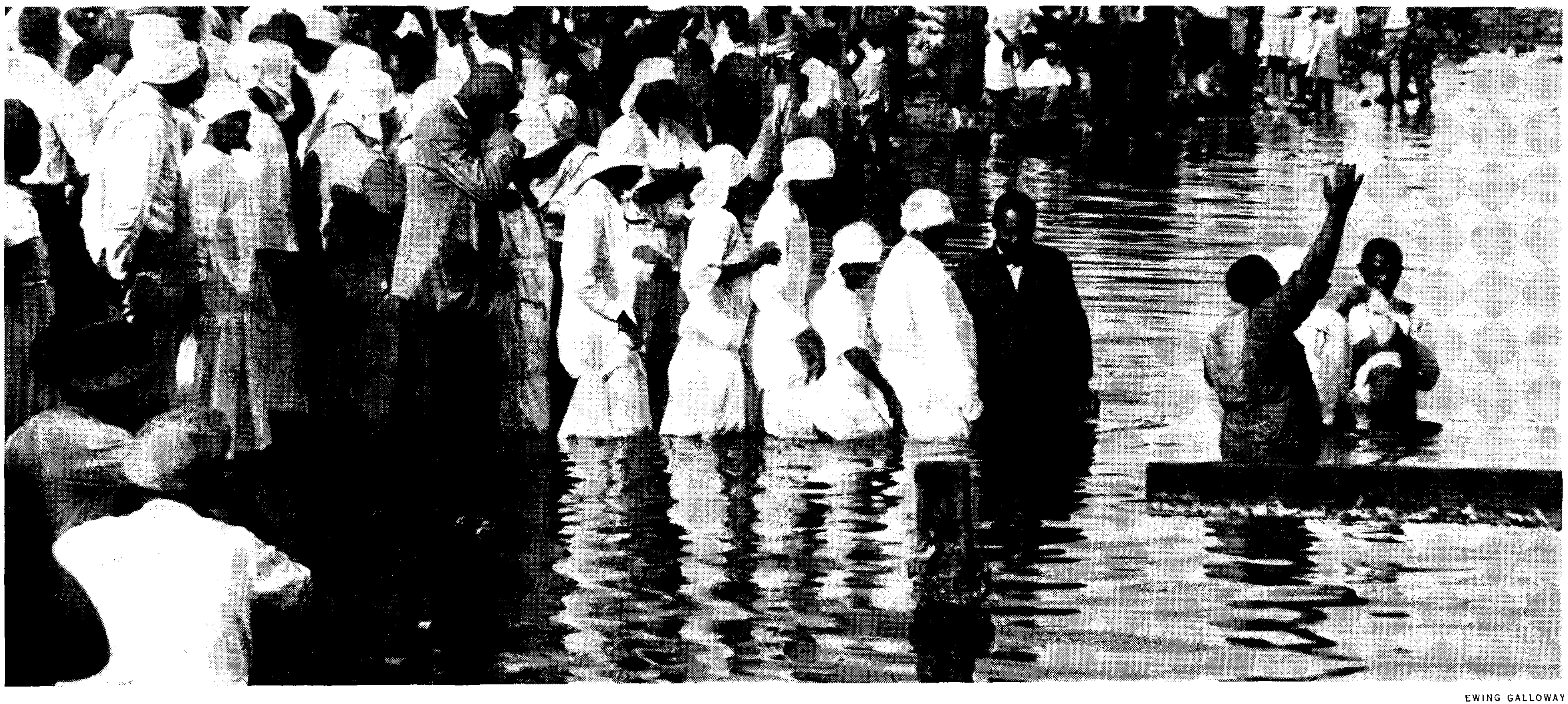
The result of the sermon is this: a hundred people have spent two or three hours in a spiritually inspired environment, hearing things they want to hear in a way in which they want to hear them. They have laughed and cried and shouted and sung. They have blazed in the brimstone fires of hell and have fluttered away on white wings to Glory. They have been exalted in the spirit and allured in the flesh—for Elder Johnson is a handsome figure of a man, and the bulk of his congregation is women.

A Negro preacher, however, has more to do than thunder away from the pulpit. There is the matter of doctrinal theology. Nor is the theology an abstract metaphysical process by which truth is arrived at through pure reason. Doctrine among the Southern Negroes of the uneducated class is a practical and, above all, an understandable thing.

Meet Sin-Splitting Samuel

The preacher's personality is the all-dominating influence in matters of church government and discipline. There are associations and conferences, but in general each preacher lays down his own theology, and he lays it down in terms which his members can easily understand.

Take the Baptist faith. Among Negroes, the Baptist Church includes practically every cult that practices immersion and its variations. But there are almost as many doctrinal differences within the Church as there are churches. A congregation will learn


EWING GALLOWAY

A Negro baptism by immersion in the waters of the Manatee River, at Bradenton, Florida the doctrine as promulgated by its pastor, and hold on to that as long as it keeps that preacher. The real doctrinal ingenuity comes with the wandering evangelist, who "draps by" a community, preaches one or a dozen sermons, according to the enthusiasm with which he is received, halves the collections with the local preacher, and wanders on.

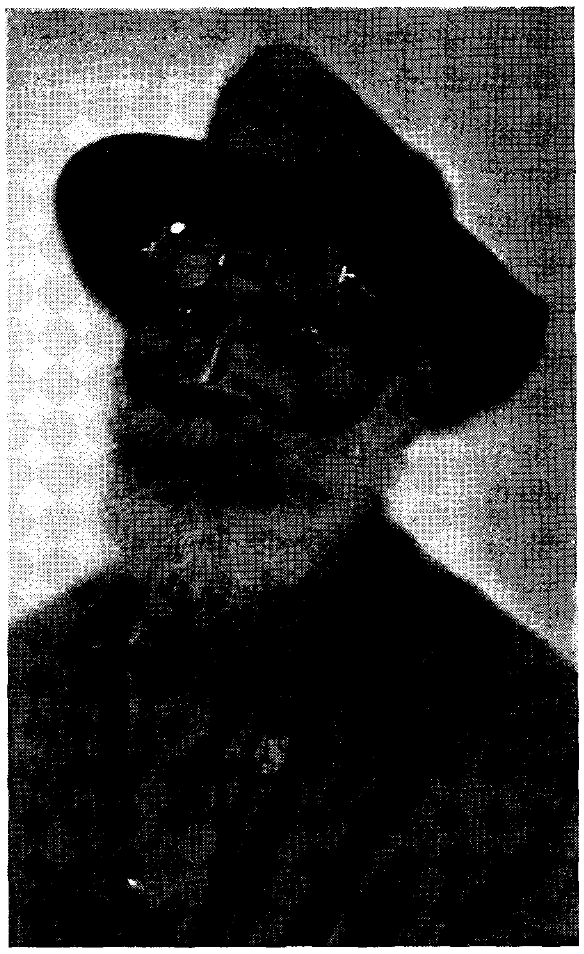
Such an evangelist is Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel, a North Louisiana itinerant, who rides an old sorrel mule named Balaam. "I reckon," the Splitter told me, "you c'd call me a Free-Will Baptist on account er I got to mingle in so many communities. I was raised up a strick Runnin'-Water Sheep Caller when I was young. But I and de Lawd got in some mighty powerful licks agin Satan and sin over at Dry Prong, one time, and all er dem Niggers is Foot Washers on account er hit ain't enough water in de community to duck nobody.

"Well, I was mighty strong about dippin' dem Niggers in runnin' water. I tole 'em dat de Lawd Hisse'f wawked fawty miles to git baptized of John in de River Jordan, and efn de Lawd c'd wawk fawty miles jest to git baptized in runnin' water, who'd dey think dey was, kickin' agin wawkin' fou'teen miles over to de Red River?

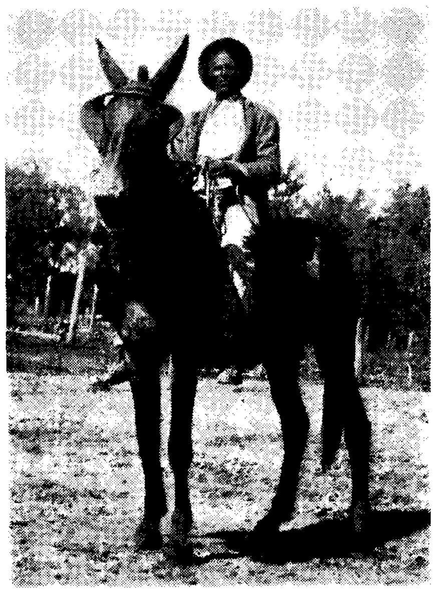
"Well, de tawk and de argyment got started and hit might' nigh broke up de meetin'. De head deacon told me de lady candidates was downright skeered to git in de river.

"'What dey skeered of?' I say.

Reverend Sister Mamie Storall, of the Red and Ouachita Rivers



The late Bishop David Gant, of the Mississippi Delta



Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel

"'Gittin' drownded,' say de deacon.

"So I say, efn dey's really got de Sperrit, dey ain't got no call to git skeered er drownin'. Cause de Bible say, 'Efn you casts yo' body on de livin' waters in My name, and gits sunk down in de quicksand, wharfo' shall ye dwell dis day wid me in Paradise.' And I know dwellin' in Paradise is a heap better den livin' in dat pore hill country around Dry Prong. De trouble wid de lady candidates, I say, is dey's jest tryin' to hypocrite dey way into God's church.

"So dat brang on mo' words, and de fust thing I knowed, hit looked like me and de Lawd was worked out on a limb, and old Satan was over next to de tree, sawin' us off.

"But I and de Lawd been gittin' about de land a mighty long time, and old Satan ain't never sawed dat limb off yit. So I went out in de woods and had a tawk wid de Lawd about hit. I wa'nt 'zackly prayin', cause I knows de Lawd too good to make much of a show about gittin' down on my knees when hit ain't nobody watchin'. I jest said right out, I say, 'Lawd, hit look like Satan got I and You out on a limb and is sawin' us off. What must I do about duckin' dem ladies in de runnin' water?'

"'Well, I tell you, Splitter,' say de Lawd. 'Efn I had my druthers, I druther have 'em ducked plum under de runnin' water. But on de yuther hand, I find I don't much keer whether a man git his britches wet or his foots wet, jest so long as his soul is wet wid My Glory. Hit ain't gonter do 'em no sperritual good to wash dey feet, but hit ain't gonter do 'em no harm, neither. I never yit seed nobody, in de church or out, dat couldn't stand a foot washin' ev'y once in a while. So you go on and wash dey foots, and leave de duckin' in de river go.'"

But Sprinkling Won't Do

It was suggested to the Sin Splitter that community customs and wishes rather than theological dicta governed him in his doctrine. He got the idea but he did not agree with the statement.

"I won't sprinkle 'em," the evangelist declared with feeling. "I wouldn't sprinkle a dog, let alone a human. Sprinklin' is de devil's trick to fool people. Once you sprinkle a sinner, and he's de devil's own. Take a sprinkled sinner and he thinks he's saved. And when a sinner gits to thinkin' he's saved, all de revivin' in de land can't budge him. A sprinkled sinner will set right up in church and 'amen' you like he's a Child of God, and all de time de devil is settin' up, eggin' him on. Nawsuh. I'll wash de foots, and I'll baptize 'em in still water, but I won't sprinkle 'em."

His agreement with the "still water" rite after his scriptural explanation of the necessity for the running water brought forth this analysis: "Hit depend a heap on de way you looks at hit. De Bible say de Lawd wawked fawty miles to git baptized *of* John *in* de Jordan. All right. Hit might er been gittin' baptized of John which made de Lawd wawk fawty miles instead er gittin' baptized in de river. De p'int er de whole Bible is dis: de Bible is hyar to he'p out mankind; not mankind to he'p out de Bible. You white folks makes a heap er trouble for yo'se'ves about de Bible like dat. Y'all gits religion, and den you jest sets back and looks solemn and holy, and don't pleasure yo'se'ves no mo'. Well, dat ain't right. De grown-up people is God's chillun, jest like de young'uns is we's chillun.

"When you gives yo' baby a piece er candy, you wants him to be happy and enjoy dat candy, don't you? Well, when God give you religion, he want you to enjoy hit, too. Don't set around and mope and ack so holy, like you sick. Grown folks gittin' religion is jest like de baby gettin' candy.

"How come I knows dats de way God got hit planned? I got God's own sweet word for hit. In Genesis, de fust chapter and twenty-sixt' verse: 'And God said, let us make man in our image and after our likeness.' God got as much sense as you got. He ain't doin' nothin' foolish. You want to know how God got things figgered out, you jest set down and see how mankind got hit figgered out, and you won't go wrong. And any time you feels Satan got you out on a limb about somethin', jest go right back to Genesis, de fust and twenty-sixt', and figger out how you and God stand on de question."

Not the least part of a preacher's business is the taking of the collection. It costs money to operate a church. There are the lighting and heating and the occasional painting and repairing. The preacher must live. It seems impossible to get entirely away from the economics which has plagued the land for the last six years. But I believe there is less of the fleshpots connected with the Negro collection plate than with any other financial venture.

However, the more money there is in the plate, the better the preacher likes it. Greed is not the only influence. There is a spiritual side to it, too. A smart preacher will work as hard to extract the mite from the widow as he will the dollar from his more affluent member. Thundering Thurmond, an evangelist from East Texas, explained this to me.

"Salvation," he said, "is free. But people don't want nothin' free. Give 'em somethin' for nothin', and dey'll chunk hit away. Dey won't take keer er hit, cause dey knows hit's mo' whar dat comes f'm, for de askin'. But take and make 'em pay heavy for what dey gits, and dey'll hang on to hit long as dey live.

The Economics of Salvation

"You take a rich man wid plenty er money, and he drap a dollar in de collection. A dollar is a heap er money to me and you. But you think God keer about a dollar? Hmph! He turn up His sweet nose and wawk away. God say, 'You think I'm gonter give him salvation for a dollar? Hit'll take a hund'ed dollars to make Me turn My haid twarge him.'

"But you take a po' widow woman. She go git dat last copper cent outn de bakin'-powder can, and drap hit in dat plate. God say, 'Dat widow woman is My friend. She love Me good cause she give Me de last thin copper she got. Now, I'm gonter bless her good for dat.' And He do! Dat widow woman wawk away blazin' wid glory in her soul. Cause God love her and bless her!

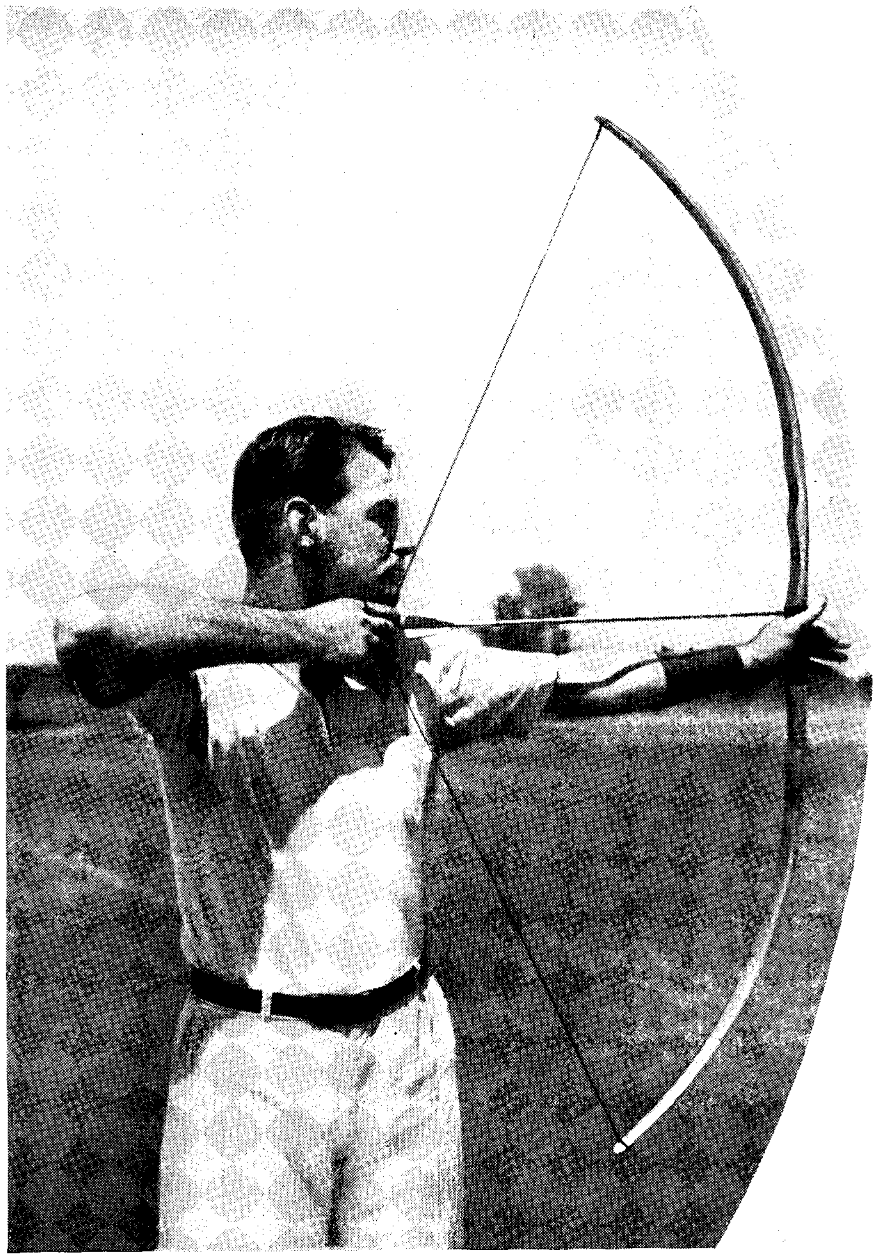
"On de yuther hand, take yo'se'f. Hit's a dozen banks in dis town got a million dollars apiece, mighty nigh. And hyar you is, say, wid a hund'ed dollars in yo' pocket. You don't keer nothin' 'bout de banks, whether dey stays open or stays closed. Hit ain't no skin offn yo' back one way er de yuther. You got yo hund'ed dollars in yo' pocket and you gonter keep hit.

"But s'posin' you wanted to make some intrust on dat hund'ed. You go put hit in de bank, don't you? And de minute you gits yo' money in de bank, you git intrusted in whether de bank gonter stay open or go shet. And you reads de paper ev'y mawnin' to see efn hit's gonter stay open. And you wawks up and down, feelin' mighty proud er all dat million dollars in de vault, wid part of hit yo'n. And you go 'bout braggin' to ev'ybody what a fine bank you

(*Continued on page* 69)

[redacted]ang, Twang

ird interglacial period. But
this country got a shot
ational sport. Mr.
our experts, an
ame is Mudd



W. C. RUNDER, INC.

GEORGE DE SALES MUDD, a brawny-armed employee of an adding-machine company in St. Louis, came home one night with an English long bow.

It was with such a weapon and bodkin-pointed shafts that English bowmen gained immortal glory on the battle fields of Agincourt and Crécy. With one not unlike it, Robin Hood, the demigod of archery, performed miracles of marksmanship. With the long bow and broad-head arrows Saxton Pope, Arthur Young, and Stewart Edward White, leading American exponents of the bow as a hunting weapon, killed Kadiak bears and African lions. With similar bows, contemporary archers, men and women, shoot steel-tipped arrows at straw targets for fun and exercise.

Mudd did not want to do any of these things. He wanted to hang the bow on the wall of his living-room. He thought it would be decorative. But first Mudd had to string his weapon; because a bow, unstrung, is almost straight. There is a knack to stringing, or bracing, a bow. One who does not know how to do it may be hurt; or he may break the bow.

Sounds of scraping and grunting attracted Mudd's wife to the living-room.

"What in the world are you doing?" she asked.

Mudd told her.

Little Rose Marie, the Mudds' daughter, entered, bouncing a rubber ball.

"What's daddy doing?"

"I'm bracing the bow," said Mudd, grimly, wrestling with six feet of strong, resilient wood.

"Run along, Rose Marie," said Mrs. Mudd. "Daddy's bracing the bow and then he's going to hang it on the wall. Now run along, dear. That's a good girl."

But Mudd did not hang the bow on the wall. When, after much amateurish exertion, he got it strung and the bow took shape, he drew it and liked the feel of it in his hands. There was power in the pull of it.

A Weapon with a Background

Graceful as a woman's lips, strong as life, and quick as death, this modern bow of Mudd's was heir to all the glory and glamour of archery, a lineal descendant of the first weapon devised by man 50,000 years ago for striking effectively from a distance.

Mudd released the string, a thing of twisted linen threads, and it twanged a note that might have sprung from a harp. And why not? The first harp was a bow with several strings, the parent of all stringed instruments, including the piano.

In the quiet of the living-room Mudd could imagine an arrow whispering in its flight and chugging into something. What? A stag? (For which, if caught, he surely would be hanged with his own bow-string.) An armored knight? The gold eye of a target?

There were targets on the range behind the Mounted Police Station in Forest Park. Mudd bought arrows, straight, slender shafts of Douglas fir fletched with the feathers of a turkey. (The three feathers on an arrow must be from the same wing of the same bird, and turkey feathers are more serviceable than the feathers of the gray goose extolled in poetry and prose.)

Mudd paid three dollars and joined the St. Louis Archery Club and started learning how to shoot the bow he had bought to hang on the wall.

That was six years ago. Last year, Mudd made a score of 802 in a York round.

A York round is a standard round for men. It entails the shooting of 144 arrows—72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 at 80 yards, and 24 at 60 yards, and all at a circular target four feet in diameter.

A Bad Year for Records

An 800 York round was, in a way, like hitting sixty home runs in the course of a major-league baseball season, or being the father of quintuplets. It was unusual. Also, it was far more real than the legendary feats of Robin Hood, Hiawatha and William Tell. Only one fellow had done it. He was Horace Ford, a famous English archer.

In practice on September 4, 1855, in Cheltenham, England, Ford shot a York round of 137-809. Which means that all but seven of his 144 arrows struck on, or so close to the gold as to give him a score of 809. The gold counts 9, the red 7, the blue 5, the black 3, and the white 1.

Archers do not pretend to scores they make in practice. Nor do they believe the fabulous feats of splitting a willow wand at will at 100 yards, shooting a mile, keeping ten arrows in the air at once, and shooting apples off the heads of little boys. But they recognize the enormousness of Ford's achievement.

Even in practice, a score of 809 for a York round was wonderful. Archers had talked about it for seventy-nine years in much the same detached, yet interested, manner as a group of starving missionaries might discuss the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. They wished it might happen again—to them.

Mudd, the brawny-armed fellow who had bought a bow to hang on the wall, shot a York round of 802 in the Missouri Valley tournament in Kansas City and received credit for being the first archer ever to get into the 800-class in a tournament.

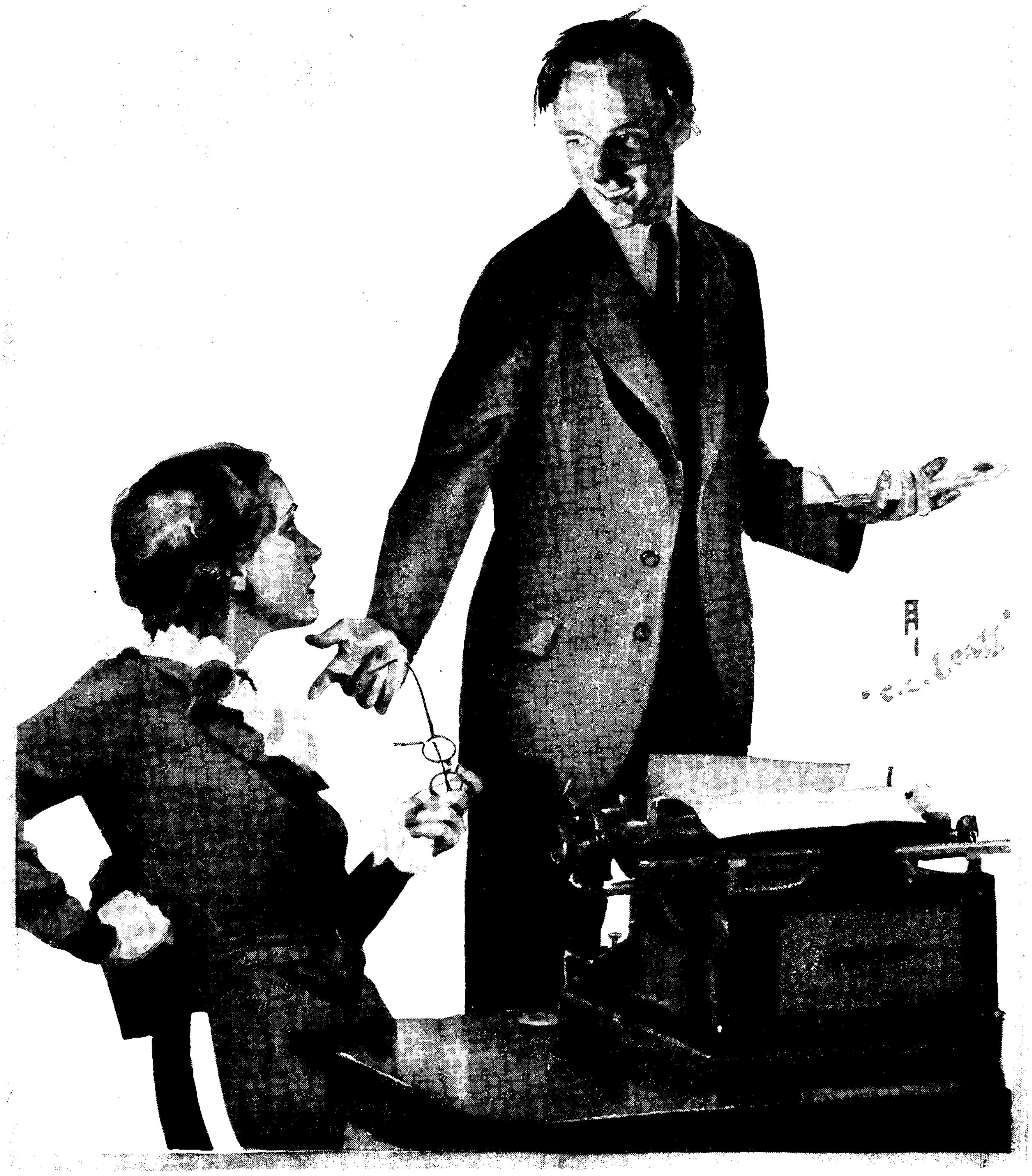
Mudd's record stood less than a month.

He had been coaching a neighbor, a slender young man by the name of Lee Gamber. For the fun of it, Gamber entered the Men's Professional Championship Tournament in Toronto, Canada.

(Continued on page 42)

The Blinding Stars

By Frederick Skerry



"What do you say, Gert?" Gus flaunted aggressiveness like a new and flashy garment

The singular experience of Augustus Fees, who was libeled by the heavenly orbs. Men such as he are the masters of their fate

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

PERHAPS the inventive mind of Professor Salus, Astrologer, inspired that arrangement with the Community Chest Committee. At any rate, for the first time contributors to charity were rewarded with something besides thanks and, if interested, learned their relations to heavenly bodies; canvassers on commission bridged over yawning financial gaps; the community chest was filled to overflowing; and Professor Salus, though he claimed to have conceded a drastic reduction in his rates because of the worthiness of the cause and the wholesale aspect of the transaction, must have made a good bit of money; all in all it was a gratifying campaign.

In the office of James J. Harmacy, building contractor, a glib canvasser had secured two contributions. The first, one of five hundred dollars, came from James J. Harmacy himself; a sum nicely calculated: not enough to make him appear to be currying favor with the committee chairman, yet enough to remind that gentleman of James J. Harmacy—for the chairman, Franklin Jeffrey, was also president of the Asylum Assurance Company, from which Harmacy expected much. The other contribution—the acceptable minimum of five dollars—was made by Augustus Fees, familiarly, Gus.

Ordinarily it would require more than the appeal of a community chest to detach from Gus' slim person a five-dollar bill. Not that Gus was stingy or deaf to the call of Charity; in fact, he was charitably disposed, but that Christian virtue came last in a trio in which Hope took precedence. And with Gus charity began at home. Besides, at this particular time, after a couple of salary cuts, five dollars was an extraordinarily large sum. There was, however, in the offer of a horoscope reading a lure which he could not resist, and Gus cheerfully let go of a precious five-dollar bill.

He felt the need of encouragement, of some outside influence—he scarcely knew what — which would counteract a suspicion of his inadequacy. Such dreams as may have elevated his spirit of nights were dissipated each morning by his reflection in his shaving mirror. Yet Gus was fortunate in that he could see in his mirror only his front elevation: a doubtful collection of features, composed of a longish face, with bulging light blue eyes, large teeth which his lips could not quite cover, a chin which was out of scale with the big high-bridged nose, all roofed by an unruly thatch of sandy hair. A discouraging reflection. But not so discouraging as his geometric profile, a triangle, with his nose as the apex. Notwithstanding such facial lack of promise Gus had his moments of spiritual outbreak, quick, bird-like flutterings, timidly subsiding. And these flashes struck him as hopeful indications; nobody, he reasoned, could actually be so ineffectual as that exterior of his betokened. Hence, it may be believed, his contribution to the community chest was actuated by Hope rather than by Charity.

IF THE stars could tell him anything, he wanted to know. Chiefly, should this horoscope business be in the nature of a prophecy, he wished reassurance regarding his job, which showed alarming signs of insecurity. Not to have his job! He went cold with fear when such a prospect assailed him. Not that he might fail to get another—though jobs were not going begging these days—but another job would not be the same as this one, which was glorified by a Presence.

Without *her* to make his working hours a succession of secret joys and the hours away from her simply so many periods of emptiness, another job would be just work. Even though she remained personally as aloof as a plaster saint, Gus preferred to be where she was rather than where she was not. Miss Gertrude Horne being wholly unaware of Gus' adoration, her attitude was the impersonally amicable one of an office associate. Nevertheless, though Gus felt that he rated but little higher in her regard than the inanimate office fixtures, he cherished the hope of penetrating the wall of indifference that isolated her from him; which result, since to other eyes than Gus' Miss Horne had her own limits of attractiveness, was not outside the bounds of possibility. One thing, which Gus was quick to appraise at full value, they now had in common: they were mutually anxious regarding their jobs.

For, like many another builder, James J. Harmacy was at that moment building nothing. Worse, and an ironical sequel to his calculated gift to the community chest, his one hope of renewed personal prosperity had been dashed by the subsequent offer of the Asylum Assurance Company. His bid for the addition to the company's home office building had been second low, slightly more than thirty thousand dollars above that of the lowest bidder, an outside concern whose price was far below the general run of bids. Since Harmacy had

(Continued on page 67)

The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING a mysterious attack on his ranch, the Barrier, near Reno, Nevada, Tom Sebastian learns that a number of his enemies, led by Buffalo Galt, are plotting to ruin him. In love with Lily Tennant, a Hollywood actress who, according to the gossips, is engaged to Jay Stuart, a power in Hollywood, Sebastian escorts her to a dance. Galt brazenly forces his attentions on her; whereupon, Sebastian gives him a beating.

Jay Stuart arrives on the scene. Kit Christopher, one of Lily's closest friends, has summoned him. She suspects that Lily is infatuated with Sebastian. And, although she likes the cattleman, she does not feel that Lily should marry him. In common with many others, she believes that Charm Michelet, who lives at Barrier and who, although unmarried, has a child, is Sebastian's common-law wife. She implores Stuart to take Lily back to Hollywood.

But Lily refuses to go. She is deeply interested in Sebastian; and she is fascinated by the Galt-Sebastian war. From Kit and wise old Judge Sillavan she learns much concerning the history and personalities of the people about her: old Madame Belle Gilson, Buffalo Galt's mother (who steadfastly declines to tell him who his father is), who owns a saloon and rooming-house in the nearby town of Tumpah; the notorious DePard brothers, Duke and Ben, who are among Sebastian's bitterest enemies; Sebastian, whose father had been the victim of an assassin whose name, known to various persons, including Judge Sillavan, has never been revealed; Matt Strang, foreman of the Barrier, who is desperately in love with Charm Michelet; and various others, all of whom are far different from the men and women of Hollywood.

That Sebastian is in peril, Lily is well aware; for he has just narrowly escaped being shot by one of Galt's hirelings—a renegade puncher named Humboldt, whom Sebastian kills. That Sebastian loves her, she is equally well aware. But concerning her feelings toward the owner of Barrier, she is just a bit vague; certainly she does not admit, even to herself, that she is in love with him.

VI

ED BREAN, after leaving the party, drove his car around Reno and fell into the highway leading east and later turned down a plain dirt road about three miles from town. He stopped and snapped off the lights and eased his heavy body back in the seat, slowly pulling on his cigar; and to amuse himself he tuned in the radio on a Los Angeles program, pear-shaped cheeks shining against the dim dial glow. It was perhaps ten minutes afterward when a car swept out of the east at a roaring speed and slowed for the side road. Brean bent and snapped his headlights on and off in signal. The second car drove directly beside Brean's.

"You're late," said Brean, "and I'm no hand to wait on people."

Buffalo Galt leaned out of the car door.

"It's a long drive from Tumpah."

"You talk a lot but you don't do much. If you can't handle it I'll get somebody that can."

"Well, this thing is tough," said Galt, openly irritated. "We're not handling a guy that can be pushed around easy. Sebastian's a hard nut. We had a jag of his beef on the way north last night. He got up there in a hell of a hurry and Duke DePard didn't feel like making a fight about it and pulled away. Star Humboldt's missing—we heard some shooting in the hills."

Brean said quickly: "Sebastian and Humboldt?"

"I think so. But what of it? You can't lay anything on Sebastian and make it stick before judge or jury. Not up there."

"So it's getting rough and you're squawking?"

"Cut it out, Ed. You're safe in Reno, havin' a high old time. I guess you've forgotten what sort of a country that is up yonder. The boys play marbles for keeps."

"They always did," reflected Brean. "Hell, the only fun I ever had was when I was a kid ridin' that desert. I was there when King Henry ruled the roost. You had to have a passport when you got within forty miles of the Moonstones. If you managed to get across Barrier into Oregon you were lucky. I crawled across that ranch one time on my belly, horse shot and water gone, all the way from Hermione Peak to Tumpah with King Henry and fifty men looking for me. When Henry Sebastian personally went after a man, Buffalo, it was something to tell the relatives about afterward. Don't squawk to me about that country."

"Well," said Galt sullenly, "it ain't changed any."

"You go back there and get busy. Sebastian's broke. I want the screws put on. Don't bring me any more stories of bad luck."

"Sebastian ain't goin' to sit still," said Galt.

"Use your own judgment," stated Brean, and laid his heavy eyes on Galt. "The sky's the limit."

"Maybe," said Galt. "And maybe not. I'm not bothered about Lot McGinnis. But what happens if the governor gets interested and sends some special officers up there?"

"Who's going to ask for state help? Sebastian won't and McGinnis won't. Don't worry about it. If somebody finally does yell for protection it will be after we've put in our licks, anyhow."

"You're a damned cold man, Ed."

"I learned my trade in a tough school. God hates a piker, and I know what I want. Get goin'."

A long, low machine roared down the near-by highway, its tail lights soon vanishing in the distance. Galt said: "That's Sebastian, travelin' like a bat out of hell, as usual."

"Get goin'," repeated Brean and slumped back in his seat. Galt drove away. Brean tuned in on a radio program again and listened for a while, then swung his machine toward Reno.

PAST midnight Sebastian and the Hollywood people walked into the Barrier living-room. Charm, obviously troubled, rose from the divan and walked to Sebastian.

"Matt started for Tumpah after dinner."

She had her hands behind her back. But when Sebastian said, "What for?" she brought them forward, offering him a newspaper. It was the Tumpah Weekly—Blagg's paper—and Sebastian guessed the trouble before his eyes struck the bold editorial centered on the front page. It read:

"It is high time the people of this section take issue with the blood-sucking creature that has been feeding on the prosperity of all of us for better than seventy years. Maybe others are afraid to speak out. We are not. We mean Barrier Ranch.

"There it lies, grasping the best lands of the district, spreading out year by year without mercy for the little fellows. Oh, yes, we are aware that Barrier buys its land nowadays instead of stealing it from the government as in olden times. The transactions are all properly recorded. Barrier pays a grateful Sam Jones for Sam's range and Sam humbly takes his pittance and moves away from the soil he lived on for thirty years or so.

"You say Sam sold of his own free

will? You know better. Sam sold because Barrier forced him to. Sam, and a lot of Sams, sold because Barrier beef kept getting on his grass and stripping it. Sam sold because the fear of God was put into him. He never knew when a bunch of Barrier hands might drive him off his own place and rip up his fences. Sure Sam sold. You'd sell too if you had a gun muzzle stuck at your face day and night till it broke your spirit.

"We hear Mr. Sebastian is not happy over the fact that some of his cattle are being rustled by big, bold bandits. Now isn't that too bad? Why doesn't our magnificent baron call out the militia, move all the little fellows into Oregon, so they won't bother him? Why not convert Tumpah into one of Barrier's minor line camps?

"The trouble with this section is that it has lost its grit. The name Sebastian has ground fear and hatred into it. This country might be fair and prosperous, full of independent ranches. Tumpah might be the paved and extensive metropolis it was meant to be. Why isn't it? Because Barrier has absorbed every penny of profit from the land and gone its own high-handed way.

"Mr. Sebastian sits in his palatial mansion, in his polished boots, entertaining California guests and putting on his domineering airs while the little fellows eat dirt. It's a very swell place, that mansion, with an extremely good-looking housekeeper who doesn't happen to be married to Mr. Sebastian. We hear the child is three years old now. Its name is Tommy. Mr. Sebastian's name is also Tom. Now, isn't that a coincidence?

"How long are people going to endure this octopus? By the way, isn't it queer how some men not in Barrier's good graces disappear? What, incidentally, has become of Star Humboldt?"

Sebastian slowly folded the paper together, the pressure of his fingers ripping it. He looked down into Charm's pale, oval face. His voice was infinitely gentle. "I'm sorry, Charm. I know it hurts you."

"Not the part about me," she answered. "But what he said about you—it's nothing but a lie!"

"BLAGG has asked for a whipping," he said heavily, "and he'll get one."

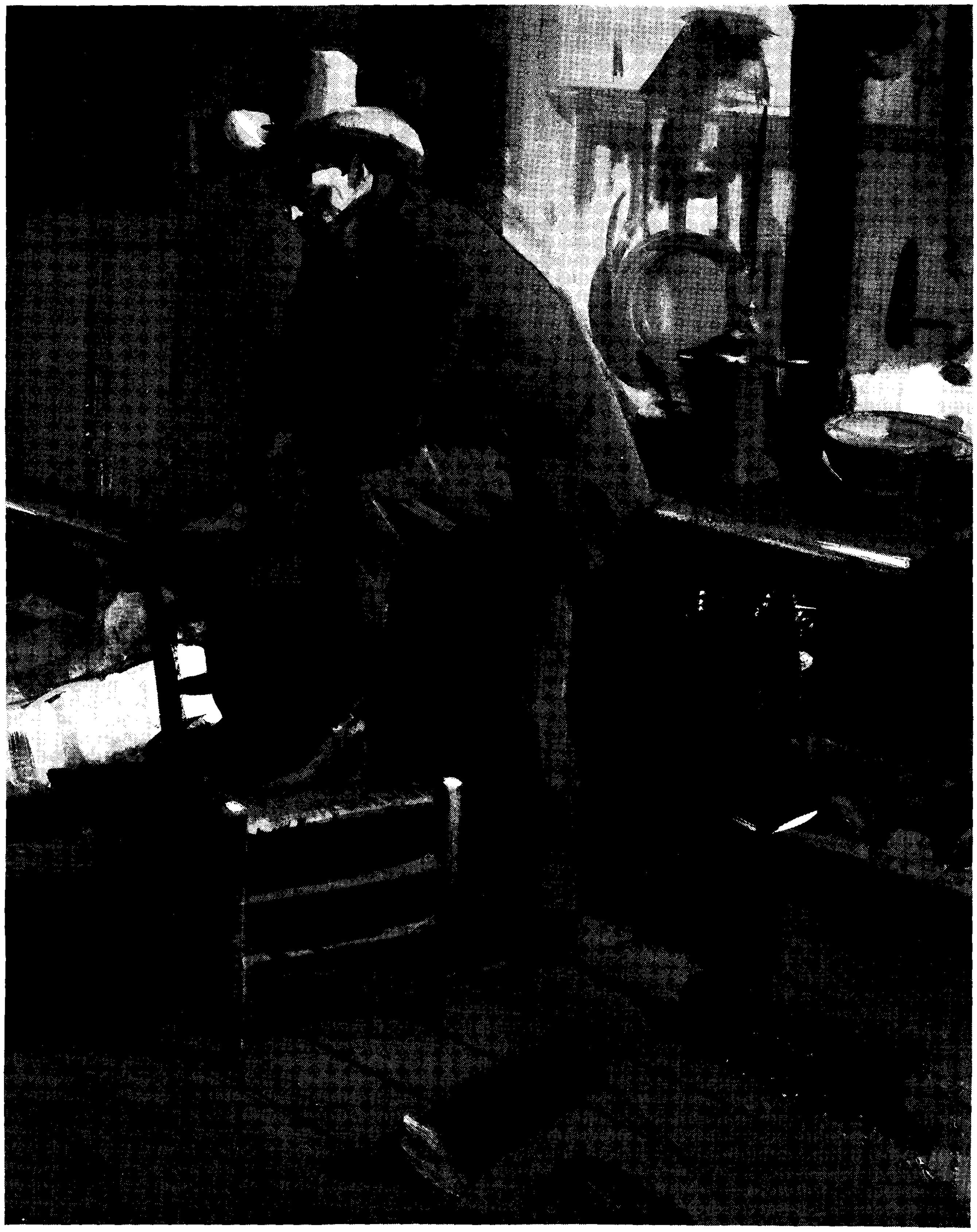
"That's what Matt said when he left. That's why he left."

"I told him to stay out of Tumpah." He jerked up his head and saw Gath standing unobtrusively in the background. Gath said:

"He didn't go straight for Tumpah. He took the schoolhouse road."

Sebastian thought about that, mouth hardening. He said, more to himself than to the others, "I don't see what's over there to interest him." The Hollywood people made a loose group in the middle of the room, too strongly attracted by the quality of trouble here to go upstairs. They were all watching Sebastian—they were all watching him intently.

"I'm trying to keep out of your way," he said. "All I could bring you is grief"



"I'll have to find him before he gets into trouble," decided Tom, and turned toward the door. Lily unexpectedly called out. She went to him.

"Take me along—please."

"Lily," protested Kit Christopher. "No."

"Please," said Lily. Her shoulders stirred impatiently. "I'm not tired—I won't be in your way."

He said, "Come along," briefly, and walked on. They crossed the porch and got into the car. A man ran out of a bunkhouse at the sound of the starting motor, but Sebastian turned the car around the house into the schoolhouse road running away to a flat, shadowy southwest. Sebastian settled back against the seat. He glanced at Lily.

"Why?" he said.

"Do you always need exact answers?"

They ran along silently through the sharp blackness gripping the desert. Heat was out of the earth; the pungent night air contained a biting chill. To the left Lily saw a lone far light move gently like the riding light of a ship. Except for that they were lost in space and there was again for her that powerful feeling of lonely mystery controlling them. Those stars were glinting down through a time that had neither beginning nor end. Her mind struggled with the thought of infinity and could not grasp it. What were pride and ambition? The glow of these little personal fires was as nothing against that immovable light which had shone upon the earth's first boiling lava and would still be shining when earth's cold crust had spun its last revolutions around a dying sun. Her life was one short beat in the long pulse of the universe; and if that were true, then nothing mattered in this brief flicker people called living but a moment of happiness grasped before breath stopped. Ambition died and glory and fame vanished. One thing alone remained, as constant as the stars—the love story of a man and a woman.

THEY stopped at the schoolhouse, Sebastian searching the yard with his spotlight. They went on, deeper into the southeasterly dark. Over there the vague shadow of hills began to swell against the thinner black of the desert. Sebastian spoke:

"You're far away from me right now."

"Thinking."

Sometimes the mood of this man was a force that pushed her away. Sometimes, as suddenly now, it reached out and held her as definitely as though his arms were around her. His voice was extraordinarily gentle: "Lily, don't always be logical. Thinking will do for a while, and then thinking ceases to be any good and only makes you suffer."

"What's left then?"

"Answer your heart. That's enough."

"Tom, where did you learn that?"

He said: "I have had to live with my thoughts a good deal. So I know how useless thinking can be. One honest emotion is worth a year of being sensible."

"You can be badly hurt by following your heart, Tom."

"You're going to get hurt either way. What of it?"

There was, directly afterward, a faltering of the car's rapid run. It spat irregularly beneath the hood, resumed rhythm, and faltered again. Sebastian's black head bent down to the instrument panel and he cut the ignition switch, letting momentum carry them.

(Continued on page 58)

Umpire's Choice

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

I HAD just finished writing positively the world's greatest baseball story for my paper. It had been the crucial game of the crucial series between big-league teams, whom I will call the Dogs and the Cats, because I would like to continue writing baseball. If you spot the teams you can't sue me; and if you write my sports editor I will have to say I meant two other teams.

As I modestly imply, my story had everything. I couldn't stop it from having everything. The Cats had knocked the Dogs out of first place in one heartbreaking minute of the eighth inning. A two-base hit with two on and two out—I can't help the two's—did it. The score changed from 1 to 0 in favor of the Dogs to 2 to 1 in favor of the Cats. After that, the Dogs fell apart as a team which has shot its bolt does late in September; and every real fan in the park knew it. The Cats would go on to win the pennant.

But that wasn't the big punch of my saga, already on its way, night-press-rate-collect, via Dayton, Ohio. Larry Tumpas had hit the winning two-bagger. And old Pop Hetheridge was the pitcher who threw that decisive ball. Gripping human drama, see? Oh, you don't? Well, Larry and Pop had been best friends and roommates for nine years with the Dogs. Last spring, the Dogs sold Larry to the Cats. Larry and his Charley horse and his big black bat and his memories of .376 in 1927. They kept old Pop because he was a cunning and steady relief pitcher.

It was a sports writer's dream come true. The pinch of pinches, with Larry and Pop fighting against each other.

Well, Larry was a shining hero in Cat Town tonight, I knew. And old Pop was back in the third Pullman with the other Dogs, all moaning low. Larry, with a little luck in the series, could stick in the big-time two more years, at least. The Dogs would put old Pop on the market, probably with no big-league takers. And the count on Larry had been *three and two,* when he hit that two-bagger. What if old Pop had struck Larry out?

That's baseball, I reflected profoundly, walking forward to the club car in hope of evading Dogs, moaning low. I particularly didn't want to see Pop Hetheridge. I realized how the scavengers would be whispering. They'd be saying that Pop had grooved one for Larry. This nasty suspicion would follow Pop down the back trail. I was glad I had remembered to describe that fatal pitch as a curve ball with everything Pop had poured on it. I could do that much for him; although, as a matter of fact, with the hit-and-run on, I was watching the Cat runners at the same time, and in the general excitement. . . .

BUZZ KILLORAN was slumped in a corner of a card booth in the club car. Buzz had been behind the plate that day. I nodded to him perfunctorily and started to pass on. He had a couple of liquor glasses, empty, in front of him. It surprised me a little, but I thought, "Let Grandpaw Landis look after his umpires." Then—

"C'mere. Want to talk to you!"

I turned back.

"Sure, Mr. Killoran. What's on your mind?"

There was plenty on Mr. Killoran's mind. His homely mick pan, feverish from unaccustomed drinking, was twisted in a manner painful to look at.

"That game today—"

"Quite a thriller, wasn't it?"

"Yeah."

He stared at me from under the black hedge of Killarney which served him for two eyebrows, and breathed heavily.

"That play in the eighth, now . . ."

"Old Larry crashed through. I bet his feet are under a banquet table this very minute!"

"Yeah . . . but . . ."

"Tough on Pop, though. You're either a hero or a heel after a pinch like that."

Umpire Killoran grumbled deep in his chest.

"They're awful close friends."

"Roomed together nine years. Hunt together still. Why not?"

"Well, now . . . that play there. When I saw Tumpas come up, it seemed like an awful spot to put a feller in. Why, his hands was shaking when he picked up dirt!"

"Yours would have been shaking, too."

"I know, I know. But it was queer, somehow."

I began to get his drift. I said, "Oh, now, you can imagine anything in a situation like that. My golly, think of the strain—"

"Hetheridge, he acted up funny," said Umpire Killoran flatly. "He always looks over a batter, till it comes mighty near to stalling. I warned him in Boston oncet or twicet—"

"I DIDN'T notice anything from the press box."

"You can't see nothing from a press box. That's why you boys—"

"In what way did Hetheridge act funny?"

"He never looked at Tumpas, now. Not before he wound up to pitch. I *know* Hetheridge. He acted funny—"

"He was watching the runners on first and second."

Umpire Killoran's voice, thick with fumbling for words, plodded on:

"I think to myself, 'I'll watch this.' So, now, the first one was a fast ball, an' it broke acrost the letters. It was a strike. The fans howled, but it was a strike. Tumpas didn't take his bat off his shoulder. The next was another fast ball, but it hooked off the corner. It was a ball. I watched Tumpas and he looked funny and I watched Hetheridge and he acted funny—"

"One and one," I said.

"One and one, now. I saw the outfield shift over and I figgered either a curve or a slow ball. It was a floater and nearly hit the dirt. Well, now . . ."

"Two and one," I said.

"Two and one, now. Hetheridge threw twice to the bases, then he wound up and it sure looked like an honest ball. It hopped just before Tumpas swung at it and he fouled it off. Tumpas took it funny. He grinned and nodded; and I saw Hetheridge kind of grin and . . ."

"The count is now three and two," I said firmly, getting to my feet.

"No, two and two, now . . . oh . . . all right. Well, to make a long story short, they both acted up so funny that I took extry pains to watch for the counting pitch. They was friends, and it meant the ball game, maybe, and maybe the pennant . . ." then, with a gulp, "it was gripping human drama."

"Three and two! Two men on. Two down. The Dogs one run ahead. What did you see, Umps?"

Umpire Killoran sighed.

"I could tell that both Hetheridge and Tumpas was taking it hard. They wished they was out of there. So I watched extry careful—well, now, Hetheridge drew back his arm and he started the counting ball off. It come straight down the groove. It did not come fast. It was a batting-practice pitch in there—"

"You're blind. He wouldn't—"

"He did. He grooved that ball for Tumpas. And the question is, what should I do?"

I stared at him and stood by old Pop to the bitter end. "Report it, if you like. It's just one man's opinion. I suppose you think Tumpas bribed Pop to groove one?"

In great perplexity, Umpire Killoran shook his head.

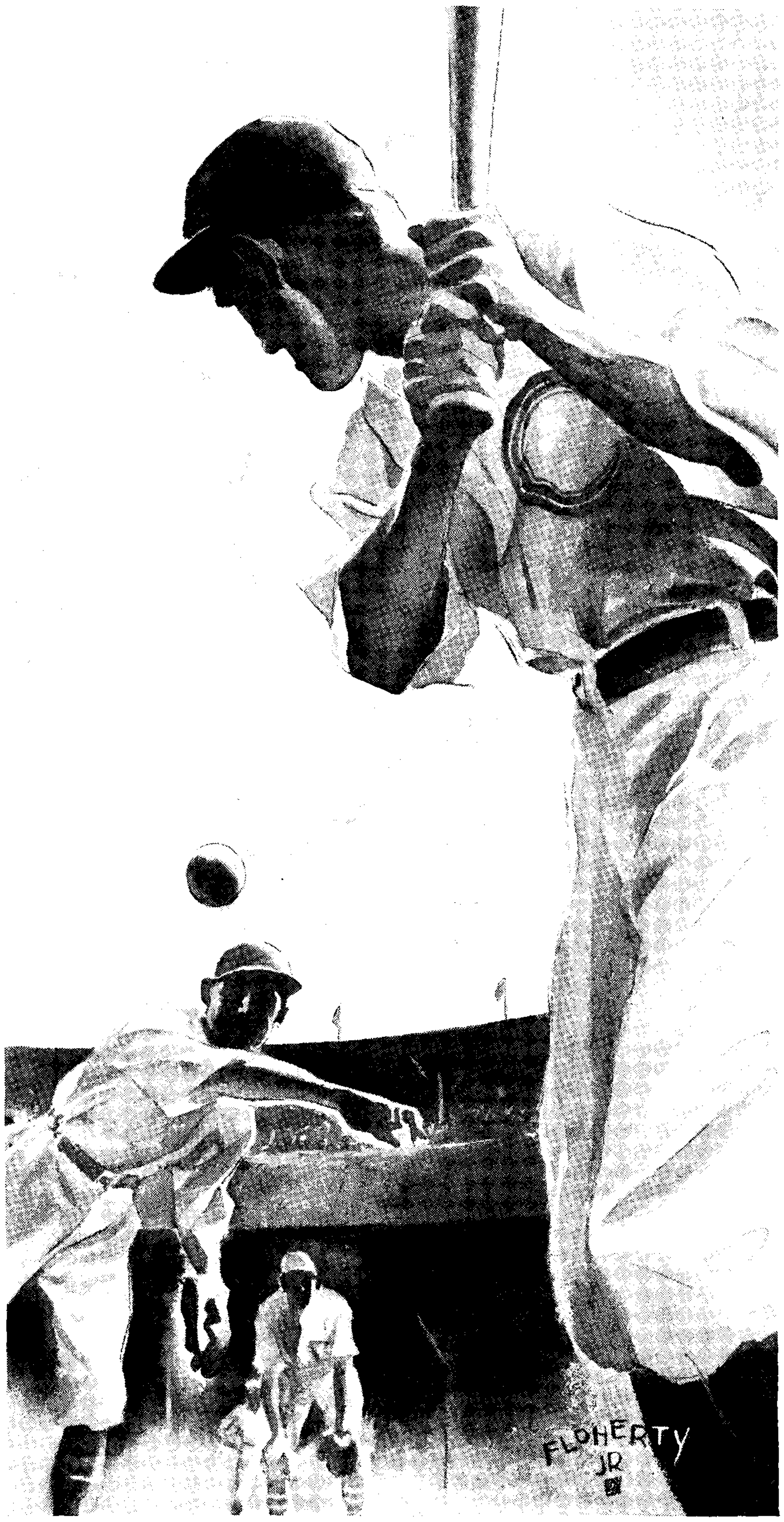
"That's what makes it so funny. I saw the pitch start and I said, 'Boy, take a toehold. This is shooting fish in a basket!' I looked at Tumpas as he started to swing. And do you know what the guy done?"

"Two-base hit to right center."

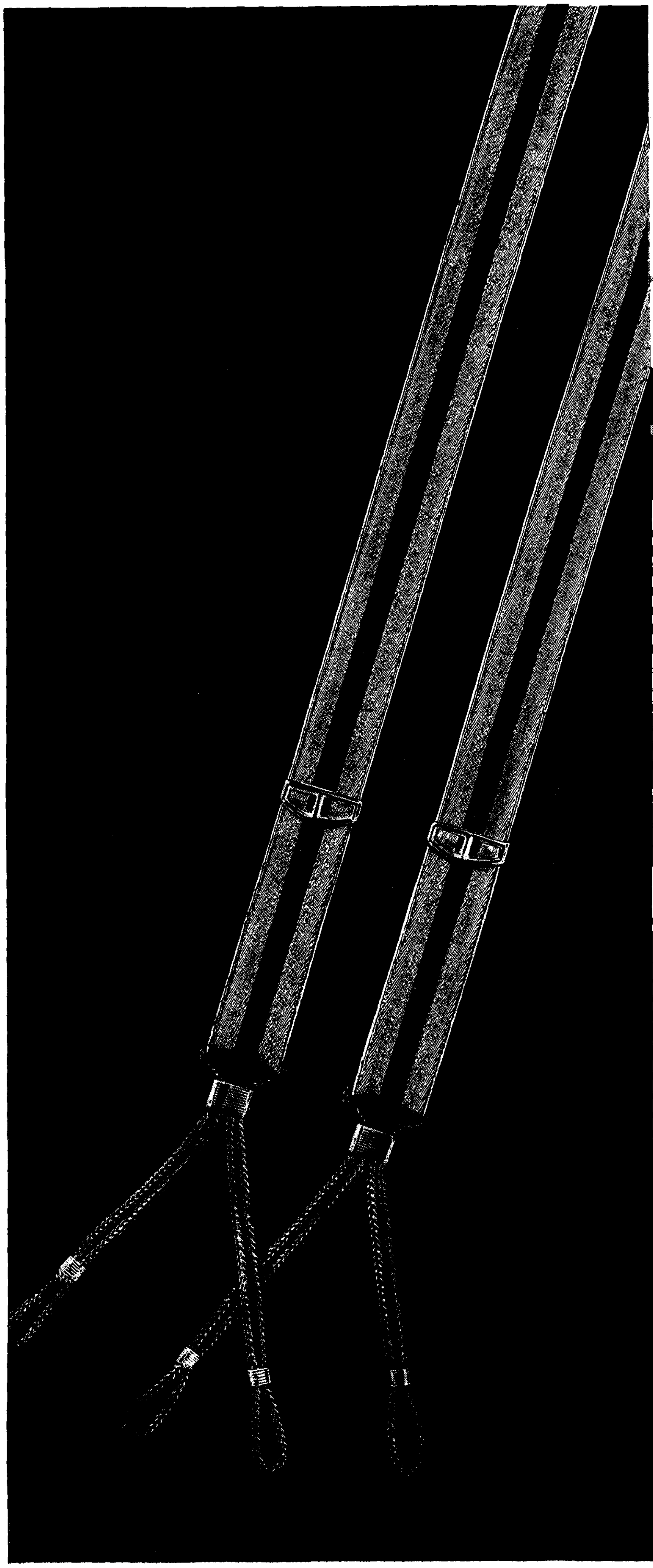
"Yeah. But first, now, he shut his eyes. He shut them tight. I seen it. He shut his eyes, as he swung. Well, now . . . what'm I gonna do with them guys?"

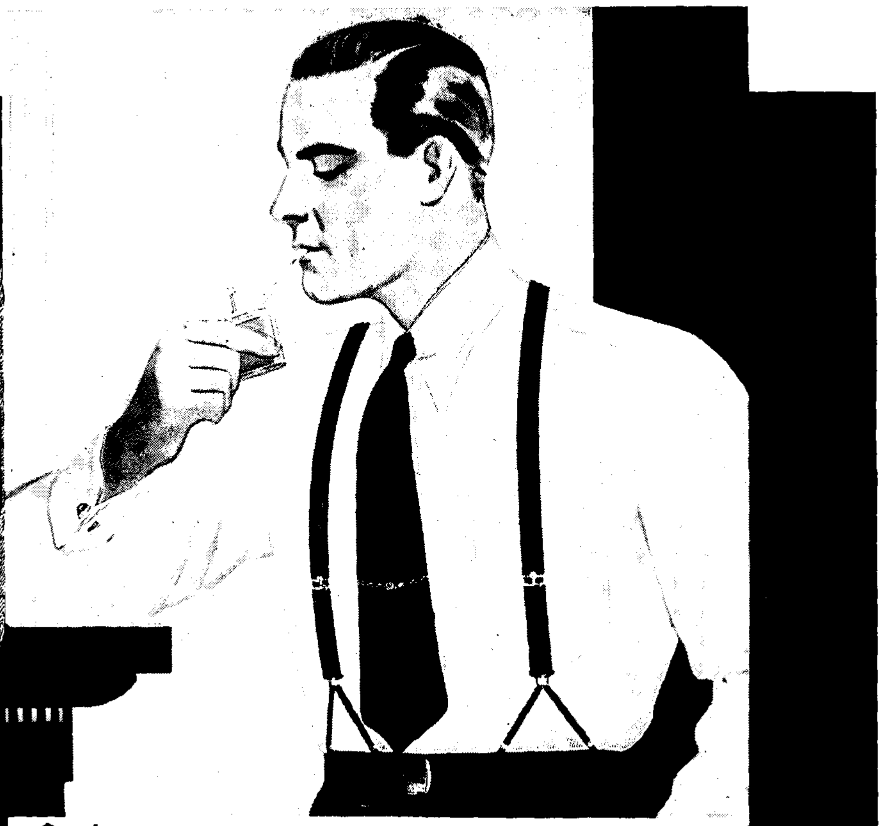
"I don't know, Umps," I said.

Killoran hasn't done anything. He's still thinking about it, judging by some of the decisions he's made recently.



It did not come fast. It was a batting-practice pitch



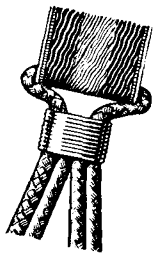


$1

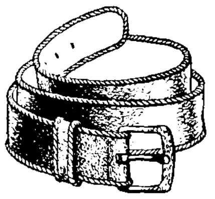
GUARDS' COLORS BRACES

by HICKOK

Inspired by the traditional bold Guards' Colors—HICKOK presents these striking new braces for fall wear by American men. They're in handsome contrasting colors, in stripe patterns that appeal to men—of long-life elastic in a beautiful silk twill weave. Mountings are solid bronze, specially designed, and tips are the new HICKOK "Cambridge Cord" (patent pending). As handsome a brace as you have ever seen, and a fresh new style note.

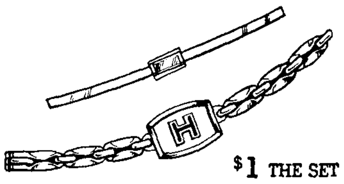


The new HICKOK "Cambridge Cord Tips" (patent pending).



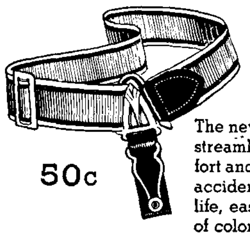
$1.00
and
$1.50

In step with the trend to brown suede for men's wear, HICKOK presents this dark brown buckskin belt, with chain braid edge and leather covered buckle.



$1 THE SET

Smart HICKOK tie clip in the favored chain design, with distinctive initial in black enamel—an attractive collar bar completes the set. HICKOK Alligator Grip (patented) holds scarf or collar securely.

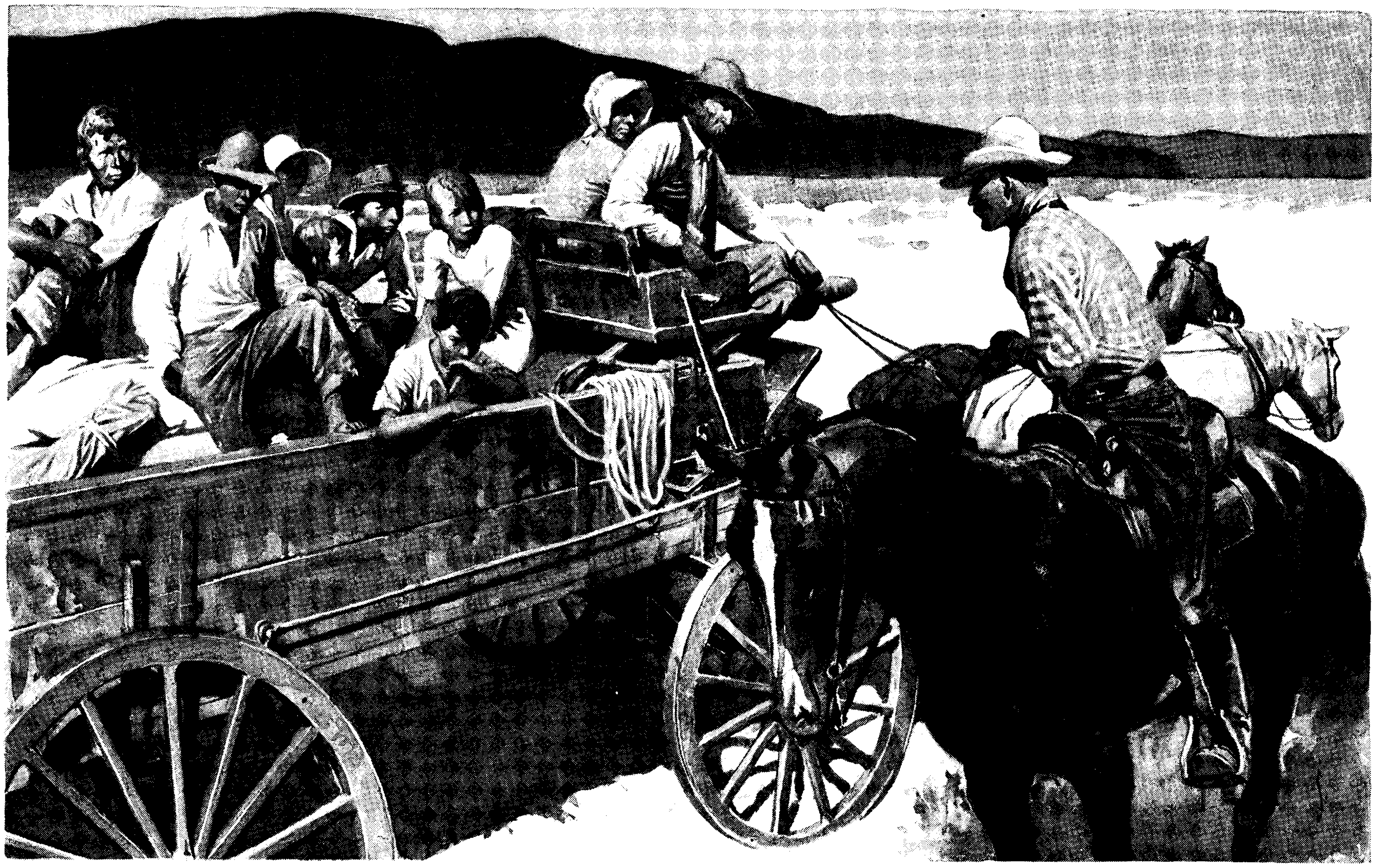


50c

The new Strand by HICKOK. The thin streamlined metal pad lies flat for comfort and appearance—secure against accidental opening. In narrow long-life, easy stretch elastic—wide choice of colors.

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP



"Won't work, eh?" said the man, and he laughed shortly. "Well, fella, keep going. And don't stop. Understand?"

Lost and Found

By Robert Ormond Case

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The story of a boy who only asked a dog's chance—a pretty valiant dog, for choice

AT NEAR sundown, on the high desert road, the wagon outfit was like some species of crippled insect, with its battered shell dragging behind, crawling laboriously across the face of the giant land.

It was a dejected, spiritless crew. The imprint of weary miles was upon the sway-back horses and creaking wagon. A sandy-haired man with a drooping mustache sat slumped on the single seat. Beside him, his slatternly wife dozed. Seven children festooned the bulging equipment in the back: three girls, four boys. The three girls were watching the boys fight; delighted as scrawny cats, and as cruel.

The three big ones had Jamie down. Slink, a heavy-browed, sullen boy, most dangerous and implacable of the trio, was going through Jamie's pockets. They were looking for a jackknife that a man had given Jamie back at the crossroads. Jamie said nothing. He never cried out, knowing it was useless. He wanted to keep the knife. It was a sort of symbol of all the things he had tried to defend during his twelve battered years. Should he lose it, he felt that he was done for.

The woman roused herself and looked back. "You better stop 'em, Jed. They'll hurt Jamie bad some of these days."

"Let 'em battle," returned the man. "That orphant's outlived his usefulness. If he gets beat enough, he'll quit. This racket's getting worked out, anyway. Every once in a while, now, some scissor-bill wants to know why me and the boys don't get to work. Jamie's been the best front we've had since we adopted him; but he's getting out of hand. Let him shift for himself."

Just then the man spoke abruptly. It was their cue to sit around and act peaked and down in the mouth.

"Cut out the fighting. Here comes a citizen."

The girls wilted, letting their shoulders slump and curving their lips down. The boys broke away and sat huddled, hugging their ragged knees. Jamie played his part too.

The rider took form in the fog of dust. He was a grim-lipped, hard-bitten man on a powerful horse. He pulled up and surveyed the outfit with a sardonic, unsympathetic eye.

Jed sat slumped. His ragged mustache drooped.

"Stranger," said he dejectedly, "is there anywhere around these parts where a man can stop and get a little grub for his family?"

The man looked at Jed and the woman and the horses. He looked at the children one by one, and hard at Jamie. All the rest of the children were towheads. Jamie was dark, with dark freckles.

"Sure is," he said at length. "Right behind you, at the county seat. They'll give you grub enough to get out of the country."

Jed shook his head: "They threw us out."

"WON'T work, eh?" said the man, and he laughed shortly. "I see. Well, fella, this is Box L range you're riding through. Keep going. And don't stop. Understand?"

Jed hunched his shoulders and his mustache quivered. The man grunted and looked again at Jamie.

"What's the matter with you, son? What you crying for?'

"Nothing."

"Don't cry," said the man. "It don't buy you anything. When hostile circumstances get you down, bite 'em from underneath."

He grinned like a wolf and jerked his thumb toward the south, scowling. Then he rode on north.

"I got that egg figured," Jed told his wife as the outfit got under way again. "He isn't so tough. We'll camp in that shack ahead, anyhow, and see what he'll do."

The abandoned cabin looked like lots of others they'd seen in the high country. Some homesteader, years before, had cleared a little space in the sagebrush, but it was all sand-blown now.

When they turned in and stopped in front of the cabin, the two biggest boys dragged their bedrolls off and tried to get there first. There was always a scramble to find the best place to sleep. Whoever got his bedding planted there was entitled to keep it. They all knew there'd be no tent put up tonight. It made a better impression on any customers that came by to see them huddled around in the open like lost souls.

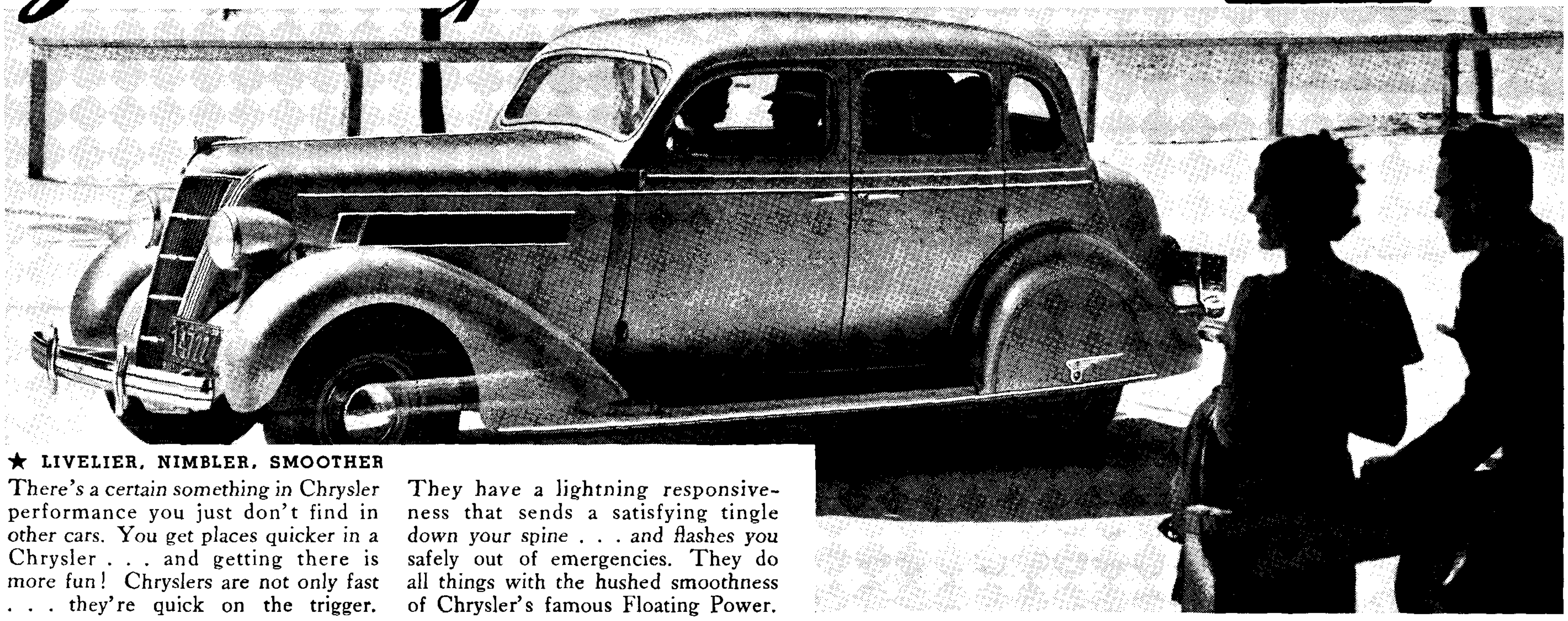
Slink outsmarted them as usual. He had his bedroll balanced on the edge of the wagon box before they came to a halt. He hit the ground running with a good lead.

Jamie didn't join in the scramble. He knew it wouldn't be any use; he'd get what was left, anyway. Besides, he had to help unhitch the team and help around the camp. He had to work right along with Jed and earn his keep.

So he left his bedroll on the wagon.

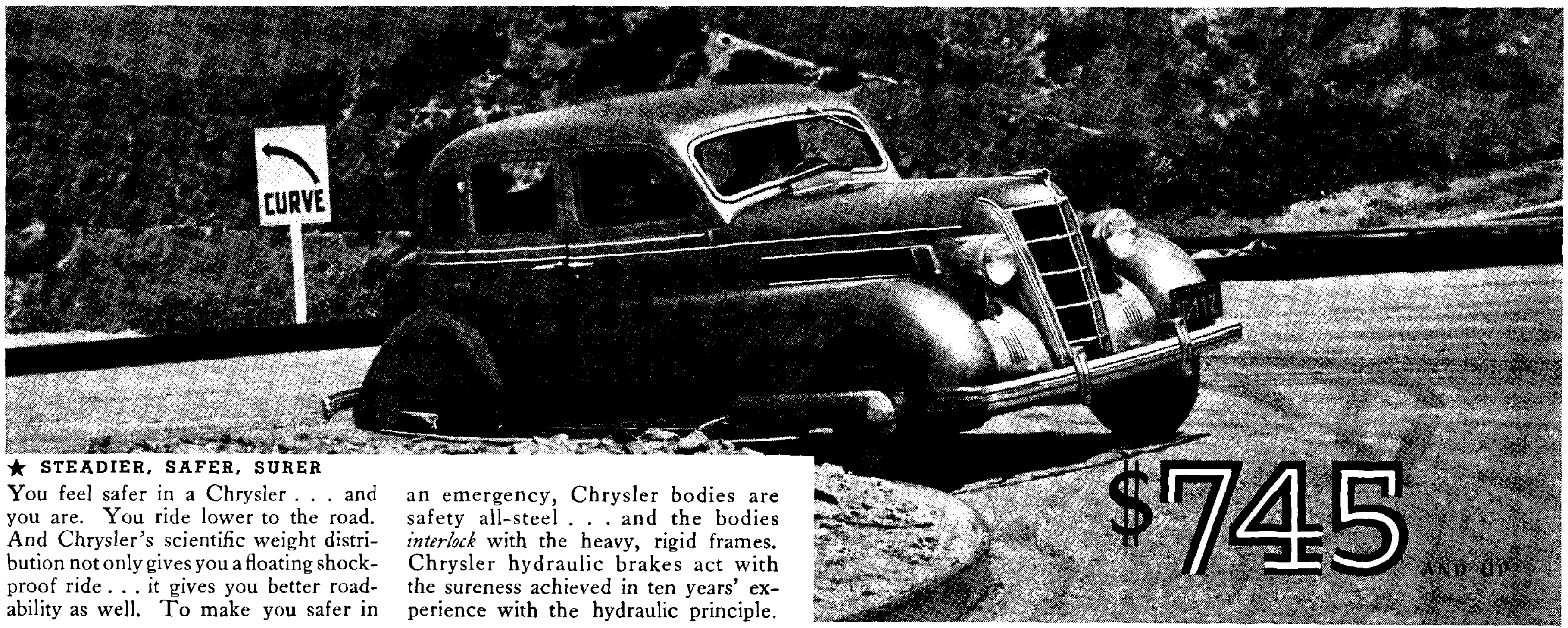
(Continued on page 34)

Go Chrysler . . . and GO!



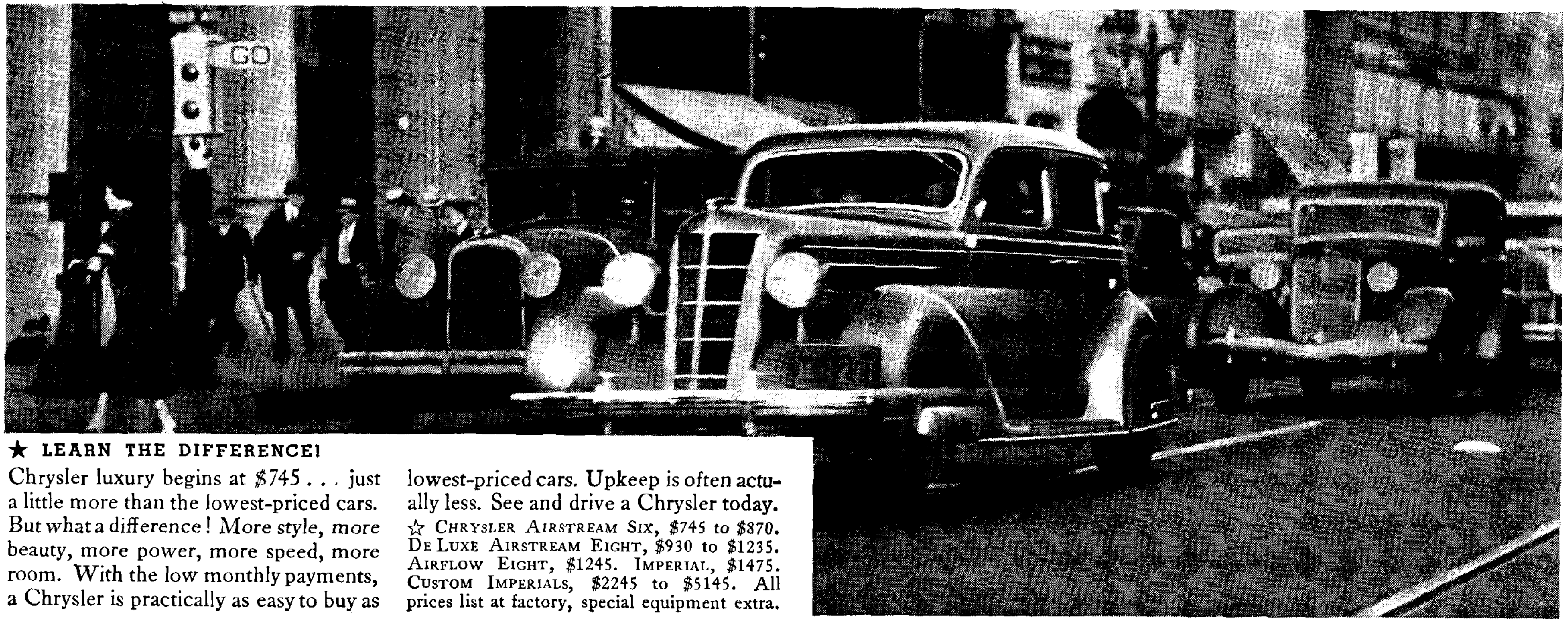
★ LIVELIER, NIMBLER, SMOOTHER

There's a *certain something* in Chrysler performance you just don't find in other cars. You get places quicker in a Chrysler . . . and getting there is more fun! Chryslers are not only fast . . . they're quick on the trigger. They have a lightning responsiveness that sends a satisfying tingle down your spine . . . and flashes you safely out of emergencies. They do all things with the hushed smoothness of Chrysler's famous Floating Power.



★ STEADIER, SAFER, SURER

You feel safer in a Chrysler . . . and you are. You ride lower to the road. And Chrysler's scientific weight distribution not only gives you a floating shockproof ride . . . it gives you better roadability as well. To make you safer in an emergency, Chrysler bodies are safety all-steel . . . and the bodies *interlock* with the heavy, rigid frames. Chrysler hydraulic brakes act with the sureness achieved in ten years' experience with the hydraulic principle.



★ LEARN THE DIFFERENCE!

Chrysler luxury begins at $745 . . . just a little more than the lowest-priced cars. But what a difference! More style, more beauty, more power, more speed, more room. With the low monthly payments, a Chrysler is practically as easy to buy as lowest-priced cars. Upkeep is often actually less. See and drive a Chrysler today.

☆ CHRYSLER AIRSTREAM SIX, $745 to $870. DE LUXE AIRSTREAM EIGHT, $930 to $1235. AIRFLOW EIGHT, $1245. IMPERIAL, $1475. CUSTOM IMPERIALS, $2245 to $5145. All prices list at factory, special equipment extra.

THE biography of Ernst Lubitsch, cinema sachem, is the story of a poor little boy who wanted to be a band leader and missed his wish. This ambition to wield the baton took root in the Lubitsch heart while, as a small boy, he stood watching the bandmaster in a Berlin park.

"That bandmaster was my first idol," Lubitsch told me recently. "He could wield the baton like nobody's business. Watching him, I became so fascinated by his rhythmic grace that I fashioned a baton of my own and stood back in the shadows, hour after hour, studying him and aping the manner in which he flexed his hands and wrists. I was still doing it when I came to America."

Lubitsch's boyhood was somewhat distorted by conflicting ambitions and parental hopes. Before he became inoculated with the bandmaster bug, he had dreamed of becoming a great pianist; later he yearned to leave his mark in the world as a great comedian. His father, a tailor, could understand his leaning towards music because the entire family was so inclined, but he was bewildered by his son's desire to become a comic.

Master Lubitsch's dream of becoming a great comedian came from sitting in the gallery of the Reinhardt Theater watching the second idol of his youth—Victor Arnold.

"He was a versatile fellow," said Lubitsch, "who could play a part from Molière or Shakespeare one night, and broad slapstick the next. I liked him best in the lighter roles. I used to sit in the gallery as often as my allowance would permit and watch him work. But my father—who, in the meantime, had gone into the wholesale dry-goods business—had plans of his own for me. He sent me to high school, then put me to work as a clerk in his store. It was a terribly dull job and I always welcomed those nights when I could go to the theater and watch Arnold.

"After a time clerking became unbearable. In desperation I went to Arnold and begged him to take me as a pupil. To prove I had talent, I played Shylock for him. I played the revengeful moneylender as it was never played before—nor since, I hope—and I think he was a little frightened. He admitted, however, that I had possibilities and introduced me to Max Reinhardt.

"Reinhardt gave me the part of a little professor in a play called Only a Dream. My acting didn't draw any critical raves but it was good enough to win for me a place in his stock company, and I was with him for seven years, playing everything from Lancelot, in The Merchant of Venice, to The Devil, in Everyman. It was valuable experience."

Came the movies!

F MOSSE
Berliner
Morgen-Zeitung
Deutsches
Reichs-Adressbuch
RUDOLF MOSSE
Annoncen-Expedition

Ernst Lubitsch (with the cane), 1915, in Berlin, a writer, director and actor in shorts

Up to Stardom, and Down Again

Lubitsch was just twenty when the flickers hit Berlin. They spelled opportunity to the young actor. He welcomed them whole-heartedly. His first job was with a small company; his first part that of a man seventy years old.

"You should have seen that picture," said the sagamore, a reminiscent gleam in his dark eyes. "It was a classic, but fortunately for me they never released it. That *was* a break."

In spite of his conviction that moving pictures offered the greatest opportunity for his talents, young Lubitsch found it difficult to divorce himself from the legitimate theater. For almost a year he bobbed back and forth from the theater to the studio, always hoping he'd find a part in a picture he could get his teeth into. Find it he eventually did in a comedy called The Firm Marries. In this he played the part of a clerk.

"While working in my father's wholesale dry-goods store I had picked up and stored away a lot of miscellaneous humorous situations," said Lubitsch, "and the best of these I put into The Firm Marries. That picture established me as a comedian. The Union Film Company, later UFA, put me under contract and elevated me to stardom. But my life as a star was brief. They made the mistake of casting me to type—a clerk or a professor—and it wasn't long until they ran out of stories."

Ernst Lubitsch, 1935, in Hollywood, managing director of Paramount Productions

© PARAMOUNT PRODUCTIONS

Strangely enough, his flop as a star opened the way for him to realize his earlier ambition—to "lead the band." He went with another company as a writer and director of one-reel shorts, in which he featured himself. With the "baton" in his own hands, he turned out one-reelers that went over with a bang.

In these shorts Lubitsch used a long, black cigar as a prop. It became his trademark just as the flexible cane, the big shoes and loose pants are Chaplin's. When he quit acting and centered his talent on directing, he found he had become so fond of his cigars he continued to use them. Today, he is seldom seen without a cigar between his teeth.

Herr Lubitsch admits that the success of his first venture as an actor-writer-director made him a bit conceited. He turned his attention to drama, feeling sure he would set the world afire as a great tragedian.

"I was wrong—terribly wrong," he admitted to me. "The first picture flopped. So I went back to comedy. I had a terrific urge to develop something big out of something not so big. I looked around and found a chorus girl in a Berlin theater. I gave her the name of Miss Ossi Oswalda and launched her upon a cinematic career. Under my direction she became one of Germany's favorite film comediennes."

A Preference for Slapstick

The manager of the company for which Lubitsch worked watched the young director with a critical eye. He was, perhaps, the first of Lubitsch's associates to sense the potential greatness of this little man who had the power to bring to the surface the utmost talent possessed by the actors and actresses he directed. He suggested that Lubitsch switch from comedy to drama, but the young director (I almost wrote band leader) didn't like the dramatic formula that was popular in Germany at that time. It was always a story of a noble count who saved the poor girl from dishonor and then allowed her to fall for his own impeccable self. Lubitsch liked slapstick much better. He thought it more honest.

One day, however, a girl from Poland came into the studio. Davidson, the company manager, saw her and immediately conceived the idea of featuring her in Carmen. He approached Lubitsch with his plan and again suggested that the man who had flopped as a tragedian

(Continued on page 33)

IT'S DIFFERENT FROM ANY OIL YOU'VE EVER USED!

Mobiloil
"AF"
Start Saving Now
with this New Mobiloil

Lowers Operating Expense, Improves Performance of your Car

IF YOU READ the scientific papers, you know there's been a new discovery in refining. You know that Socony-Vacuum has developed a revolutionary new method, the Clearosol Process . . . *and brought out a new kind of Mobiloil.*

What does this mean to you? Let's be specific: It means that you'll stop less often for oil. Tests show this new Mobiloil has greater resistance to consumption than was ever before thought possible!

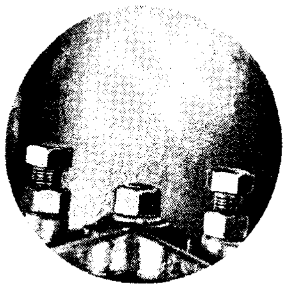
It means your engine will stay cleaner. This new Mobiloil resists gumming to a greater degree than any other high-grade oil tested.

Finally, it means unequalled protection against heat and speed. For this new Mobiloil has set a new record in resistance to thinning!

Try this new kind of Mobiloil today. It is sold by more than 75,000 dealers at no advance in price!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

100 HOURS' operation on ordinary oil did this: coated valve chamber with gum formed by impurities left in the oil by old-type refining methods. This is one reason why you've always had overhaul expenses resulting from motor oil. The photo at the right shows how you can avoid this costly trouble.



AFTER 100 HOURS on new Mobiloil, valve chamber was still clean. This is because Socony-Vacuum's famous Clearosol Process *cleanses* crude oil of impurities that have always resisted refining. Why not get the protection of this new Mobiloil? It is sold at the Sign of the Red Gargoyle or the Flying Red Horse.

ALL MAKES of cars can use new Mobiloil . . . it is sold in Grades A, AF, BB and B.

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM

The Prospect Pleases

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

THE Republican search for a presidential candidate keeps up with an unabated vigor that borders on actual ferocity. Not a brush heap or mountain thicket but has been thoroughly beaten, and every water hole in the western country is under closest watch. Even lakes and ponds are being dredged out of the shrewd suspicion that some likely prospect may be lying on the bottom, taking his air through a hollow reed.

The hunt, however, has left the Mississippi region and is now swinging eastward. These last few weeks the baying of the hounds has been drawing nearer and nearer to the national capital, and the night workers and milk men of Washington report an increasing concentration of strange figures about the hotel where J. Raymond McCarl, comptroller general of the United States, dens up what time he takes away from the pleasant task of disallowing expense accounts and carrying on feverish correspondence with regard to the purchase of a five-cent pencil that was not properly vouchered.

One hesitates to charge Mr. McCarl with having drawn attention to himself as a suitable Republican nominee for 1936, for aside from a certain excitability in sand traps, the man has always enjoyed a reputation for absolute normality. Nevertheless, affidavits are on file to the effect that the comptroller general has been making frequent mention of the fact that he was born in an Iowa log cabin, and that he learned to read by the light of fireflies, too poor even to buy pine knots. Not conclusive, to be sure, but very suspicious.

Even so, the Republicans might do a whole lot worse than J. Raymond McCarl. That is, of course, if the people show any signs of returning to the thrift and frugality that marked an earlier American life. If, on the other hand, prodigal expenditure continues to be the order of the day, he is the very worst possible nominee, for the comptroller general embodies all that is cold and pitiless in economy. The watchdog of the treasury, baring his teeth every time a dollar is touched, he is indeed the skeleton at the New Deal feast. All resent him, but never was resentment more futile, for neither Presidents, Cabinet officers nor state and federal judges mean anything to Mr. McCarl.

Back in 1921 he was appointed for fifteen years under a law that made him a virtual dictator. He has the right to pass on every penny spent by the federal government, and that without accountability to anyone. Only a joint resolution of Congress can discharge him and only the Supreme Court can overrule him. Time after time department heads have tried to defy him, backed up by the attorney general and court decisions, but invariably they have been compelled to eat humble pie.

A mixture of Scotch and Irish, with the former an easy first, J. Raymond leaped to his task with a glad shout. The law, down to the last comma, was his religion. Did the Department of Agriculture want to take money out of a hoof-and-mouth fund for the purpose of helping Florida hurricane sufferers? Did the War Department desire to transfer a million or so from rivers and harbors to care for the victims of a Mississippi flood? From the comptroller general came a loud and emphatic "No!"

His Saving Grace

Talk about a new broom sweeping clean! The McCarl proved to be a thousand vacuum cleaners. Any number of Navy officers were drawing allowances for the support of dependent mothers. J. Raymond speedily developed the fact that several hundred of these mothers were rich in their own right, and the unhappy sons were made to hand the money back. Was it members of the Supreme Court who wanted iced water in their chambers? Or a Cabinet member who bought a leather jacket for his chauffeur? Or an Army officer who bought a polo pony with which to uphold the honor of the service? Or Secretary of Labor Davis who came back from Europe in a $3,000 suite? Or General Douglas MacArthur, who purchased Purple Heart decorations out of the surplus clothing fund? The comptroller general held that not one of these things could be done, and if they had been done, the money must be returned forthwith.

Taxi fares were not allowed for any distance less than four blocks; any official leaving on a six-o'clock train had to eat his dinner at home or pay for it himself; federal judges were told to buy their own gowns, and diplomats their own bottled water; expense items of two dollars for a dinner were cut to seventy-five cents, and on all short hauls enraged government employees were made to take trolly cars instead of fast trains. What did it matter that four days could be saved between San Francisco and New York by the use of a plane? The law made no such provision, and poor devils who made the trip by air soon found that they owed the government money.

Starting out in one battered old building, the comptroller general today occupies seven huge structures, and is about to add another thousand clerks to his present force of 2,700. All of which gives some basis for the claim that under the McCarl plan it costs the government two dollars to save one. Along with this expansion has come an enlargement of function, for while J. Raymond is still vigilant in the small matters of tips and dinners and carfares, he has grown stratospheric, and tells the President, Cabinet members and the heads of emergency agencies what they may and may not do.

Very little more was heard about Mr. Roosevelt's grandiose plan of a shelter belt of trees for the western plains after Mr. McCarl austerely remarked that he could find no appropriation for any such purpose. In similar fashion he vetoed the plan for a self-expanding Delaware corporation for slum clearance, and sat down hard on a brilliant idea for using the Virgin Islands as a laboratory for social experiments.

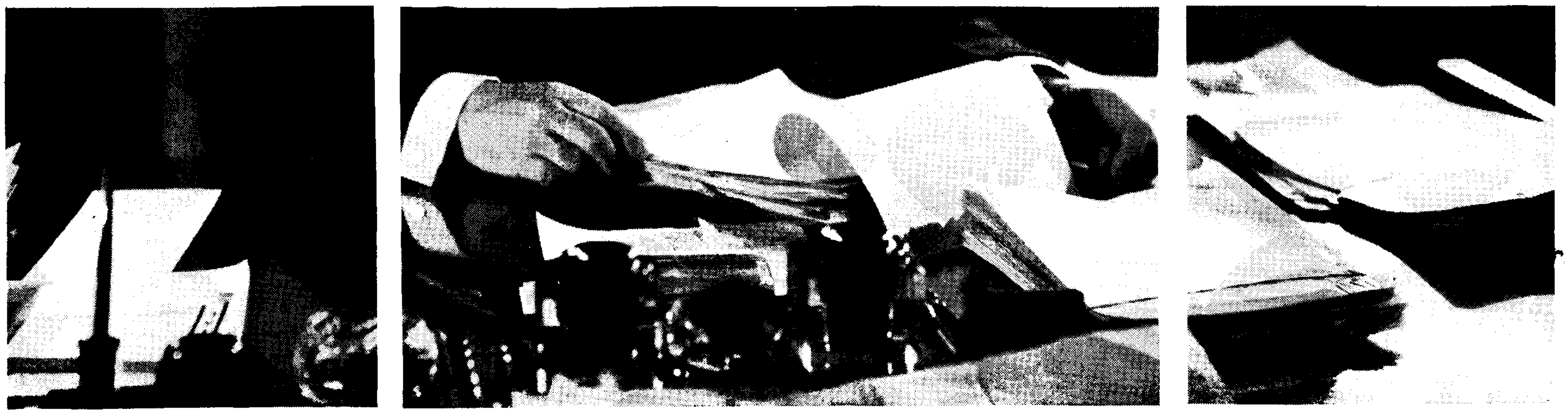
The Blue-Pencil Blues

There is no doubt that this seeming antagonism to New Deal activities has been almost entirely responsible for the sudden interest in Mr. McCarl as a likely Republican candidate in 1936, but this is far from meaning that the comptroller general himself was moved by political considerations. Not, of course, that he doesn't know politics and isn't something of a politician. He handled the first Norris senatorial campaign out in Nebraska—handled it superbly—and came to Washington in 1914 as the new senator's secretary. Back in those days he was a good deal of a radical, but in 1918 he had steadied so far as to be made secretary of the National Republican Congressional Committee, and from that time on was a regular of regulars. The comptroller-generalship in 1921, as a matter of fact, was a reward from President Harding for faithful and effective service.

Looked over carefully, however, the man's whole life shows a certain sturdy independence. When the widowed Mrs. McCarl took her six children from Iowa to McCook, Nebraska, young Raymond contributed his share to the family support, working his way through the public schools. After high school he entered a law office, having taught himself shorthand from some tattered old books, and by 1902 had saved enough money for a year at the state university. Only a year, when the law course was three, but by day and night study he made the grade. Some ten years of private practice, and then the meeting with George Norris and after that the Washington years.

No question that Mr. McCarl takes himself and his duties seriously. The comptroller general shuns contact with fellow officials in Washington. He golfs once a week, but attends no social functions of any kind, and many is the night that the light in his office burns late.

"Why not?" demand a thousand embittered public servants. "Sitting there with a blue pencil, cutting the heart out of expense accounts, is his *pleasure.*"



Comptroller General J. Raymond McCarl, dictator of federal expenditures

There Goes Your New Car

WATCH the first step of a long journey . . . perhaps several hundred thousand miles long before it ends.

This big frame, that looks like a piece of skyscraper, is the start of a beautiful new Plymouth.

On the half-mile-long assembly lines it will be met by springs, axles, wheels, hydraulic brakes . . . Floating Power engine mountings . . . a big 82-horsepower engine . . . a sleek-lined, safety-steel Plymouth body.

Every part is made carefully by good workmen . . . with the finest tools and equipment in the industry. Then tested and inspected hundreds of times.

See that "X"-shaped center part of this big frame? That's heavy channel steel. And the ends of this "X" join the side members, so that the two channels form a long "box" of tremendous strength and rigidity.

Over this, the safety-steel body fits down like the lid of a trunk . . . making frame and body a unit. Stronger than it will ever need to be . . . just in case.

And that's the way your new Plymouth is built . . . from the smallest part to the last touch of paint . . .

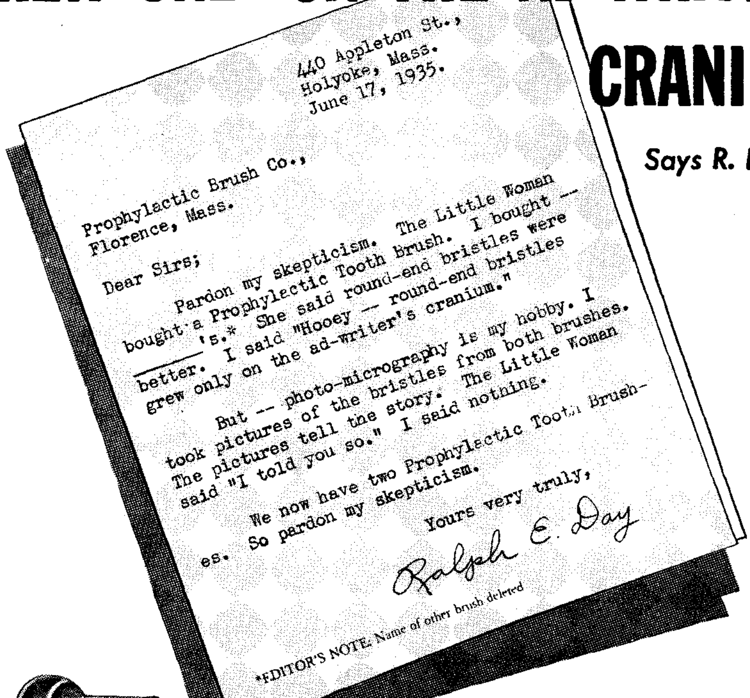
Built to *stay* built. Built to last.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

"I thought ROUND-END BRISTLE GREW ONLY ON THE AD-WRITER'S CRANIUM"

Says R. E. DAY



440 Appleton St.,
Holyoke, Mass.
June 17, 1935.

Prophylactic Brush Co.,
Florence, Mass.

Dear Sirs;

Pardon my skepticism. The Little Woman bought a Prophylactic Tooth Brush. I bought ______'s.* She said round-end bristles were better. I said "Hooey — round-end bristles grew only on the ad-writer's cranium."

But -- photo-micrography is my hobby. I took pictures of the bristles from both brushes. The pictures tell the story. The Little Woman said "I told you so." I said nothing.

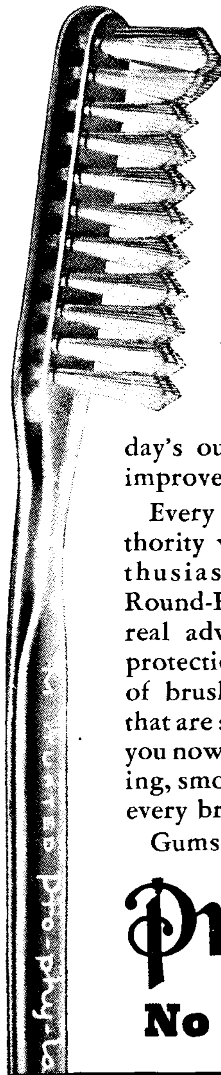
We now have two Prophylactic Tooth Brushes. So pardon my skepticism.

Yours very truly,
Ralph E. Day

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Name of other brush deleted

READ THIS UNSOLICITED LETTER. *Mr. Day proved that Round-End Bristle is exactly as advertised. At least, it is when the brush is new.*

But what happens afterward in actual use? *The photo-micrographs below tell the amazing story. Compare them, and* remember *that the tooth brushes had been* used daily for 6 months *before these pictures were taken.*



NOW, a virtue no tooth brush ever possessed before . . . A benefit obtainable only in Pro-phy-lac-tic . . . Round-End Bristle! Today's outstanding tooth brush improvement.

Every dentist and dental authority who has seen it is enthusiastic. Why? Because Round-End Bristle represents a real advance in the care and protection of the gums. Instead of brushing with bristle-ends that are sharp, split, and jagged; you now can be certain of soothing, smooth, dome-like ends on every bristle.

Gums that can barely endure "Medium" texture in ordinary brushes quickly respond to the extra stimulation of a "Hard" texture Pro-phy-lac-tic, because the bristle-ends are as round and smooth as fingertips, instead of sharp and scratchy as broom-straws.

There are four sizes of the new TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic with Round-End Bristle. And some adults even prefer a brush as small as our *Youth's* size. Ask to see all four sizes at any drug counter. *Regular Adult* and *Small Type for Adults,* 50¢. *Youth's,* 35¢. *Child's,* 25¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has Round-End Bristle

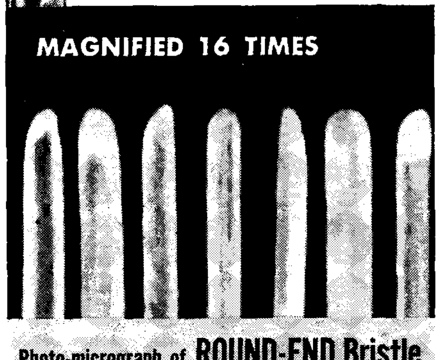


Photo-micrograph of ROUND-END Bristle
AFTER 6 MONTHS OF DAILY USE

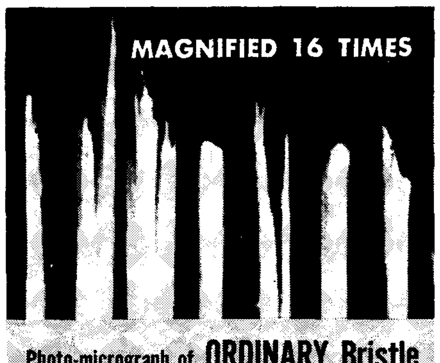


Photo-micrograph of ORDINARY Bristle
AFTER 6 MONTHS OF DAILY USE

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Plays, movies, books and pictures often depict prehistoric man engaged in struggles with dinosaurs and other gigantic animals, but anthropologists believe that no human being roamed this earth until at least 50,000,000 years after these creatures became extinct.—*By G. W. Knudson, Madison, Wisconsin.*

Water does not always hasten decay. Wood can be preserved for centuries in water in which it is free of fungi and bacteria. The only wooden objects made by Neolithic man on exhibition today were found in mud at the bottom of lakes or in swamps. Another example are the piles supporting the buildings of Venice. Many of them are still in good condition after being in service for more than 1,000 years.

The only "Who's Who" in the world that features the prison record of each person is published in Russia. These facts are important because they show how much the individual suffered for his revolutionary activities under the government of the Czar.

Plants are always thirsty because they lose so much moisture through evaporation. Yet there are some that can go without water for incredibly long periods. For example, one species of Mexican squash can store enough water in its base at one time to keep it alive for 15 years.

People of today are taller and heavier than their ancestors. The best evidence of this fact are the costumes which adorn the numerous wax effigies in the historical museum. These clothes were actually worn by persons who lived from 50 to 500 years ago, and they are much too small for the average-sized citizen of the 20th century.—*By F. W. Christmas, Boston, Massachusetts.*

One of the most widespread beliefs that existed in the Christian world for hundreds of years was that the planets, the moon and the stars were carried about by angels. —*By Edith Wolfe, New York City.*

Today, as during the past 3,000 years, malaria is not only found in nearly every country but it causes more sickness and death throughout the world than any other disease.

Every few years a crook will attempt to play the "ringer" trick on an English race track. He will buy two horses, one slow and one fast, and dye and trim them so they look alike. After the slow one has run in minor races and earned a poor reputation, he is entered in a big race at great odds. Then, the night before the event, the fast one is substituted —and races in his place.

Not long ago Illinois granted a charter to the Noah's Ark Exploration Association for the purpose of sending expeditions to search for this vessel, and the British Post Office Department dispatched a wireless message to Mars for an optimistic scientist over the Rugby station, and then listened for hours for a reply.

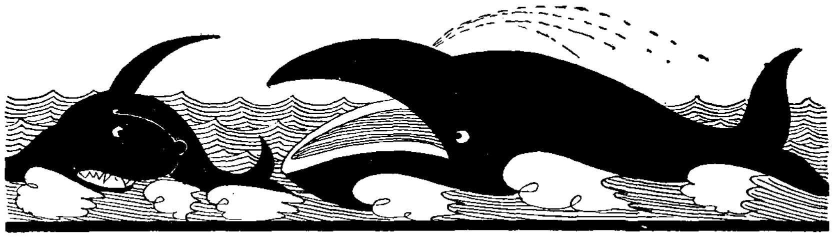
When a child blows soap bubbles, they only last for a few seconds. But when a scientist blows them, in order to study the action of coloring matter which he adds to the soap, he can make them last for years.—*By Rev. Alexander Henry, Newport, Arkansas.*

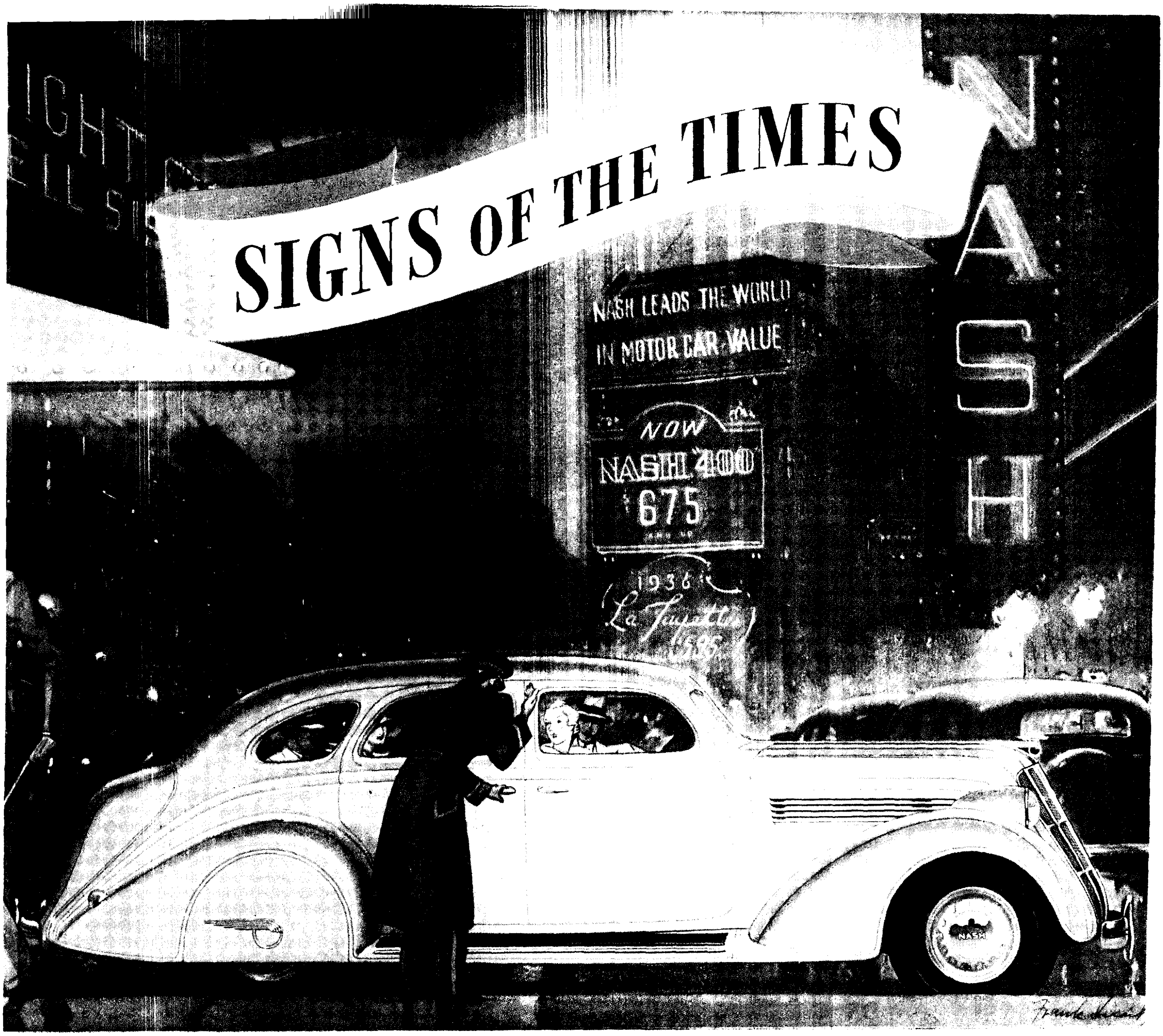
Although about 1,500,000 trademarks are in use in this country today, not more than 300,000, or 20 per cent of them, are registered in the United States Patent Office.

A popular fallacy still in existence is that all whales have small throats and cannot swallow even a herring. The truth is that there are two families of whales—the whalebone whale with a small throat and the sperm whale with a very large one. A few years ago a sperm whale was killed shortly after it had swallowed a 15-foot shark.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers





NEW NASH "400"

BRIGHT and brighter shine the names *Nash* and *La Fayette* . . . now especially in the public eye, because of new 1936 Models that have the jump on the industry in their many advanced new features.

The car in the picture is the new 1936 Nash "400". Under its long hood is the most extraordinary motor in all motordom. We call it the Monitor-Sealed Motor because all manifolds are *inside* the motor block . . . *sealed inside* . . . a motor so simple, so clean-cut, that several hundred previously necessary motor parts are totally eliminated! The results: more power, smoother action, big savings in gasoline and oil, longer life.

$675

And Up F. O. B. Factory
Subject to Change Without Notice—Special Equipment Extra

The "400" has the safest of bodies—all-steel all around—top, sides, floor, pillar posts, *everything!* The safest of brakes—super-hydraulics. The smoothest of rides—due to balanced weight and synchronized spring action at *all four wheels*. The widest of seats—52½ inches in front, 49 inches in the rear. The most headroom of *any* car.

Learn what the "400" has . . . take a "400" ride. This car, with advantages not even offered by cars hundreds of dollars higher, is priced *only a step above the lowest priced cars.*

Just Announced: 1936 LaFayette—Out to Win America on Value Alone, $595 to $700 f. o. b. factory. Six-passenger, all-steel one-piece bodies, fully streamlined. Oversize Hydraulic brakes. All prices subject to change without notice. Special Equipment Extra.

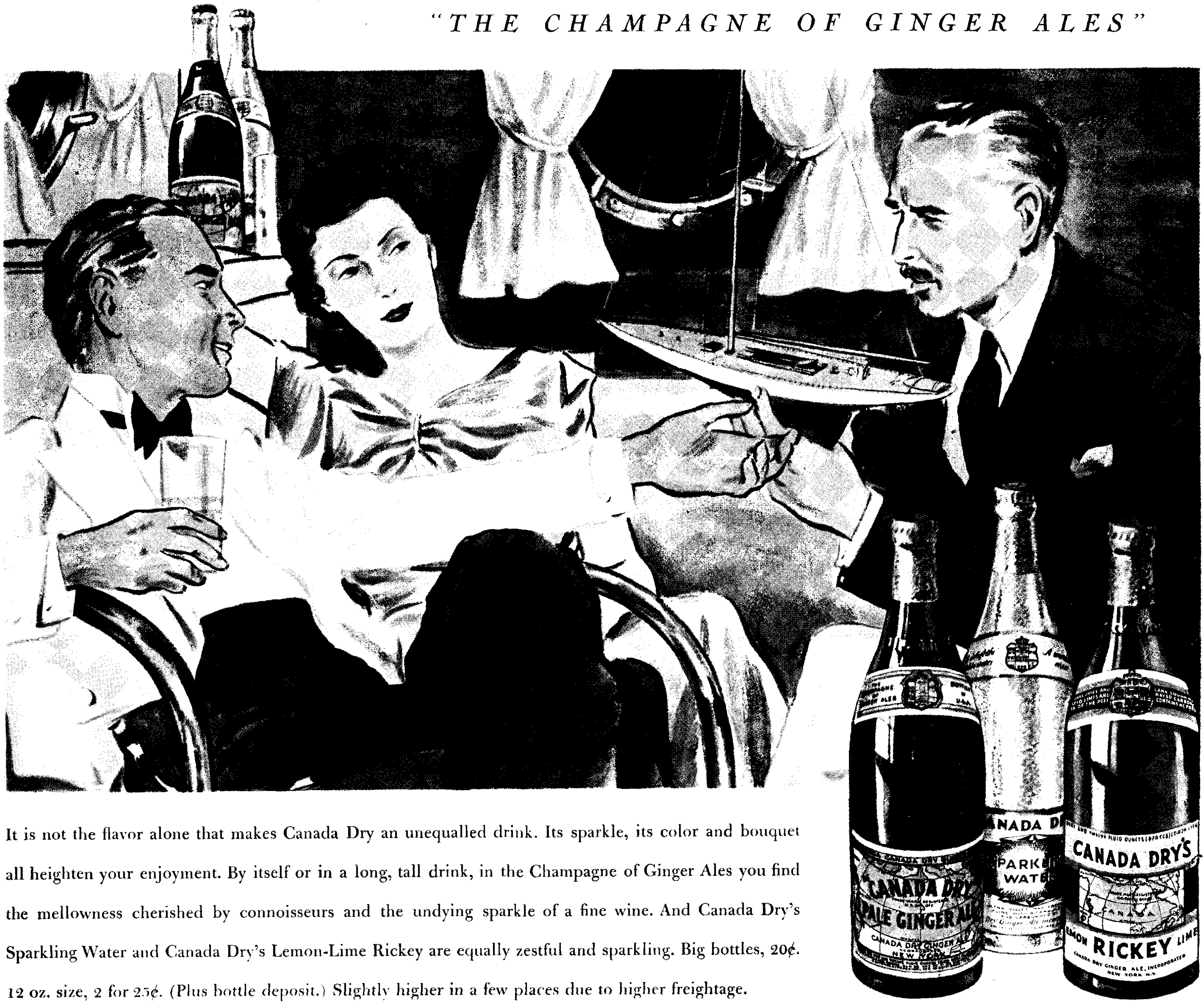
MONITOR-SEALED MOTOR • RAPID SERVICE HOOD • AEROFORM DESIGN • STEEL TOP, ALL-STEEL BODY • BALANCED WEIGHT SYNCHRONIZED SPRINGING • MIDSECTION SEATING • CLUTCH-PEDAL STARTING • SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES • AUTOMATIC CRUISING GEAR *(optional at slight extra cost)* **• LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT IN EVERY MODEL • ROOMIEST CAR AT THE PRICE**

The night before the Cowes Regatta

Off the Royal Yacht Squadron, yachts from many lands ride at anchor. And the talk in the lighted cabins is about ships and skippers, but the silences in-between are moments of appreciation for the smoothest mixer a man could want . . .

. . . of course it's CANADA DRY

"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"



It is not the flavor alone that makes Canada Dry an unequalled drink. Its sparkle, its color and bouquet all heighten your enjoyment. By itself or in a long, tall drink, in the Champagne of Ginger Ales you find the mellowness cherished by connoisseurs and the undying sparkle of a fine wine. And Canada Dry's Sparkling Water and Canada Dry's Lemon-Lime Rickey are equally zestful and sparkling. Big bottles, 20¢. 12 oz. size, 2 for 25¢. (Plus bottle deposit.) Slightly higher in a few places due to higher freightage.

Movie Magician

Continued from page 26

try his hand at drama—this time as a director. Lubitsch shook his head.

"Have a look at her anyway!" begged Davidson.

"I took one look at this girl and changed my mind," said Lubitsch, telling of the incident. "It was a good thing—for me—that I did. We made Carmen and it was a great success. The girl from Poland was Pola Negri!"

Lubitsch followed this with One Arabian Night, in which he played the part of a hunchback. It wasn't a brilliant picture—just "so-so." Then came Deception, which put Herr Lubitsch within striking distance of the top.

Between these big productions Lubitsch made a number of shorts, using actors from the stage who were not averse to picking up some extra money. One of these actors was Emil Jannings. His work was so outstanding that it was decided to give him the part of King Louis in Passion, Miss Negri's next feature.

When Friendship Ceases

"That picture put all three of us on top," said Lubitsch. "As a result of it, I got an offer from America to direct Miss Mary Pickford in Rosita. I was halfway across the Atlantic before I suddenly remembered that I did not know more than a dozen words of English. But it didn't matter; Miss Pickford did everything to help me."

The man who brought to the silver screen such noble, outstanding pictures as The Patriot, One Hour with You, The Love Parade, The Smiling Lieutenant, and Trouble in Paradise, is the one director in Hollywood who writes his own pictures. True, he has writers working with him, but he is always the guiding genius—the leader of the band. He is the best script writer in the business, barring none.

He's a hard worker. From nine until twelve o'clock he thinks, talks and acts nothing but story. Then lunch. Then a brief walk. Then a nap for half an hour. Then up and at it again until dinner time. After dinner (if the work is being done at his home and the writers stay for dinner) he will talk about any subject on earth he thinks is worth discussing—except the story on which he is working.

Lubitsch's methods differ from those of other Hollywood directors, in that he does most of his directing before he goes on the set. Once on the sound stage, he follows the script that he did—follows it all the way without varying one degree north, east, west or south. In other words, he makes up his mind where he's going with a story and how it's going to be shot *in the script*. To illustrate: He was shooting a scene in Trouble in Paradise when a writer who had worked with him on the script came on the set. After watching the scene rehearsed, he turned to Lubitsch and asked why a certain thing was being done.

"I don't know why," replied Lubitsch, "but it's in the script. That's enough. It wouldn't be there unless I had a reason for it when the script was being written! All right. Lights!"

There are many actors, writers and producers in Hollywood, however, who would gladly take a dull axe and carve their initials on Lubitsch's heart. Some of these have felt the sting of Lubitsch's criticism of their histrionic ability, their creative efforts, or their executive judgment. Some say he has a Napoleonic complex; that he is autocratic, devoid of sentiment and incapable of a great friendship.

True, Lubitsch can and often does raise welts on the egos of actors, writers and producers with his stinging criticisms. He has absolutely no patience with mediocrity. He has been known to deflate egotistical actors, writers and producers with a word. And he isn't always particular where or before whom he lashes out at his victims. It may be in a conference—they still have them in Hollywood!—at a dinner table, or on a set.

Friendship ceases when it gets in the way of Lubitsch's art. One actor—an old-time friend of the maestro—discovered this during the filming of a recent picture. While the screen play was being cast, this actor went to Lubitsch and asked that he be given a certain part. He insisted that the role was made to order for him. Lubitsch wasn't quite so sure about that, but when the man appealed to him on the basis of friendship, he capitulated. Two days later, which happened to be the actor's birthday, the Thespian appeared on the set ready for work. He was letter-perfect in his lines but he didn't measure up to the Lubitsch standard in other respects. He probably would have been what the critics describe as "adequate," but he wouldn't have added a great deal to the sum total of the finished product.

Did Lubitsch close his eyes to this fact? He did not. He called the actor aside and said, "You won't do!" Then he handed the actor "the blue envelope."

That actor will tell you Lubitsch isn't capable of a deep friendship. Lubitsch will defend his action on the grounds of artistry.

Cameramen, stage hands, electricians and sound men who have worked with Lubitsch will tell you that he's like "one of the gang" when he's on the stage. He knows them all by their first names and never fails to bestow praise when praise is due for some particularly good piece of work. Nor does he ever fail to show his appreciation of their coöperation when a picture is finished.

Hollywood Humor

In the gentle art of ribbing as practiced in Hollywood, Lubitsch can not only dish it out but he can take it. At the writers' table on the Paramount lot is a chair which all writers long ago tacitly agreed should always be reserved for the man they regarded as the ace.

One day, shortly after he was made managing director of Paramount productions, Lubitsch came into the studio café for lunch. There was but one unoccupied place at the writers' table—Lubitsch's. William Slavens McNutt, who was dining at a table for two, seeing the Big Chief approaching, casually arose, walked across the aisle and dropped into the Lubitsch chair. Everybody at the table got the play and all became deeply interested in food or conversation. When Lubitsch reached the table, Bill handed him his hat.

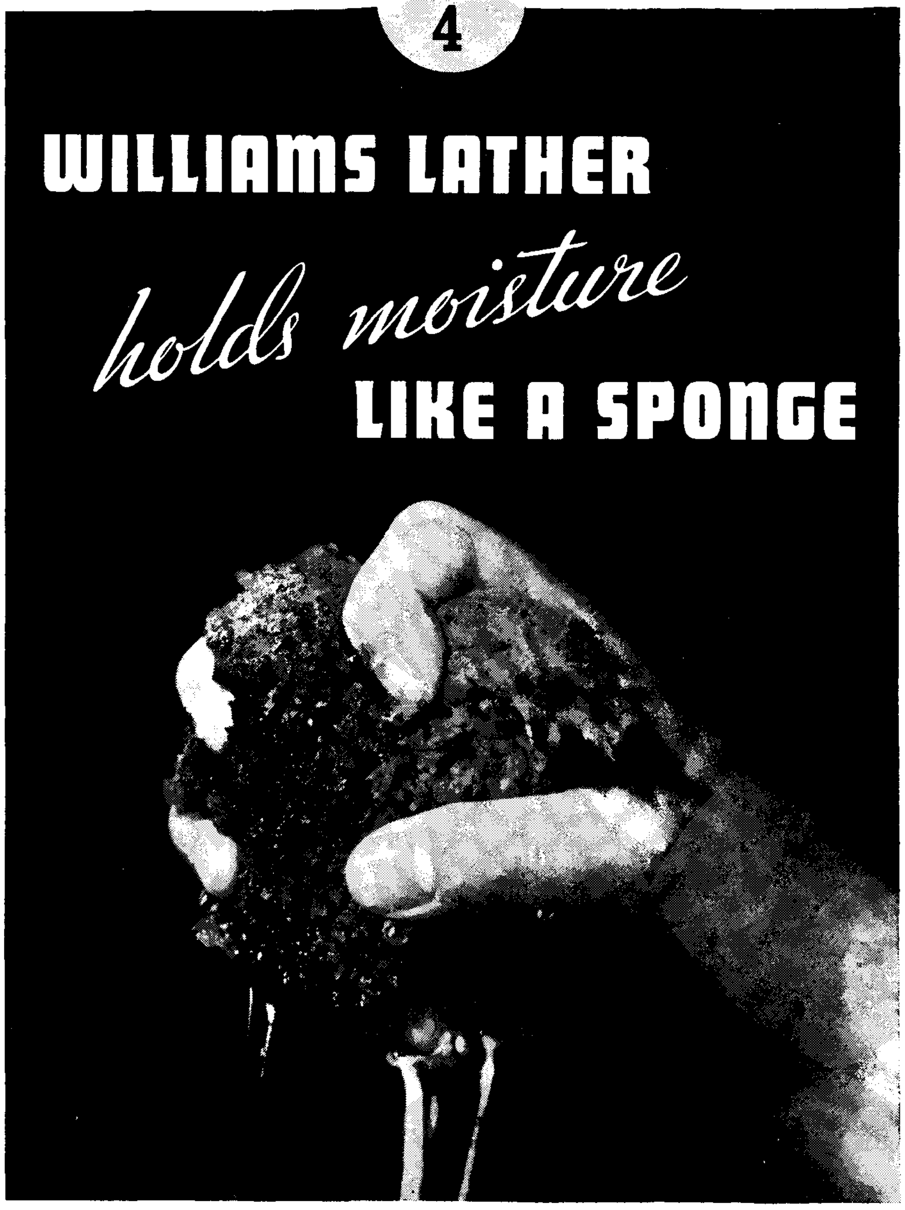
"Hang that up, will you, Ernst?" McNutt requested with a dead pan.

He took the hat and hung it on a rack. Then he walked around the table looking for a vacancy. Seeing none, he took a seat at a side table—alone. He looked a bit forlorn.

McNutt called over to him, "You're no longer a writer, Ernst; you're a big executive—a big success!"

"You're wrong on both counts!" retorted the man who now leads one of the biggest "bands" in Hollywood. "I'll always be a writer, and I'll never be a big success until I can handle a baton like a bandmaster back in Berlin!"

NO.
IN A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS ON WILLIAMS



A lather that's rich, luxurious, *moist*—with an extraordinary ability to *stay* moist. And a small amount of Williams Shaving Cream makes such a *lot* of lather that it's truly economical to use.

Extra mild, too. Only the very finest materials (and experience) can make a lather so *mild*—and yet so thick and moist. That's why Williams keeps the skin soft and supple—and why it gives you the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shave from here to Zanzibar.

And remember, after every shave, a dash of sparkling Aqua Velva.

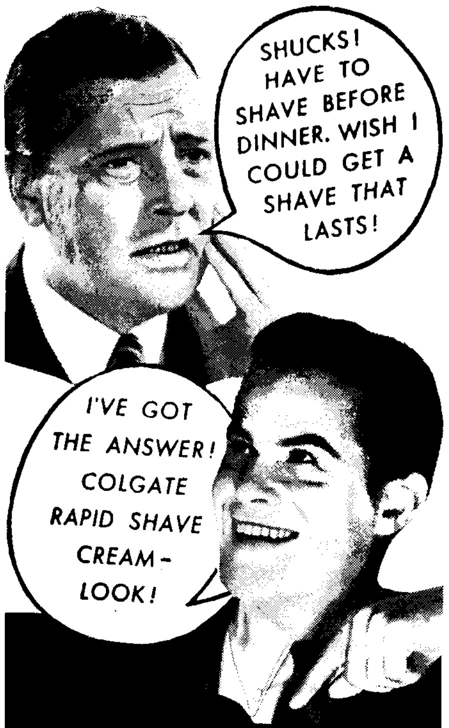
● JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams Shaving Cream

Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
W
LARGE SIZE

You can't lose this cap

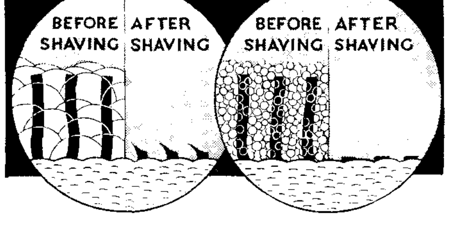
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U.S.A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada


SHUCKS! HAVE TO SHAVE BEFORE DINNER. WISH I COULD GET A SHAVE THAT LASTS!
I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM—LOOK!

BUBBLE PICTURES

SHOW WHY COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM GIVES A

SKIN-LINE SHAVE



MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE in the "after shaving" side of these diagrams! Colgate shaves are cleaner . . . true "all-day" shaves that keep you more presentable. Get a tube today for better shaving!

Use Colgate After-Shave Lotion and Colgate After-Shave Talc . . . they're the perfect follow-ups to a perfect shave!

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

COLGATE
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

Lost and Found

Continued from page 24

It wasn't much of a roll—a piece of canvas, an old overcoat and a horse blanket that had once had wool underneath—but he always got along with it. It was just as well to leave the roll there, where he could watch it. The knife was hidden in the lining of the overcoat below the hole in the right-hand pocket.

They soon had a big fire burning. The shadow of the mountain had already crept across the homestead. It was getting colder by the minute. It would soon be dark now, with the stars flaming like lamps in the sky and far sage whispering.

HE LEFT Slink on guard while they ate. It was dark now and Slink had the ears of a lynx. If a customer should come in the midst of a meal, they'd have to move fast. The food would all be put together and covered with the battered washtub. Then the young ones would sit on the tub and spread their hands toward the fire. That always made a picture.

Nobody came until everything was in the clear. Then, from the direction of the far-off, twinkling ranch, they heard a horse galloping.

"Get set, everybody," said Jed. "Here comes the scissorbill. You, Jamie, watch your step. I'm done arguing with you, young feller me lad. Spoil this play and it means grief."

The man rode into the light of the fire. He looped his leg over the saddlehorn and looked at them, one by one.

"Listen, fella," he said to Jed. "You think I was wisecracking? Round up your army and get off the premises. I mean—pronto."

"We can't. Our horses have plumb give out. The young ones, too." Jed's voice shook. "This outfit's practically starving."

"Yeah?" He looked at Jamie. "How about it, son? You starving?"

It was a tough moment for the boy. It had been getting harder and harder each time to play up. He decided suddenly, looking at the man, that he'd rather die than continue like this.

"No," he said.

"I was watching you through the field glasses a while back," said the man, nodding. "Everybody looked like they were eating hearty. You too?"

"Yes," said Jamie.

"I thought so. How come, fella?" He scowled at Jed.

"That's enough," said Jed. He didn't look at the man but at Jamie. "No argument. Leave us camp here tonight and we'll be gone by sunup. That's a promise."

The man shrugged his shoulders and swung his foot back into the stirrup. "Okay. I reckon you can't do much damage here. Sunup, remember."

When he was gone, Jed took down the blacksnake that was coiled about the brake lever of the wagon. He ran the long, tapering, darkly stained lash through his fingers as he came back slowly to the fire. Jed wasn't dispirited any more. He was like a man who's come at last to the feast. He's late, but he'll eat hearty.

"Spoil the play, will you?" he said softly. "Stand away from the fire a little, Jamie, me lad."

The girls' chattering ceased. They watched, wide-eyed and expectant. Slink grinned behind his hand.

"Catch him around the back and hips, Jed," the woman counseled. "Don't you cut his legs. It's liable to make talk."

Jamie backed away, clasping his arms about him.

"Don't you lick me, Jed." His voice shook. "I couldn't help it. I couldn't lie any more. Let me go. Let me take my roll and—"

Jed was following along, the blacksnake trailing. "Stand still now. That's right, don't move. Cross *me*, will you, you sniveling orphant? I'm gonna cut you down like wheat."

It was the look in his eyes that made Jamie's skin crawl. He was doomed if he ran, but it was death to stay. He turned and ran.

He heard the blacksnake hiss behind him and the lash exploded at his heels like a gunshot.

The girls cried out in shrill, delighted apprehension. The woman screamed. Jamie knew, without looking back, that Jed and the boys were leaping in pursuit. He could outrun them all but Slink. Slink would never give up, and he was coming now.

Jamie set his teeth and ran on, heading past the cabin into the windswept darkness. Jed was cursing; the boys were yelling encouragement to Slink. Slink was running silently, implacably, his feet pounding in the sand. He turned and twisted as Jamie twisted, gaining at each leap.

"Let me go, Slink," Jamie gasped.

"Where's the knife?" said Slink. "Where you got it hid?"

He wasn't to be trusted, but Jamie had no choice.

"In the overcoat. There's a hole in the pocket. Way down."

Slink dove at his heels and purposely missed. While he was scrambling to his feet, Jamie ran on, widening his lead. Jed and the boys came up to Slink and would have rushed past; but Jamie heard Slink yell:

"Wait, Paw! *Wait!* Leave him go. I got an idea."

OVER his shoulder Jamie saw them all grouped together, with Slink in the middle. Then they moved back toward the fire.

Jamie sat on a sand drift, his arms clasped about his knees, and watched the camp. His eyes were blurred so that the fire seemed like a red light gleaming through mist, but he brushed away the tears. It was only when he saw Slink come away from his bedding roll with the knife in his hand that Jamie bowed his head and didn't look any more. There was nobody to see him cry, nobody to see or jeer or care; so he sat for a long time, rocking back and forth a little, his face pressed against his knees.

"I'm desp'rit now," he told himself. "Plump desp'rit. I can't go back."

When he looked up, the campfire had dwindled to red coals. It made the wagon wheels loom huge and grotesque. Jed and his woman and the others had gone into the cabin where it was snug and warm. No lights shone from it, the coals died; and the homestead became a group of motionless shadows beneath the flaming stars.

He sat, teeth chattering, and hugged his knees closer. It was cold, bitterly cold. Far out yonder, across the rustling sage, he could hear barbed wire thrumming like lonely guitars in the night.

"I can't last long, cold as it is," he told himself.

But it seemed that he couldn't die. He just got colder. He got up and began to walk around, shivering and shaking. His back was coldest of all, so he faced into the wind. He walked aimlessly at first, looking for shelter. There wasn't any. Just sagebrush and bunch grass and mullein and tumbleweed.

Only one light was shining in the immensity of darkness and cold. It came from the big ranch house to the north, where the man with the square jaw and the lonely, savage, kindly eyes had ridden. Jamie headed in that direction. If nobody saw him coming, if no dog rushed out to bite him, he might find a shed into which he could crawl.

IT WAS farther than he thought. He was so tired when he crawled under the barbed-wire fence that it seemed that he couldn't get up. Then he stumbled on, heading for the farm buildings at the back.

There was a fence in the way, a garden fence and a low gate. He opened the gate and it squeaked. He waited, holding his breath, but nobody came. So he went in and crept along the fence toward where it joined the back of a big shed.

A black shadow loomed beside the fence, between him and the shed. It was a doghouse, with a peaked roof and a black, open door. He looked at the door for a long time, afraid to go past. There might be a dog in it.

Then he knew that there was no dog. If there had been he would have made an uproar long since. Jamie knew he didn't have to look any farther for shelter. It was a big doghouse, big enough for a boy his size. He reached his hand in and found there was a lot of straw in it and an old blanket; so he crawled in.

It was a good doghouse. It faced east, so the wind didn't blow in. A dog had lived there not long ago, but Jamie didn't care. He snuggled down in the straw and pulled the blanket over him.

He was sure that he would never get warm again. Where could heat come from when a body was cold clear to the bones? But it was pleasant there, out of the wind; and presently he wasn't shivering and shaking so much. Jamie got to thinking about the dog that had lived there once. It must be fun to be a dog, to have a place where you belonged, a place called home. Where folks played with you and spoke kindly to you and even patted you on the head once in a while. Where there was a good doghouse in which you could curl up and be warm when the cold wind blew.

When he awoke, it was broad daylight. The side of the doghouse was warm where the sunlight beat upon it.

Jamie was afraid to come out, in broad daylight like this; and he was afraid to stay. What would the man say if he saw him there? His lip would curl, probably, like it had curled when he looked at Jed. "Get along, you orphant," he'd probably say, jerking his thumb toward the south. "You don't belong there, in my doghouse. Run along now."

While Jamie was wondering what to do he heard voices. He recognized them both. It was Jed and the man, arguing. The man's voice was mad and full of contempt. They were coming closer.

Jamie lay there, trembling. They came into view and stopped right opposite him, just beyond the fence. Slink was there, too. While the men talked, Slink took out a jackknife and looked around for something to whittle. He turned to the fence facing toward Jamie, and began to whittle on a picket.

"Lost one of your kids, eh?" said the man. "That's the excuse for hanging around after sunup? Pretty thin, fella."

"It's the truth," Jed whined. "He run

(Continued on page 37)

Willard
Willard
Willard
MADE IN U.S.A
110 AMPERE HOURS
Willard
134 AMPERES
GENUINE HARD RUBBER

This Battery has *Greater* RESERVE CAPACITY* for its size than any battery Willard has ever built

QUICK STARTS
Willard
AND MANY OF THEM

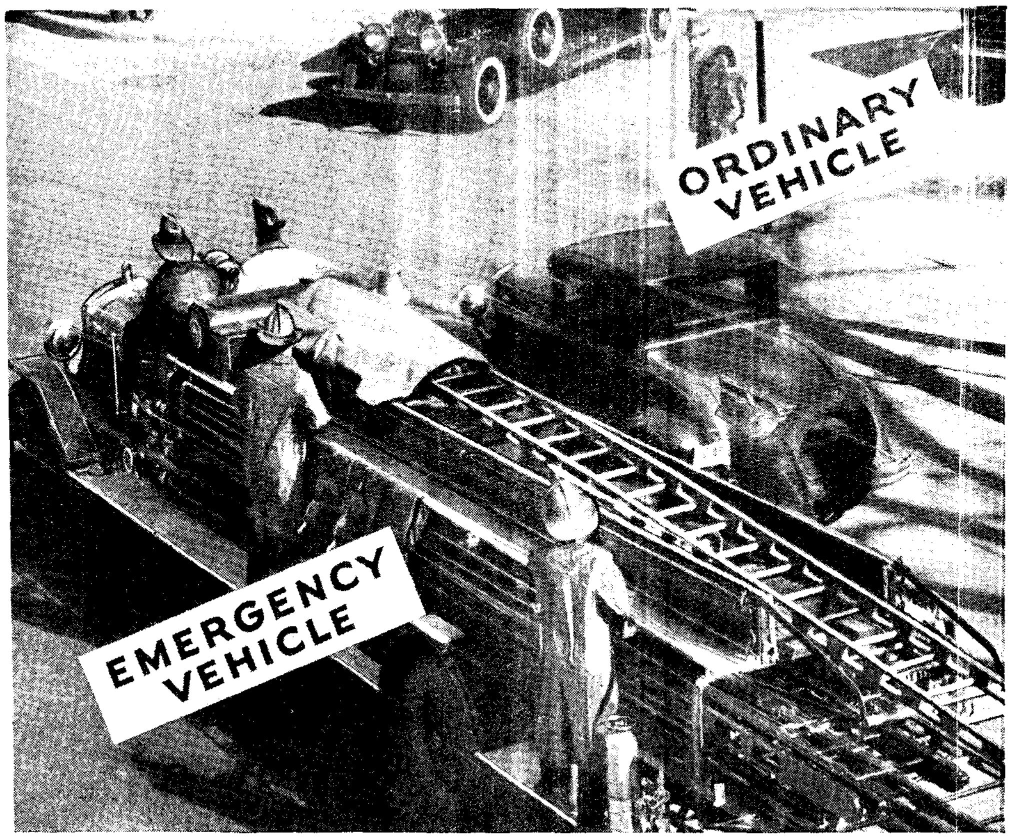
IF YOUR CAR WON'T START—call your nearest Willard Dealer. Look for this emblem in your phone book under "Batteries."

***RESERVE CAPACITY** *means:* Longer battery life • Lower operating costs • Less frequent recharging • Better lights • More dependable performance from entire electrical system • Extra current for auto radios, heaters, etc.

Ask the nearest Willard dealer to show you the new Willard *Reserve Capacity** Batteries. For popular makes of cars we recommend the Willard "110"—has all the advantages of Reserve Capacity plus quicker starts in any weather.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY • *Cleveland* • *Los Angeles* • *Toronto, Canada*

Willard "110"



THE GOVERNMENT CAN'T BE LAX!

Their specifications can help you decide which gasoline to buy

In the U. S. Service there are just two kinds of vehicles . . . "ordinary" and "emergency."

But it's the emergency type . . . the fire-engines and the ambulances . . . for which the Government specifies a fast-starting, more powerful gasoline.

* * *

Here's your cue. Make sure that the gasoline *you* buy matches these higher specifications which the Government sets.

Use nothing but Texaco Fire-Chief. Why? Because we say it is "peppier"? Because we claim that it is "faster-starting"?

No. There's a more assuring reason than that. It's just this: Fire-Chief gives you all the plus power and pick-up that the U. S. Government requires for emergency duty . . . *and at no extra cost!*

* * *

Service station men tell us, "Motorists are glad to get the facts about gasoline . . . the way Texaco gives it to 'em."

Motorists themselves write, "It's good to know that when I buy Texaco Fire-Chief, I'm buying gasoline as scientifically as the Government."

TEXACO

FIRE-CHIEF

When you buy at a Texaco pump you get a gasoline that meets the Government's emergency specifications* for fire-engines and ambulances . . . . ***at no extra cost!***

*Federal Specification VV-M-571 for emergency vehicles

Lost and Found

Continued from page 34

out on me last night. I got to find him." His voice shook. "I love that lad, mister. Just like I love all my little brood."

"Sure you do," said the man. "It was the black-haired one, eh?"

"That's right. Little Jamie."

"Li'l Jamie," said the man, nodding. "And the minute you found li'l Jamie was gone you came right over here to tell me, did you? So me and my hands could rustle around and help you find him? All night long, knowing he'd perish before sunup, cold as it was, you've been out with a lantern looking for him?" His voice hardened. "You ain't even humorous, fella. Come clean. What's your game?"

Jamie didn't dare to move. It seemed that Slink was looking right at him while he was whittling.

Then Slink suddenly tugged at Jed's sleeve. The two whispered together. Jed straightened up and said to the man, shrugging his shoulders:

"Let it pass. He ain't here, I reckon. Probably he headed south. If so, I'll pick him up on the way out. Come on, Slink."

AFTER they were gone the man crossed through the garden and went into the orchard. Jamie put his head out of the doghouse and craned his neck to watch him. The man was walking back and forth slowly, scowling. Once he squatted down to look closer at the ground. Then he came back toward the garden gate, step by step, his head lowered.

Jamie backed into the doghouse again, way back. He waited, holding his breath. The man's steps came closer. He saw the man's feet at the door. They were high-heeled boots, with spurs on them. Then the man squatted down and looked in.

Jamie looked back, and the expression on the man's face made him feel cold and lonely and shaky again. And ashamed.

"Come out of it, you," said the man.

Jamie crawled out. The man took him by the shoulder and raised him up, and Jamie covered his face with his hands. But the man didn't strike him. He brushed the straw out of his hair and out of his ragged clothes, muttering under his breath.

"The world's full of a number of folks," he said. "Been here all night, eh, bub? Your panhandling father made you come over and hide out? Figured I'd feel sorry for you and give you some clothes and maybe a li'l cash? That it?"

"He's not my father," Jamie said. "I'm an orphant. He didn't send me over here. He was gonna lick me last night. He was gonna cut me down like wheat. So I got desp'rit and ran away."

"A good story," said the man, nodding. "An orphan, eh? You don't favor the rest of that crew, at that. Well, if you're telling the truth, why didn't you knock on my door?"

"I dunno. Skeered, I reckon. It was warm here. It's a good doghouse."

"Sure it's a good doghouse," said the man. "A good dog lived in it. I buried him over on the ridge. Just like I buried my boy, fifteen years ago. Like I buried my wife last year."

Jamie looked up at him, and the man scowled at him. But his eyes were sad; and Jamie knew all of a sudden that his face was just a mask. Underneath he'd been desp'rit, too, more than once. And lonely.

"Well," said the man, "that's neither here nor there. Question is, how much of a sucker am I going to be?"

He drew out the makings and rolled a cigarette, looking over Jamie's head and out through the orchard. Jamie looked too, and saw the cloud of dust that Jed's wagon outfit made, moving south.

"I could saddle up, I reckon," the man said. "I could overhaul him and make him come back for you."

Jamie caught his breath. "Don't do that," he begged. "Please! Let him go. I never want to see him again. I'd rather die." Tears rushed to Jamie's eyes, in spite of himself.

"You're a good actor, Jamie. Can you cry when you want to?"

That hurt Jamie. It was worse than Jed's blacksnake. He stood up straight, but the tears kept coming.

"Sho!" said the man. "Excuse it, bub. I shouldn't be so tough with you. No, I won't saddle up and go after him, Jamie. Tell you what. Take him two-three hours to make it to the next town. I can call up any time and have him headed off. Meanwhile, how about a li'l breakfast, eh?"

He turned away and cupped his hands and shouted: "Hong Lee!"

There was a big cookshack across the driveway, halfway to the corrals. A Chinaman in a white jacket popped his head out a window.

"Ketchum boy," the man yelled. "Hungry boy. Fix 'em one more breakfast, pronto."

"Hungly boy, eh?" said the Chinaman. "Velly good! Fix 'em plonto!"

"Meanwhile, we'll just step over to the house," said the man.

There was a big room with a fireplace in it, a thick rug on the floor and big chairs standing around, and guns on the wall. This was where the man lived mostly, it seemed. There were two pictures on the mantel, above the fireplace. One was a lady with a sweet, proud face, who looked at you through level eyes, smiling a little. The other was of a boy of about his, Jamie's, age. He was on a buckskin pony, on a ridge where the wind was blowing. The boy was sitting up straight, his dark hair blown back.

The bathroom was big and beautiful. The man helped Jamie undress and he swore out loud when they got the shirt off and he saw Jamie's back.

"I'm a ring-tailed, stalwart this and that," he said. "You weren't lying to me, then!"

"Shucks," said Jamie. "That was a couple of weeks ago. It's all well now."

"H'm," said the man.

WHILE Jamie splashed around in the tub and got warm and comfortable to the marrow of his bones, the man made him tell all about Jed, and the boys, and Slink. Even about the jackknife. Jamie was embarrassed to have to tell about the jackknife. Most grown-ups wouldn't understand; but the man understood.

"I know," he said. "I know. It was one of those last straws."

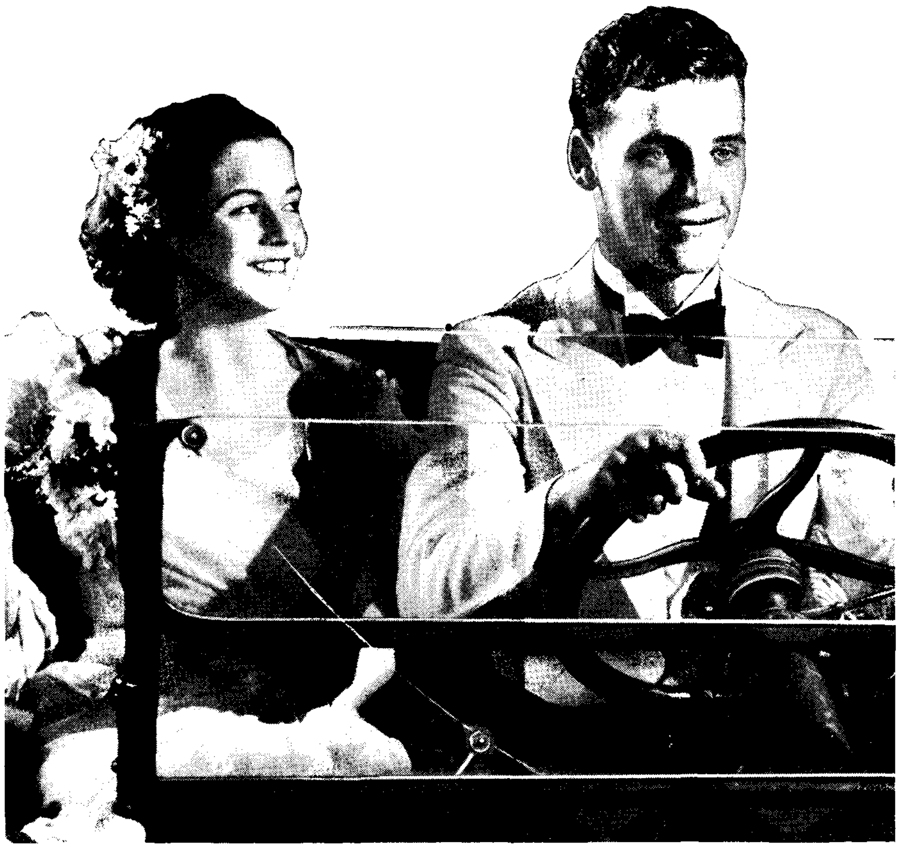
He got up after a while and went out, leaving Jamie in the tub. He took Jamie's clothes with him, but when he came back he had some other clothes, all clean and pressed and just Jamie's size.

He rubbed Jamie down with a big soft towel and helped him get dressed.

On the way over to the cookshack the man told him his name. It was Langdon, Hugh Langdon. There were fifty sections in the Langdon ranch, three thousand head of cattle and six cowhands.

Jamie ate a big breakfast at one end of the long table that was covered with

(Continued on page 38)



WITH Her BESIDE HIM - - - - -
AND NEW STA-TITE PISTON RINGS
IN THE ENGINE - - -
He's all set to Go!

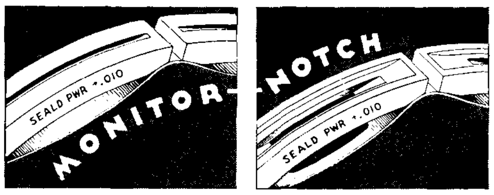
● Manual Training Classes taught Jones that "gas" and oil are WASTED unless piston rings are renewed at suitable intervals. And that's why this "impractical youngster" has a car with a humming-bird's appetite; a greyhound's speed, and power, Power, POWER! . . . Every time his "old wreck" of a car leaps away from the field at the lights, or whizzes past a two or three year old car on a hill, Jones wonders why the owner doesn't "wise up." . . . His advice, based on experience as practical as a cash-register, would be: "Repower with Sealed Power — and GO!"

SEALED POWER AUTHORIZED SERVICE
The Sign of a GOOD Motor Repair Shop

STA-TITE
Complete Set Prices

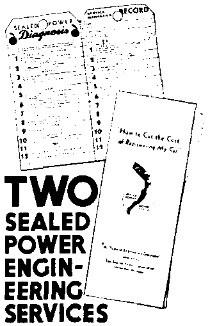
FORD A	$4.80
FORD V-8	$9.60
CHEVROLET 6	$7.20
PLYMOUTH 6	$9.60

(Plus Installation Cost)



FREE

The "innards" of your motor will be easier to understand after you've read our Tabloid Engineering Discourse entitled: "How to Cut the Cost of Repowering My Car." A copy for you — and a Sealed Power Diagnosis, are both entirely FREE. Mail the coupon NOW!



TWO SEALED POWER ENGINEERING SERVICES

Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan. C-9

Please send me my free copy of "How to Cut the Cost of Repowering My Car." Also send card entitling me to absolutely free Sealed Power Diagnosis which will tell exactly what MY car needs.

Name..
Street..
City..............................State..............

REPAIRMEN — If you do not have the Sealed Power Sign and 1935 Replacement Engineers Chart get in touch with your Sealed Power jobber or write Sealed Power Corporation.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS
PISTONS, PISTON PINS AND CYLINDER SLEEVES
SEALED POWER CORPORATION . . . MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 283 KING ST., EAST, TORONTO, 2, CANADA
EXPORT DEPT.: 431 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Don't let Summer Sun and Water ruin your HAIR!

In Summer your HAIR demands special care—Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout

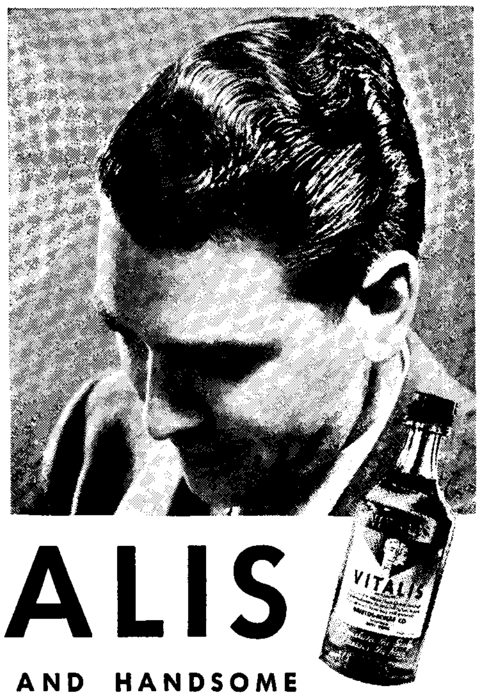
IT'S easy to see why Summer's so harmful to hair . . . When every day, the sun burns and bleaches it . . . And every day, the necessary oils get flushed away by shower, pool or surf. No wonder it gets dry, feels harsh, looks badly.

Give your hair the care it *needs*—Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout. Use Vitalis freely. Use it often. Rub it in hard . . . And watch your hair take on new vitality. New circulation starts. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis replenish the lost natural oils. Loose dandruff is defeated . . . you're giving your hair a chance.

Brush your hair—and look at it. It looks healthy. No "patent-leather" shine to it. Just a good-looking, natural lustre. Buy Vitalis today at your druggist's.

50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life—has a chance.

10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with none of that unnatural "patent-leather" look.



ASK YOUR BARBER—He's an expert on scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice.

VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

(*Continued from page 37*)

white, shiny oilcloth. He ate until he could hardly walk.

Afterwards they sat on the front steps and stretched their legs in the sunshine. It was a beautiful day. The wind was blowing again, but it wasn't cold now. Jamie turned his face into it, so that it blew his hair back; and leaned against the pillar.

Mr. Langdon had rolled and lighted another cigarette. He smoked slowly, looking at Jamie once in a while.

"Well, Jamie," he said at last, "Jed's almost to the county seat by this time. I'd best call up and have him headed off, eh?"

"No," said Jamie. "Let him go."

"LET him go, eh? Then what's to become of you?"

"I've been studying about that," said Jamie. "I could stay here, maybe."

"H'm," said Mr. Langdon, and his eyes were hard-boiled and sad again. "You could stay here, eh? Is that your idea or Jed's?"

"Mine," said Jamie sturdily. "Jed'll be glad to get shet of me."

"Maybe." Mr. Langdon puffed on his cigarette. "But hurry along. What's this idea you've studied out?"

"Well—" Jamie hunched his shoulders and hung his head. It had seemed like a good idea at first. Somehow, it wasn't so good now.

"Go on, go on," said Mr. Langdon. "Out with it, son."

"Well," said Jamie, "that's a good doghouse. If a dog came along that didn't have any home—that was a good dog, I mean—you'd let him live there. You'd let him eat what was left after the others were through. After he'd been around a while, and you got used to him, he'd kind of take the place of the dog that died. Isn't that right?"

"Sounds reasonable. So what?"

"Well," said Jamie, "if you'll let me, I'd like to be your dog."

Mr. Langdon looked at him, and his cigarette hung from his lip without moving.

"H'm," he said. "That *is* an idea. You'd sleep in the doghouse, eh?"

"Sure. I'd sleep fine there."

"And you'd eat scraps from the table and wouldn't complain?"

"I'd get fat on it," said Jamie.

"And you'd come when you were called? When the cows got into the alfalfa, you'd go haze them out when I told you to?"

"Sure," said Jamie. "Sure I would. I could be mighty useful."

"I don't know," said Mr. Langdon, shaking his head. "That last dog I had was a good watchdog. He wasn't afraid of the dark. And once one of the bulls got me down. I called for help and that dog came running to help me out. Would you do that?"

"Yes," said Jamie. He knew he ought to be honest about it. "I'd probably be skeered, but I'd come."

Mr. Langdon turned away, hard-boiled as ever. He took out his handkerchief, keeping his face turned away, and blew his nose.

"You're a good salesman, son," he said at length. "But I've got to get some legal advice on this. I'm going to call up a lawyer friend of mine in town. Just you wait here, Jamie."

He was gone for quite a while; and pretty soon Jamie happened to look up the road toward the south. Two horsemen were coming, trailed by long funnels of dust.

He jumped up and ran inside. Mr. Langdon was at the end of the hall, sitting at a telephone.

"Mr. Langdon!" said Jamie, all out of breath. "Mr. Langdon!"

"Sh-h-h," said Mr. Langdon; and he kept on talking into the phone. "How's that again, Judge? Not legal, eh? Yeah. That's right." He nodded while the other man talked. "I got it."

He hung up finally and looked at Jamie with a twinkle in his eye.

"You've got to learn to take orders, son. I told you to wait outside."

"But I had to tell you," said Jamie. "Jed and Slink are coming!"

"Sho!" said Mr. Langdon. "So soon?"

He opened up his notebook and wrote in it with his fountain pen. When he was done he motioned Jamie to go outside.

Jed and Slink were still quite a ways off, but coming fast. Mr. Langdon looked at them and scratched his head. He grinned a little.

"Sit down, Jamie. I'll be back before they get here."

He went around the house, walking fast. Jamie sat there, feeling small and lost. It seemed to Jamie, watching Jed come, that the wind had grown colder. He pulled up his knees and hugged them tight, and rocked a little, back and forth. He could hear his heart beating.

Then Mr. Langdon came around the corner of the house. He had a big paper sack in his hand with the top all bunched together. He sat down beside Jamie and placed the sack beside him. He put his notebook and fountain pen down beside the sack. He made himself comfortable and rolled a cigarette.

Jed and Slink stopped their horses and swung down.

"Well," said Jed, looking from Mr. Langdon to Jamie, "I see you found him. I'm shorely relieved." He grinned behind his ragged mustache. "Run away, will you, Jamie? Get up, young fella, and come along."

Jamie tried to get up, but his knees felt weak. He just sat there trembling. He looked at Mr. Langdon. So did Jed and Slink, waiting.

Mr. Langdon said to Jed: "You expect me to object, eh?"

"Why should you?"

"Why should I, indeed? He's your boy. Get up, Jamie."

Jamie got up. He felt choked and forlorn inside; but he didn't protest. Mr. Langdon had given an order.

Jed scowled at Mr. Langdon. But Slink wasn't fooled.

"It's a bluff, Paw," he said. He sat down on the grass and took out the knife. He played with it, grinning at Jamie.

"Yes, it's a bluff," said Mr. Langdon. "You want to go, Jamie?"

"No," said Jamie.

"You don't have to," said Mr. Langdon. "There's too many empty doghouses around here."

"Yeah?" said Jed. Right away he was relieved and grinning again. "Who says he can stay? He's my boy."

MR. LANGDON opened the notebook and handed it to Jed. "Read that, fella. Then sign on the last line."

Jed read it through once, and again.

"I'll sign it," said Jed. "I'll be glad to sign it. For five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred?" said Mr. Langdon, raising his eyebrows.

"Five hundred is what I said." Jed's ragged mustache bristled. "You can take it or leave it. I love that boy, mister."

"You slinking, cringing coyote," said Mr. Langdon. "Read it again. When you sign it, you also sign a receipt for one hundred dollars. I'll pay the hundred; no more. Call it an amusement tax. Call it a thank offering. It'll pay your way out of the high desert. This is a clean country. You don't belong here. Do I make myself plain?"

"Don't you do it, Mr. Langdon," cried Jamie. "Don't pay him a hundred dollars."

"Sho!" said Mr. Langdon. "I paid fifty for that dog that died. An extra

(*Continued on page 41*)

CLOGGED SALT CELLARS WRECK *Tempers*

TAR-CLOGGED OIL DUCTS DAMAGE *Bearings*

Tar in oil is serious business. A menace—not merely a nuisance. Yet many motor oils are tarry. Heavy, sludgy residues are formed—oil ducts are threatened with stoppage—and a burnt-out bearing and a big bad repair bill are just around the corner.

There's an answer to that threat—the New Havoline Motor Oil. Here is an oil refined by a new, patented Furfural Solvent Process which flushes out harmful impurities. It is the Tarfree oil—as well as the Waxfree oil. It can't cause clogging; cold or hot, it circulates and lubricates. It keeps your motor keen and lively . . . and economical!

You pay very little more for this 100% paraffin-base oil—and you know you're getting the best. Ask for the New Havoline, in refinery-sealed cans, at Texaco Stations and of good dealers generally.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS
Affiliated with The Texas Company

HAVOLINE
HAVOLINE
REG. TRADE MARK
MOTOR OIL
WAXFREE
MADE IN U.S.A.
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INCORPORATED
ONE U.S. QUART

TAR WON'T FLOW THROUGH A PINHOLE

You may have a crankcase *full* of oil and still be getting downright bad lubrication. If *oil-tar*, something you can't see, clogs just one tiny oil duct, a burnt-out bearing may be the penalty. . . . Some of the oil passages that feed your motor—see where the pencil points!—are no wider than a pinhole. So, play it safe! Insist on the Tarfree oil, the New Havoline, refined by the new, scientific Furfural Solvent Process. Ask for it by name and *by sight*—refinery-sealed for your insurance and protection.

HAVOLINE IS TARFREE

"NO MATTER WHICH YOU CHOOSE·· There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson"
No. 58-T $59.50

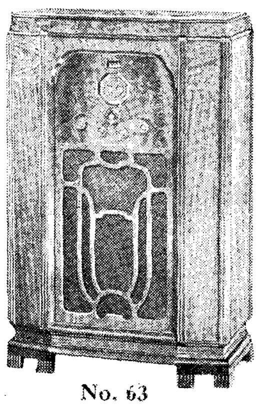
NEVER BEFORE HAS STROMBERG-CARLSON QUALITY BEEN OFFERED IN SUCH A VARIETY OF MODELS

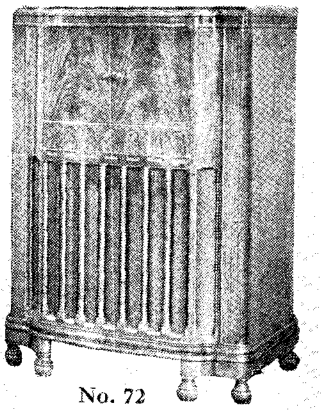
Look at these models. They vary in size, price and appearance. Each has its special features, but all have this in common—the NATURAL TONE for which Stromberg-Carlsons are famous.

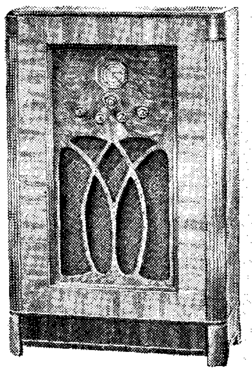
Today, Stromberg-Carlson presents these radios, covering the longest price range in the industry. Metal or glass tubes, some models with High Fidelity, some with Automatic Phonograph, some with the Acoustical Labyrinth, some for Remote Control. One of these models will surely suit you.

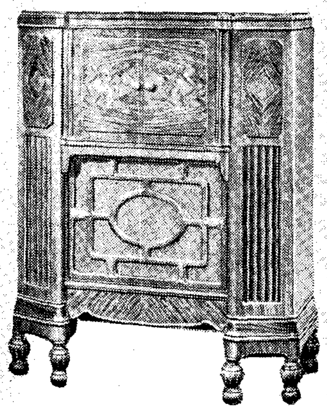
Hear them at your dealer's. Compare their reproduction of the human voice, of symphony orchestras or other music with that of any other radio in the same price class. Note their sensitivity, selectivity and ease of tuning on short waves or standard broadcasts. *Select the one you like and enjoy it in your home.*

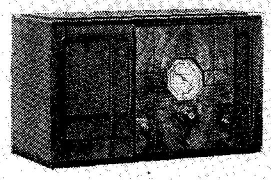
Stromberg-Carlson Radios are priced from $59.50 to $985.00 (Texas, Rockies and West slightly higher). The booklet entitled "How to Choose a Radio" may be obtained from authorized dealers listed in your classified telephone directory or from the manufacturer direct by mailing the attached coupon.

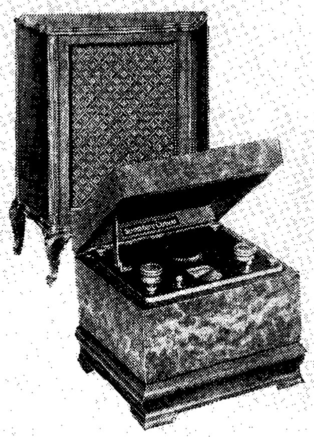

No. 63

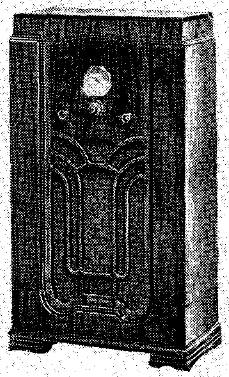

No. 72

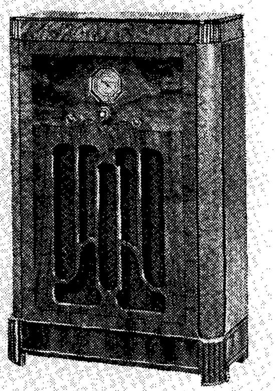

No. 62

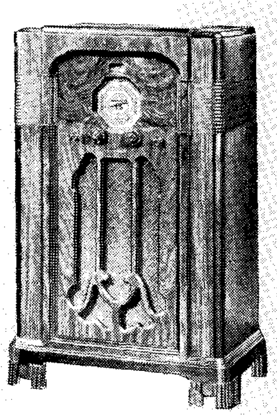

No. 70

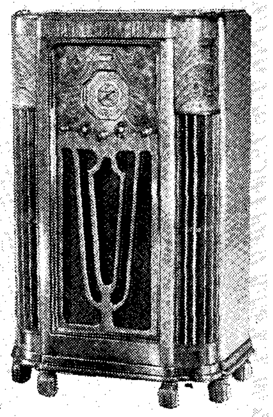

No. 61-H


No. 65


Nos. 58-L and 61-L


Nos. 58-W and 61-W


No. 82


No. 84

COUPON

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING CO.,
102 Carlson Road, Rochester, N. Y.
Send me the booklet "How to Choose a Radio."

Name ....
Street ....
City ....
ate ....

Stromberg-Carlson

Lost and Found

Continued from page 38

special good dog ought to be worth a hundred."

"Let's get going, Jamie," said Jed. "You ride double with Slink."

Mr. Langdon sighed. He dropped his cigarette and ground it beneath his heel.

"I'll sweeten the pot a little, since you insist," he said. "Yeah, I'll raise the ante." He opened up the paper sack beside him and put his hand in it. "Remember, you asked for it, Jed."

He flirted his wrist; and a blacksnake whip uncoiled on the porch behind him as if it were alive. He looked at Jed, and the twinkle in his eye was like sunlight glinting on blue ice.

"Don't move, Jed," he said. "It happens that I'm an expert myself. At this distance I could pick the buttons off your shirt, one by one. Don't run, or I'll cut you down like wheat."

His arm snapped. The lash exploded like a gunshot. Jed's hat turned over and over in the air and fell on the grass; and the blacksnake was back on the porch, coiled and quivering, ready to leap again.

"And now, Jed," said Mr. Langdon, "what were we saying?"

JED stood without moving, his hands clenched; and suddenly his face was glistening in the sunlight. Slink wasn't grinning now. He put the knife in his pocket and got up.

"It's a bluff, Paw," he said. "If he hits you with that blacksnake you can have the law on him. He knows it."

"Don't move, Jed," said Mr. Langdon. "Slink, my boy, you'll make a good gambler some day. And a shrewd horse-trader. You'll probably end up in Congress—or in jail. Meanwhile, you've got a lot to learn. For instance, it's bad business to crowd your luck too far. Don't move, Jed."

He spoke over his shoulder: "Jamie! You remember I told you about that other good dog I had? He'd do anything I ordered. If I told him to battle a wildcat, he'd sail right in, if it killed him. You remember?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right," said Mr. Langdon. "There's Slink. Slink's bigger than you, but he's smaller inside. Go get him, Jamie! You can only die once."

"Why, you orphant!" said Slink with his fiercest look. "I've licked you a hundred times. I'll—"

He didn't finish what he started to say, because Jamie charged him like a roaring lion. He was scared, but his knees didn't shake any more. He knew it had to be done, so he ran into Slink as hard as he could, with his head down.

Slink went sprawling, but Jamie got up first.

"Jump on him spread-eagle," said Mr. Langdon; and Jamie jumped on him spread-eagle. "Sock him! Sock him again! Now grab his ears and hang on!"

Jamie grabbed his ears and hung on.

"Paw!" Slink blubbered. "Paw!"

"That's enough, Jamie," said Mr. Langdon. "After all, he's only a boy. We mustn't hold grudges, must we? But it seems like he's got a knife that belongs to you, Jamie. Take it out of his pocket."

So Jamie took the knife out of Slink's pocket and put it in his own.

"All right, Jamie," said Mr. Langdon. "You can go back and sit on the step. Get up, Slink, my lad. Hereafter, never steal boys' knives, or ideals, or hopes. It's bad business. Climb aboard. Keep quiet while I talk to Jed."

And he said to Jed: "Well? Still want five hundred?"

"A hundred's okay," said Jed, licking his lips.

"Fine," said Mr. Langdon. "Sign on the last line."

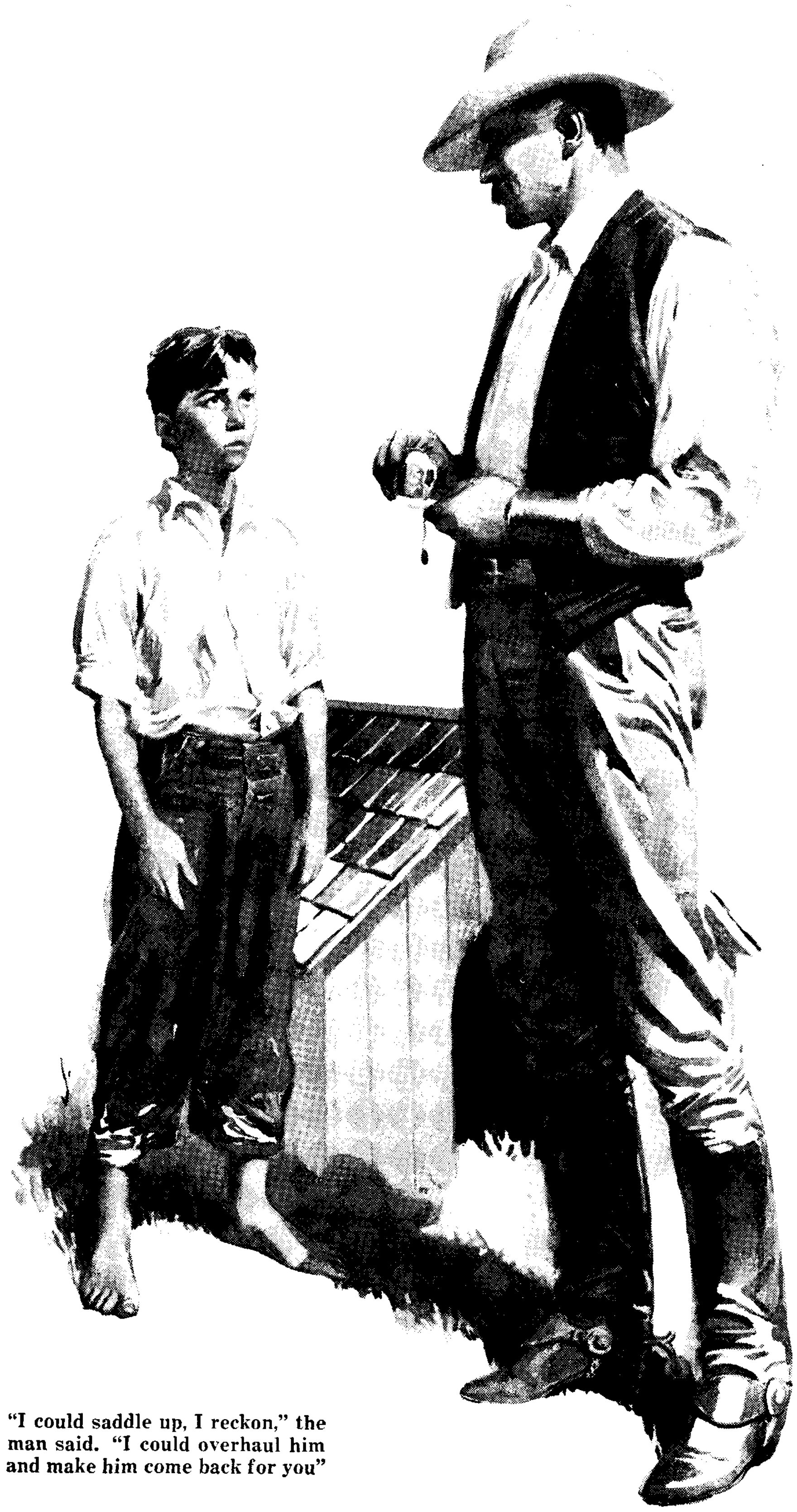
WHILE Jed was signing, Mr. Langdon counted out the money.

"Don't you hit me with that blacksnake, mister." Jed's voice was whiney again. "I'm gonna go now."

"You are, indeed," said Mr. Langdon, nodding. "But, as you go, a word to the wise, hombre. For snakes, coyotes and other things that crawl and creep, this is a hostile region. Head south. Keep traveling. Sabe?"

Mr. Langdon watched them go, out the driveway and out to the road. They swung to the right, without looking back. Then he turned to the steps and sat down against the pillar. He coiled up the blacksnake and laid it beside the bag. He took the makings out of his pocket and rolled a cigarette. He leaned back and puffed comfortably, looking at Jamie with a twinkling glance.

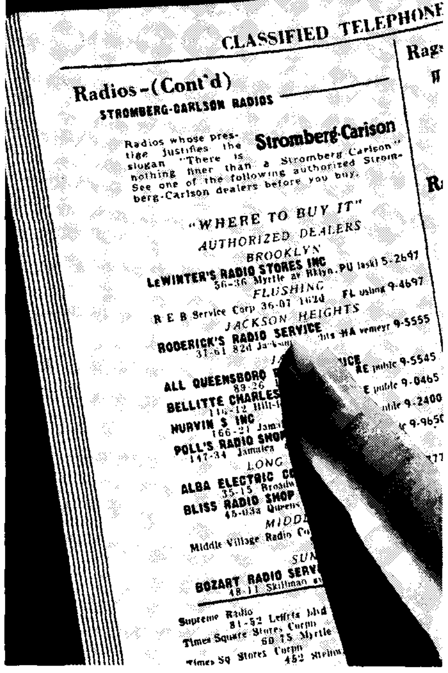
Jamie was leaning back, too. Neither of them said anything. There was lots to talk about, but there was plenty of time. Jamie was holding the knife in his hand; and he hung on to it, hard. It was real. If it got away from him he might wake up and find that he was still shivering out yonder in the darkness, where the sand drifted and the wind blew. But as long as he hung onto it the wind was warm; and anybody could have told at a glance, just to look at them, that there weren't any empty doghouses or loneliness or cold or things like that any more there at the Box L.



"I could saddle up, I reckon," the man said. "I could overhaul him and make him come back for you"

"I just don't know which way to turn"

We suggest that you turn to your



CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE

Radios-(Cont'd)

STROMBERG-CARLSON RADIOS

Stromberg-Carlson

Radios whose prestige justifies the slogan "There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson." See one of the following authorized Stromberg-Carlson dealers before you buy.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

AUTHORIZED DEALERS

BROOKLYN

LeWINTER'S RADIO STORES INC 56-36 Myrtle av Bklyn. PUlaski 5-2697

FLUSHING

R E B Service Corp 36-07 162d FLushing 9-4697

JACKSON HEIGHTS

RODERICK'S RADIO SERVICE 31-61 82d HAvemeyr 9-5555

ALL QUEENSBORO 89-26

BELLITTE CHARLES 116-12

MURVIN S INC 166-21

POLL'S RADIO SHOP 147-34 Jamaica

LONG

ALBA ELECTRIC 35-15 Broadw

BLISS RADIO SHOP 45-03a Queens

MIDD

Middle Village Radio Co

SUN

BOZART RADIO SERV 48-11 Skillman

Supreme Radio 81-52 Lefferts blvd

Times Square Stores Corpn 60-75 Myrtle

Times Sq Stores Corpn 452

When you want to know who sells a certain product or well-known brand, just look in your classified telephone book.

It tells you the answer—and tells you fast.

Look for the brand you want—Foot Saver, Premier, for instance. Authorized dealers are listed below.

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

WALK·OVER

Bucko

...nothing smarter for sport and you can't hurt 'em . . .

● Our Campus Scouts report Brown Bucko as University Uniform No. 1. No wonder! Rough-finished reversed calf—nothing's smarter with tweeds and odd-jacket outfits. And you can't hurt it! Scuffs don't show. Needs no cleaning.

Above: Walk-Over VARSITY. New, blocky LO-DOWN last. Soft toe. Thick yet light, crepe bottoms. That quick back-sweep blucher-front is very "country squirish." Right: BROADWAY with leather sole. Snug at ankle, arch and heel. Free across your toes. Each with Walk-Over *natural* fit that keeps the shoes and your feet in shape. More style miles for your money. $6.75 *Prices slightly higher West.*

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Twang, Twang

Continued from page 18

He had been shooting about a year. He was not a professional. (There is no class distinction among archers in the United States.)

Gamber not only won the tournament; on August 28, 1934, he shot a York round of 138-828, breaking Mudd's record by 26 points.

Then, in September, Mudd had a York round of 825 in the Mound City Tournament in St. Louis.

Ford's once-famous record had been broken twice within a month. In December, Larry Hughes, of Burbank, California, broke it again with a York round of 810.

And in the National Tournament at Stoors, Connecticut, Russ Hoogerhyde, of Bristol, Connecticut, established a world's record for a double York round with a score of 268-1478.

Through Hide and Steel

There are two reasons for this improvement in archery.

Bows and arrows have been in existence since the third interglacial period. They have been used by every race and nation including the Australian aborigine who, supposedly too dumb to understand the principles of archery, used a bow about a foot long and had poisoned arrows which he carried in the hair of his head. But present-day tackle (equipment to you) is more generally superior to any ever made; and, in the past few years, American archers have developed a new technique for shooting.

There are more archers in America today than at any time since the Indians occupied the place and took pot-shots at the Pilgrims. Louis C. Smith, of Boston, secretary of the National Archery Association, estimates the number of archers, men and women, in the United States at 100,000.

Smith says also that if you compare the winning scores in European tournaments with scores made in similar rounds by American archers competing in this country, you will find that American archers are superior.

"What!" say you. "Are contemporary American archers better than the old English bowmen; better than the Indians?"

Yes; they are when it comes to target shooting. And target shooting is not so soft and simple as one might imagine from the pictures he sees in newspapers showing young women standing stiff and straight with bows full drawn about to loose their arrows.

The average weight of a man's bow is 45 pounds. (Weight in archery is the pull of the bow when full-drawn, measured in pounds.) In the course of an American round—ninety shots—using a 45-pound bow, one will walk about a mile and accomplish the equivalent of lifting 4,050 pounds.

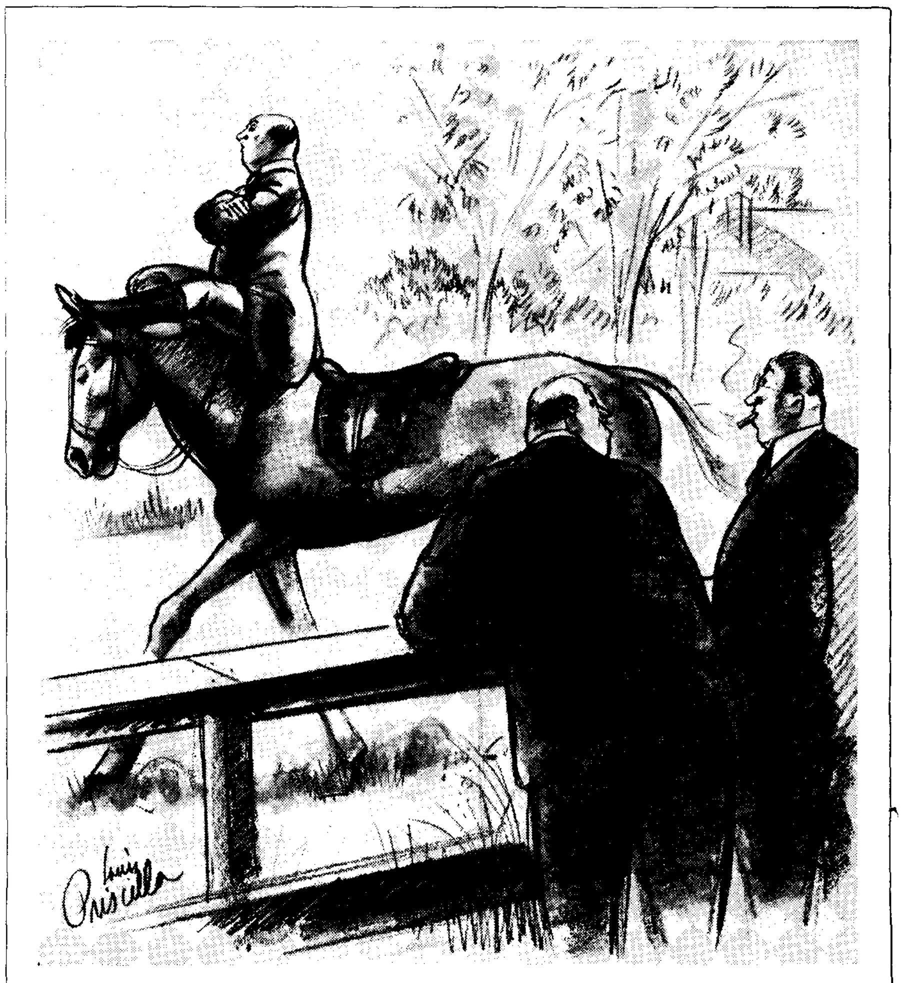
The old English bowmen did not go in for target shooting. Neither did the Indians. The bow in those days was a practical weapon. It was the machine gun of its time.

From all accounts the early American Indian was a poor shot. His tackle was crude. He stalked his quarry until he was almost on top of it before he shot.

Not long ago five Seneca Indians were outshot by five palefaces in a competition at archery. This does not mean anything, but it is interesting. American Indians of today do not know how to make a good bow nor how to fashion perfect arrows.

There have been many types of bows, and many varieties of arrows. The Japanese, Turks, Scythians and English excelled in the manufacture and in the use of bows and arrows; but the Latins, Peruvians and Irish never were good at it.

(Continued on page 44)



"Smith just got back from India"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

They changed a CHOPIN WALTZ into a Dancing Light!

AND OUT OF THE "HOUSE OF MAGIC" CAME A RADIO MIRACLE

THIS YEAR, radio is different . . . wonderfully different!

Scientists in the General Electric "House of Magic" have made it so . . . with smaller, more dependable tubes of enduring steel.

New metal tubes* that have silenced forever the annoying crackle caused by "shielding cans". . . subdued the microphonic twang that clouds reception.

The inspiration for a new radio

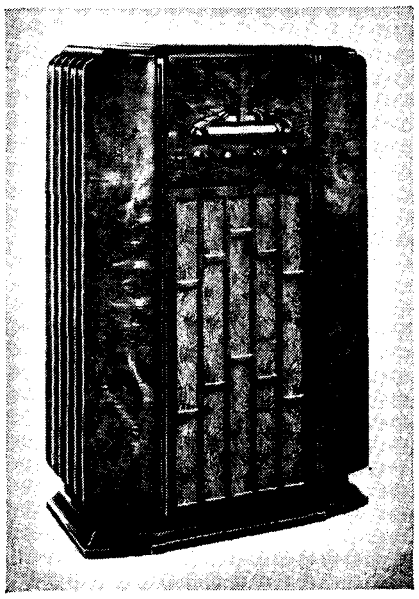
Today, you may enjoy all the advantages of these sturdy metal tubes . . . their long life, their performance lastingly brilliant . . . in a completely new receiver—

The New 1936 General Electric Radio.

But that's not all!

In soundproof rooms . . . where the blood beats against your eardrums like the pounding of the surf . . . the Stabilized Speaker was born . . .

Sets that make the world your radio playground from $34.50 up!



MODEL A-125—Twelve-tube, 5-band superheterodyne, completely equipped with metal tubes. Walnut cabinet of neo-classic design.

SEEING SOUND . . . INVISIBLE SOUND . . . IN THE "HOUSE OF MAGIC"! They don't trust the human ear, in the G-E Research Laboratory, to gauge the purity of radio tone. Instead, they have devised ingenious instruments that change spoken words, bars of music into waves of green light. Thus, the hidden secrets of sound are revealed . . . the causes of unwanted noises discovered—and eliminated.

A supremely sensitive speaker that reproduces speech and music with all their naturalness and tonal color.

Truly—a perfect sound-mate for the new metal tubes!

A radio always at "Concert Pitch"

And this superb tone remains constant . . . thanks to the Permaliner, which maintains the original alignment of the radio . . . keeping the set at "concert pitch" year in and year out.

Perhaps most dramatic of all is the Sentry-Box . . . controlling as many as five separate broadcasting bands . . . headquarters of a mystic sentinel that you'd expect to find only in "The Arabian Nights."

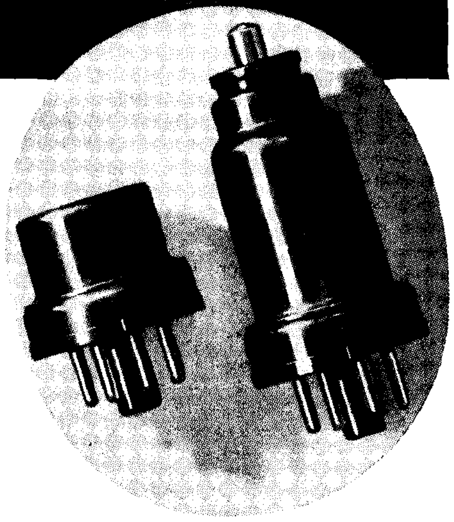
He is stormed by a thousand and one radio waves—all demanding entrance. But he permits only *one* wave to pass—the one to which your set is dialed. All others must keep out—and keep silent.

Performance lastingly brilliant

To the new General Electric Radio, these exclusive "House of Magic" features give a brilliance and fidelity of tone that will delight the most exacting ears.

They give, as well, another quality that you'll appreciate more and more with the passing of time—a *lasting* brilliance of performance that defies the years.

The New 1936 General Electric Radio is now on display at your nearest G-E Radio Dealer's. In many smartly styled models—table sets and consoles. Priced from $34.50. (Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South, and subject to change without notice.)



NEW METAL TUBES...small, efficient, long-lived . . . designed to meet modern broadcasting conditions, short-wave and long-wave alike.

See them! Hear them! You'll find they speak for themselves . . . with a charming persuasiveness no words can match.

**Metal radio tubes, invented and perfected by General Electric, are made for General Electric by the RCA Mfg. Co. Complete receivers built by General Electric at Bridgeport, Conn.*

The new 1936 GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

They belong

IN EVERY WARDROBE
THESE KNITTED
SPORT COATS
by
McGregor

with TALON slide fastener

McGregor
YORKSHIRE

with McGregor's famous Action Back, fully shirred with inverted pleat

This luxurious sweater of special spun yarn fits thousands of needs and besides is first in style. It is full chested and its back is shirred with custom tailored care to afford roominess and freedom in action.

See the Yorkshire at your favorite men's shop or department store, or order direct from us by mailing the coupon. The Yorkshire will meet every expectation.

- Yorkshire coat sweater, as pictured $5
- With sleeveless inner sweater, add $2
- Yorkshire junior coat for boys $3.95

COLORS: Seal Brown, Navy, White, Canary. Heather shades of Tan, Grey, Blue, Green or Maroon. Sizes: 34 to 48.

McGregor Sportswear
303 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Send my Yorkshire sweater, thru your nearest dealer, in size and color noted:
Check enclosed ☐ Size..................
Money order ☐ Color..................
Name ....
Address ....

Twang, Twang

Continued from page 42

Of all the bows, the English long bow was, and still is, the most effective.

Saxton Pope, who hunts with the bow, was curious to know how much damage could be done with a steel, bodkin-pointed arrow such as was used in the Battle of Crécy. To make a test, he borrowed from a museum a shirt of chain armor made in Damascus in the fifteenth century. It was a beautiful garment, just the thing for a G-man to wear at a racketeers' picnic. One of the museum attendants offered to put it on and let Pope shoot at him.

"I think not," said Pope. "Let's pad this wooden box with burlap and stuff it inside the shirt."

"As you please," said the attendant.

Pope shot. The bow-string twanged. Sparks flew from the steel shirt as from a forge. The attendant turned pale. The bodkin-pointed arrow had gone through the front of the shirt, through the burlap and the box, and was protruding from the back.

In all its essentials the bows used by tournament archers today are the same as the death-dealing weapons of the English bowmen. Pope, who hunted animals of all sizes, who spent years in research, study and experimentation, found that the long bow would drive a sharp, pointed shaft completely through any animal except a pachyderm.

"The old English bowmen," says Mudd, "laid down specific rules for shooting. These were accepted as gospel. No one questioned them, because the English bowmen were the greatest in the world. Their word was law and was passed on from generation to generation. Archery was entangled in its traditions.

"It is only recently that American archers grew critical of the old bowmen's method. I don't know who was first to break away. I give credit to Russ Hoogerhyde, who was American champion in 1930, 1931, 1932, and 1934.

"Other archers watched Hoogerhyde's technique and copied it. Once free from the bonds of tradition, we began to experiment. Scores improved. Competition became keener. A new school of archery came into being.

Striking Gold

"For hundreds of years, archers were taught to stand stiff as statues. The left, or bow hand, was extended full length, rigid as steel. The handle of the bow was gripped firmly in the left fist. The string was drawn back with the first three fingers of the right hand to an anchoring point alongside the jaw. The loose was effected by opening the fingers.

"This may be all right for hunting, or warfare; but it is not the best method for target shooting. Our scores prove it.

"We stand in the same position as before, at right angles to the target, our feet apart, but we are relaxed.

"The left arm is not fully extended and locked as of old. It is bent a little. Hoogerhyde holds his bow loosely. I have no grip on mine at all. When I draw, the handle of the bow rests against the heel of my left thumb; and when I loose my arrow, the bow falls until my hand closes and catches it.

"Instead of anchoring alongside the jaw, we anchor with the right forefinger under the right jawbone so that the string touches the cleft of the chin and the tip of the nose. From fingers to elbow, the right arm should be parallel with the arrow.

"With this anchor we have a check on our draw. It is the same every time. The difference of a hair's breadth in anchoring points makes a difference in the flight of the arrow. That is why the modern method is better than the old one."

An archer does not aim at the target; he finds a point of aim below or above it on a line with the gold.

The point-blank range of a bow is, let us say, eighty yards. If, with the arrow fully drawn—and it always should be fully drawn regardless of the range—one sights the pile (the steel tip) on the gold and hits it at eighty yards, obviously, if one sighted on the gold at sixty yards, the arrow would fly over the target. At a hundred yards it would fly too low.

Made to Measure

It is necessary to take practice shots to find out where to aim. A tournament archer sticks a little white disc in the ground, marking his point of aim. This disc may be twenty yards or more in front of the target at the shorter ranges. He aims at the disc on the ground on a line with the gold, or a little to the right or left if his arrows are affected by a cross-breeze.

Sight with the eye nearest the shooting hand, aiming over the pile of the arrow. If the arrow is the proper length, the pile should rest on the knuckle of the left forefinger.

For years archers were told that an arrow had to be twenty-eight inches long. This was like saying all coat sleeves must be twenty-eight inches long. Nowadays an archer is measured for his tackle. There are approximately 300 bowyers and fletchers in the United States.

Don't walk into a store and take the first bow and set of arrows that suit your fancy. Neither the bow nor the arrows may fit you. Have the dealer measure you for your arrows. They are the most important part of an archer's tackle. The best bow in the world will not do you any good if your arrows are wrong.

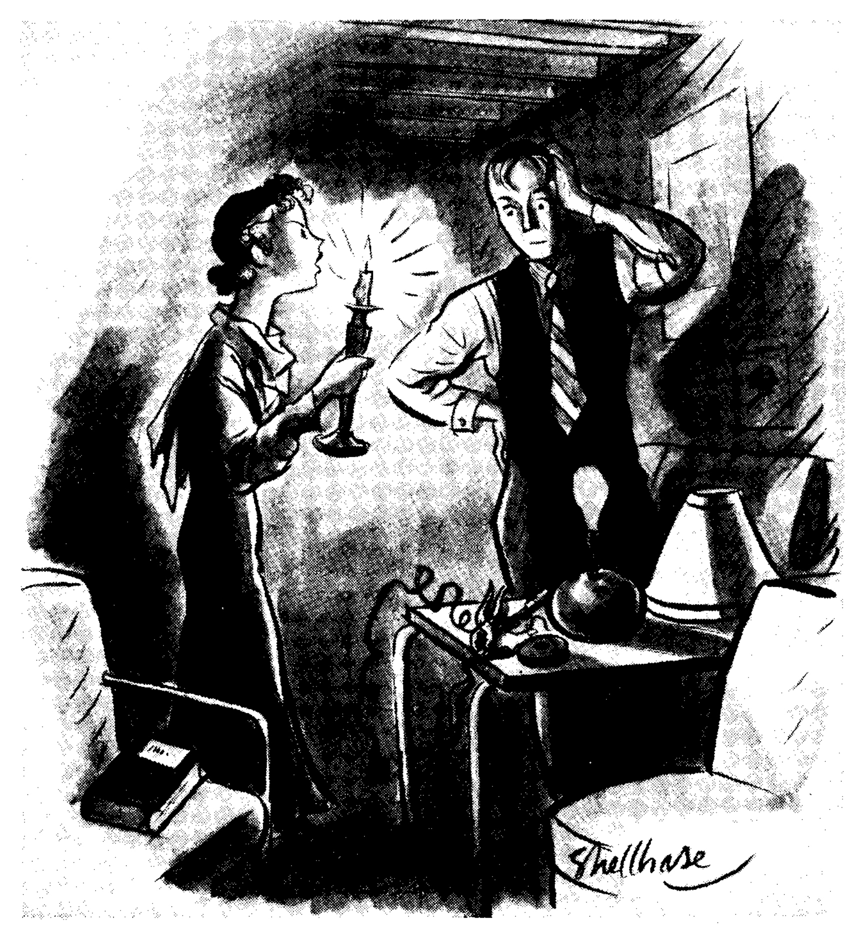
The distance from the point of your chin to a point even with the back of your bow when fully drawn, is the length of arrow you should have.

A twenty-eight-inch arrow requires a six-foot bow. A twenty-six-inch arrow requires a five-and-a-half-foot bow.

In tournaments, each archer shoots six arrows, walks to the target, notes his score, withdraws his arrows from the target, and walks back to the shooting line to shoot again. The shooting of six arrows constitutes an "end." A "perfect end" is placing all six arrows in the gold. It is to archery what a hole-in-one is to golf. Seventy-two American archers have done it. Two men have made two perfect ends in succession. Russ Hoogerhyde is one; George Mudd is the other. The gold is nine and three-fifths inches in diameter.

And, oh, yes . . . Mrs. Mudd, the wife of the fellow who wanted a bow to hang on the wall, grew tired of waiting for him to come home from the target range. She went one evening to watch him shoot and discovered that archery is not fun for a spectator. So she got a bow and arrow of her own and in three years, coached by her husband, won women's championships in a Missouri Valley tournament, a Mid-West tournament, and in the National tournament of 1934.

The Mudds' living-room is cluttered with cups and trophies. On the wall, where the bow might have hung, is a case filled with medals gained with the bow, the same type of bow with which the English bowmen darkened the sky with their shafts at Agincourt and Crécy.



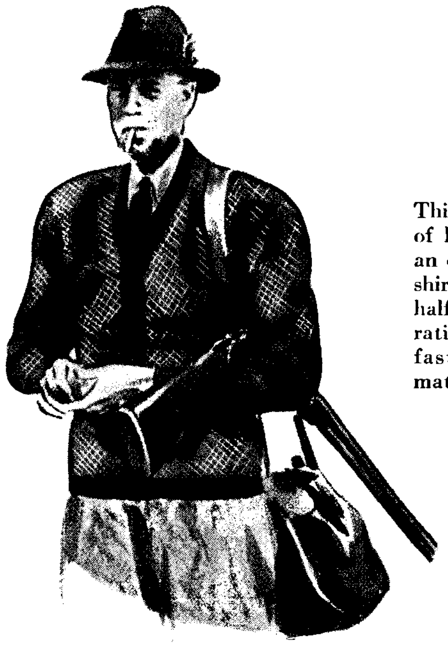
"Always when you rewire a lamp we face this same problem!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

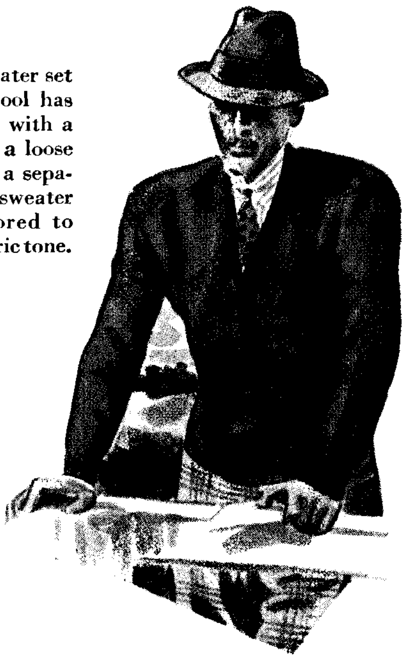
It belongs in Every Man's Wardrobe...

THE KNITTED SPORTS COAT *made practical by the* TALON SLIDE FASTENER

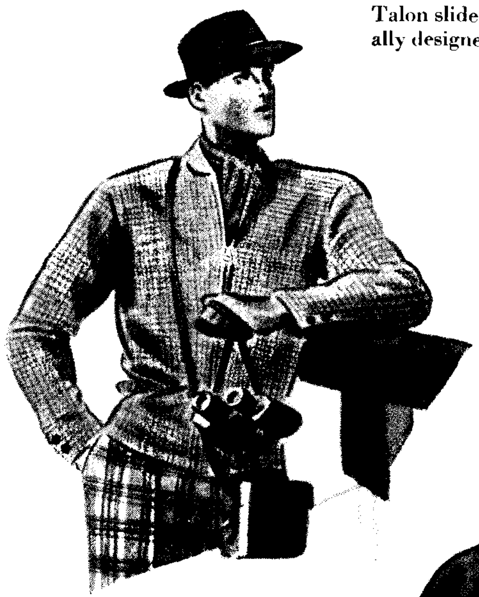
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



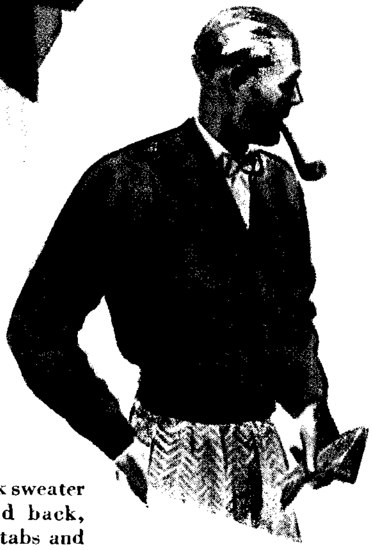
Combining back shirring sewn on elastic (for permanence) and an inverted box pleat, this coat sweater is equipped with a flexible, separating Talon slide fastener specially designed for sweaters.



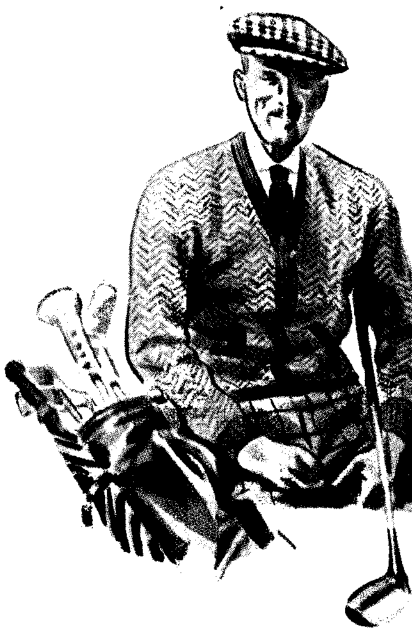
This twin sweater set of brushed wool has an outer coat with a shirred back, a loose half belt, and a separating Talon sweater fastener colored to match the fabric tone.



This coatsweater, made of fine-knit fulled cloth, features the popular window-pane check, a smart pleated back, and the new separating Talon sweater fastener.



Mohair Cossack sweater with a shirred back, slash pockets, tabs and cinch rings for adjustment at the sides, and a small, full-length, Talon sweater fastener.

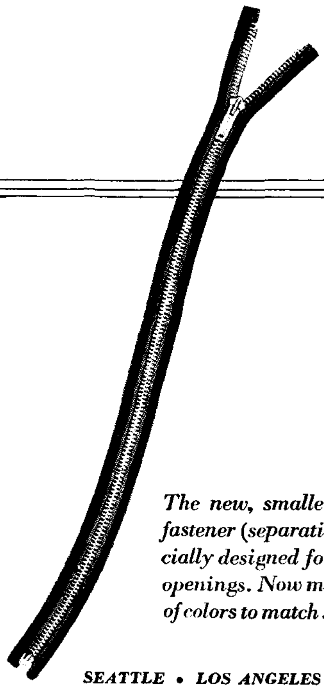


Made of a smart two-tone herringbone in brushed wool, this coat sweater has a plain back, and is closed with one of the new Talon fasteners made in colors to match the wool.

An entirely new kind of sports coat with a variety of smart uses. Knitted like a sweater, finely tailored like a sports coat, these new knitted sports garments have comfortable action backs and smartly tailored fronts.

It's the trim, neat closing the Talon slide fastener makes possible that has inspired designers to create these versatile, attractive sports coats. This tailored seam closing gives you all the trimness of a pull-over type sweater, with the added practicality of a finely made sports coat! A perfect garment for playing the game, a smart sports coat for wear afterward!

The fine style of these Talon-fastened knitted coats is permanent. The Talon fastener, in eliminating buttons, has done away with stretched buttonholes, frayed edges, that detract from appearance. And this light, flexible, separating Talon fastener, made especially for use on sports garments, withstands all wear, is rustless, washes and dry-cleans perfectly.



The new, smaller Talon slide fastener (separating type) especially designed for coat sweater openings. Now made in a range of colors to match sweater yarns.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • LOS ANGELES • PORTLAND

V-8 PERFORMANCE ...V-8 ECONOMY... V-8 RELIABILITY Proved by THIS TRUCK in 92,000 Miles of Hard Service.

[illegible] CHECKE[illegible]

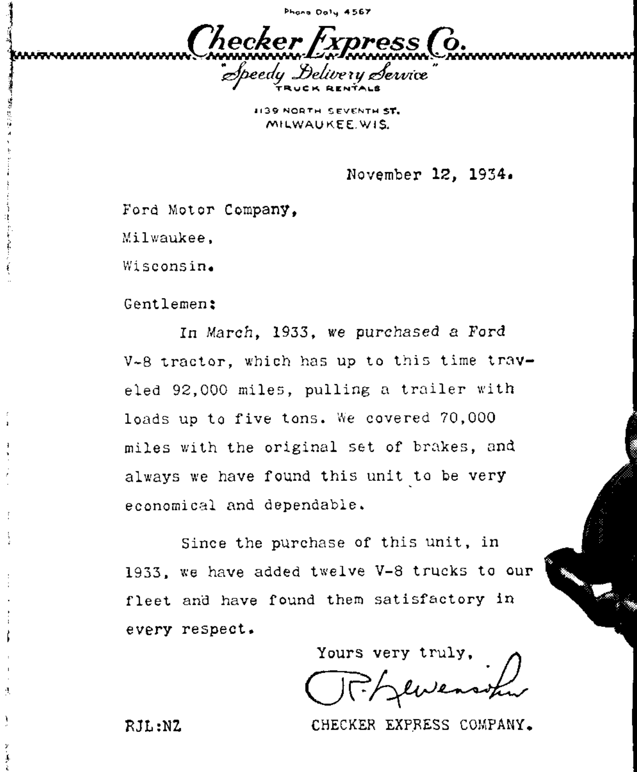
[illegible]OUGHT [illegible]

FORD V-8

TRUCKS AND COMMERCIAL CARS

Checker Express Co.

When a tr[illegible] ding that this company bo[illegible] en driver. [illegible] months hau[illegible] d V-8 Trucks and Com[illegible] mmercial car. [illegible] ... and cove[illegible] se is not exception[illegible] carefully [illegible] set of brakes[illegible] Hundreds of examples [illegible] driver [illegible] vincing proo[illegible] convincing than this [illegible] any and V-[illegible] with the Ford Motor Co[illegible] of the [illegible] Checker E[illegible] not be guided solely [illegible] many [illegible] Wisconsin, [illegible] of others. Your Ford de[illegible] the [illegible] to let you make your [illegible] plan on [illegible] test . . . with your [illegible] that Ford [illegible] your own routes . . . [illegible] Commercial Car [illegible]



Phone Daly 4567

Checker Express Co.

"Speedy Delivery Service"

TRUCK RENTALS

1139 NORTH SEVENTH ST.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

November 12, 1934.

Ford Motor Company,
Milwaukee,
Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:

In March, 1933, we purchased a Ford V-8 tractor, which has up to this time traveled 92,000 miles, pulling a trailer with loads up to five tons. We covered 70,000 miles with the original set of brakes, and always we have found this unit to be very economical and dependable.

Since the purchase of this unit, in 1933, we have added twelve V-8 trucks to our fleet and have found them satisfactory in every respect.

Yours very truly,

RJL:NZ

CHECKER EXPRESS COMPANY.

Checker Express Co
PARCEL DELIVERY AND TRUCK RENTAL
52

Deepwater Island

Continued from page 9

the perfect serenity of Karen's poise as she turned a little, and coolly met his eye.

She was much more interesting to look at from across a table, he decided, than from across a number of them. Yet he had noticed her in the first moment in which he had stepped upon the lanai. That, of course, was the reason he knew who she was. He had landed but a few hours before, and had no more than shaken hands with his brothers; there were no means by which he could have identified Karen Waterson if he had not noticed her and been interested of his own accord.

FROM the shadows of his obscure table at the edge of the lanai he had watched her for some time for no other reason than that it gave him pleasure to look at her. Karen Waterson had a clean, delicately-cut profile, and a pale, translucent-looking skin such as was hardly ever seen here in the islands. Her gardenia-like coloring was set off by the dark sweep of her hair and by black lashes; but even at that distance he knew her eyes were blue. He did not, of course, recognize John Colt; but he knew the one-eyed Captain Ramey, and wondered why this chiseling little sea tramp should be sitting at the same table with such a girl.

After a little while he had signaled a table captain and asked who the girl was—and had obtained a correct answer.

Knowing who she was, it was odd to be sitting at the same table with her now. This was the girl who had come from the mainland to lay claim to the island of Alakoa, the little island stronghold in the sea which no one but a Wayne had held for more than two decades. This was the girl whose trumped-up claims had thrown his brothers into a panic, and deeply alarmed old James Wayne himself. She was even the reason that Tonga Dick was here, pulled northward at an inopportune time across a thousand miles of sea.

It seemed to him that Karen Waterson did not look the part. He couldn't understand how anyone with a face like that, and eyes like that, could get herself hooked up with a shenanigan that differed from a common swindle only in the boldness of its scope. Yet as she met his gaze he saw that her eyes contained something cool and self-sufficient, standing off intimacy. He was moved to a certain respect as he thought of what quality of brass nerve must be built into this girl.

"If I hadn't wanted you here," she said, "you'd hardly be here, would you?"

"And so?"

"So nothing. I wanted you to come and sit here because I think you look romantic. And I think you might introduce yourself, now."

That last suggestion amazed him; for some reason he had assumed that she knew who he was. For a moment he was tempted to conceal from her the fact that he was one of the Waynes from whom she was trying to seize Alakoa. He discarded this notion, however.

"My name is Richard Wayne," he said. "I belong here in the islands. More specifically, I am connected with a small, privately-owned island called Alakoa."

He watched for her reaction, and was fooled again; for no reaction came.

"That certainly is very interesting," Karen Waterson said. "I wish I were an islander."

Dick Wayne stared at her, asking himself what this was. For a moment he wondered if the table captain could have been mistaken as to the identity of this girl. Then, watching her narrowly, he detected the faintest possible tremor in the fingers that raised her cigarette, and recognized that she was acting. He grinned to himself, truly delighted, and went on with the game.

"PERHAPS," he suggested, "you would like to tell me who you are."

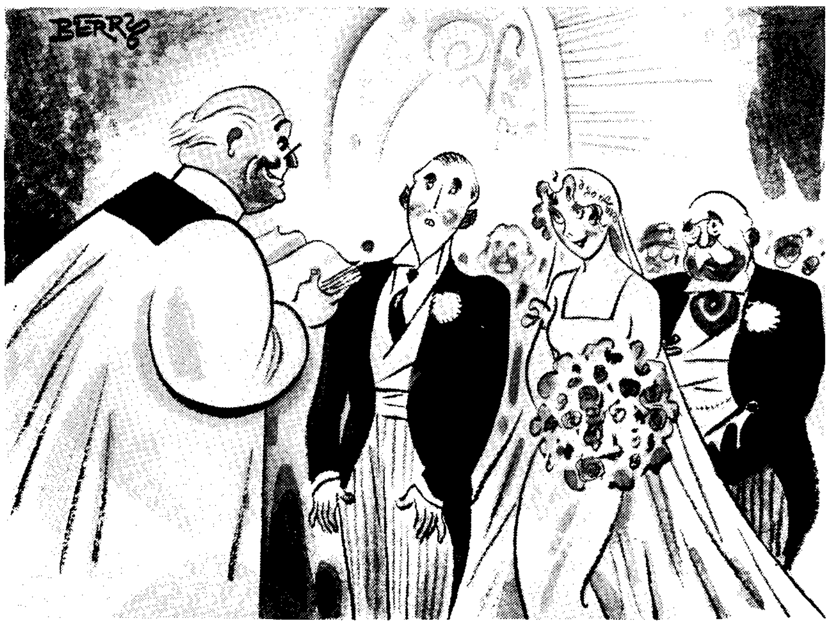
"My name," Karen improvised, "is Katie Higgins-Something—a white girl from about four miles south of Dubuque. I teach school someplace, and I think I would like to get in the movies."

"I should have said," Dick commented, "that you were from San Francisco. They raise very good-looking girls in San Francisco."

"It must be a wonderful thing to own your own island," Karen said. "Are many islands privately owned?"

"Only a few, in this part of the Pacific. Niihau is privately owned, and so is Lanai, which is the sixth largest in the group; and the Waynes have had Alakoa for about twenty years."

(Continued on page 48)



"Do you promise—Boy, this part kills me!—to love, honor and obey?"

MIKE BERRY

DESSERT AND BUFFET SERVER
ACTUAL SIZE 8¼ INCHES LONG
ANNOUNCING
Guest-of-Honor
ANOTHER OUTSTANDING PATTERN IN
Sterling Inlaid

To introduce Guest-of-Honor, the distinguished new pattern in *Holmes & Edwards Inlaid*, our Authorized Dealers are offering this beautiful Dessert and Buffet Server (retail value $2.25) for only 69c. The supply is limited, so visit your Authorized Dealer today (you can get his name by calling Western Union).

You will be interested, too, in the Quantity Purchase Plan. This enables you now to obtain a twenty-six piece or larger set in any Holmes & Edwards Inlaid pattern for considerably less than the open stock price you would pay for the separate pieces.

And remember, the most used pieces of Holmes & Edwards Inlaid have blocks of Sterling Silver at the two points of wear.

* IS Quality mark of International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

It's Sterling Inlaid, but costs no more than you would expect to pay for "Something More Than Plate"

HOLMES & EDWARDS INLAID*

© 1935, I. S. Co. *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"My life insurance is my greatest safeguard against worry ... that is why I bought it carefully"

POWEL CROSLEY, Jr.

President, The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio

MEN who buy life insurance with the long view, who want not only protection but a plan that squares perfectly with the other dispositions of their estate, will find Mr. Crosley's reasons for selecting The Mutual Benefit well worth reading.

Here's the way he sums them up:

"The Mutual Benefit has brought me the assurance of a long history of steady growth. But what I particularly like is its attitude toward the policyholders and its financial conservatism."

And further: "Its management and investment principles are basic and far-sighted. No company has a record of fairer treatment in the handling of claims."

Facts speak for themselves. And there are other points that Mr. Crosley did not mention—

No insurance law passed to safeguard the public ever necessitated a change in The Mutual Benefit's policies or procedure.

The Mutual Benefit has paid a cash dividend for every one of its 90 years of existence—

And was the first life insurance company to establish the Principle of Retroaction, which means making new benefits apply to all existing policies so far as possible.

Can *you* afford not to know about The Mutual Benefit?

"Paid-up" Education

Will some unexpected calamity deprive your children of a good education? Set your mind at rest. A Mutual Benefit educational insurance policy will be literally "Paid-up" education for your children when perhaps they may be without other funds.

Write for a copy of **"Doors of Tomorrow"**—a timely booklet however young your children now may be.

The MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
302 BROADWAY, NEWARK, N. J.
1845 • LIBERAL CONTRACTS FOR NINETY YEARS • 1935

(Continued from page 47)

"How many Waynes are there?"

Richard Wayne said to himself, "You know cockeyed well, young lady, how many Waynes there are." But aloud he said, "Four. My uncle, who is really the owner, my two brothers and myself."

"It's like owning a little empire of your own, isn't it? I can't think of anything nicer than that."

"A good many people seem to feel that way," Dick said. "That's what makes an island so hard to hold on to."

"You have trouble holding on to it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Just now, for example, there is an insufferable little snip of a girl trying to get her claws into Alakoa by due legal process."

"Interesting," Karen encouraged him. "And just how does she expect to do that?"

"The Waynes bought Alakoa from her grandfather. Now the girl wishes to prove that the sale was illegal, because, she says, her grandfather was a congenital idiot. She says it runs in the family, and she can prove it."

Karen studied him for a moment with veiled suspicion, but Tonga Dick's face was innocent. "What a remarkable person," Karen said. "What's she like?"

"Well—of course, I only arrived in Honolulu today, and I haven't been presented to her. But I've heard her described." Dick considered for a moment, his eyes averted. "A little more than five feet four inches tall, and weighs about one hundred twenty pounds," he recited. "Talks through her nose. Has extremely queer associates. Wears awful clothes. Likes to make herself conspicuous. Goes around picking up strange men, and things like that. Altogether a pretty terrible mess."

"This is very interesting," said Karen. "But are you sure you are being fair to—to this girl?"

"Well—as I told you, I have had no chance to get acquainted with her."

"Maybe you'll have a chance later."

"I'd rather like to, you know," Dick admitted. "I'd like to find out what makes her tick. But I would hardly know how to go about it."

"Just a simple island boy," Karen smiled.

"WELL, the circumstances are a little awkward. I can't just go up to her and say, 'I understand you are the little twerp who is trying to get my island away from me, and what are you doing this evening after the store closes?' Or can I?"

"I think that would be very graceful," Karen said. "Why don't you take her to dinner, and get her all excited by buying her some shark's-fin soup? Or—I know! Aren't you the Mr. Wayne that goes tearing around the ocean in a big yacht?"

"It's just an old trading schooner."

"Well, invite her for a sail on your boat. Show her selected views of the coast line. Show her this island she's after—what did you say the name of it was? Alakoa?"

They grinned at each other; and either one of them would have given a good deal to know what the other was thinking then.

"It's a rotten plan," Dick criticized. "What's the use of wasting the whole program on a chiseling little frump? No! I'll take *you* sailing, instead."

"Me? Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't—"

"Show you selected views of the coast line," he urged her. "Feed you shark's-fin soup. Show you Alakoa, lovely in the distance, sticking up out of the turquoise sea like—like a sore thumb."

"Well, now, really—"

"What's the matter with tomorrow, for example?"

For the life of her, Karen could not decide whether she dared. She was scarcely able to believe that he did not know who she was; and yet, if he did not—

On the steps that led to the lanai John Colt was hovering, looking worried and uncertain. She could see that he would join them in another minute, unless something was done. She snapped open her purse, found a quarter, and without looking at it flattened it between her palms. "If it's heads," she told herself, "I'll take a chance."

"Tomorrow morning," Richard Wayne prompted her again, "at something like nine?"

Karen looked at the quarter. It was heads. "Something more like ten," she answered.

"Great! You registered here?"

"Yes."

"I'll pick you up." He rose, but hesitated beside his chair. "And whom shall I ask for?"

"What?" Karen said in a panic.

"The name, please?"

She crinkled her nose at him. "You wouldn't be able to pronounce it. It's a funny Russian name. I'll be waiting for you in the lounge—you'll know me, because I'll be wearing a potted geranium."

"You won't fail me?"

"I'll be there."

IT WAS nearly midnight when Richard Wayne called upon his brothers. They had been expecting him earlier in the evening, and only an objectionable message he had sent them by phone had kept them waiting for him at an hour strictly outside of their habits.

The Wayne house in Honolulu was old and weathered, built in the early rambling style; vast screened porches, always spoken of as lanais, made up nearly half of the living space. Richard's two brothers, Ernest Wayne and Willard Wayne, sat in a large room which in spite of its prim order showed the wear of the humid years. The whole thing might have been transplanted from New England; and obviously nothing had been changed for a long time.

The two brothers who here awaited Richard Wayne seemed to have been bred and raised by the New England furniture. Both were older than Richard, and when he looked at them he was sometimes happy to remember that they were only his half brothers, after all.

"It does seem to me, Dick," Ernest Wayne said fretfully, "that you would show a little interest in what is happening here." Ernest, tall and thin, did not look entirely well; he wore gold-rimmed glasses, which did not seem to be strong enough for his purpose, and when kept up late he developed a peaked look. "I don't suppose," he complained, "that you realize you've kept us waiting here almost four hours. We held dinner for you a full thirty-five minutes."

Dick sighed and sat down. "If I weren't interested I wouldn't be in Honolulu at all," he said. "Now, please try not to get all excited, will you?"

Willard Wayne folded his hands across his stomach; he looked grave—even beset. Willard, oldest of the three, was thick-set and dumpy of figure, beginning to run to paunchiness. His cheeks were smooth and firmly padded, and his mild eyes were by nature amiable and unobserving.

"You don't realize the seriousness of the situation, Dick," he said heavily, without heat. "This thing is critical in the extreme—perhaps even desperate. Uncle Jim can't seem to understand that he is not invulnerable."

"You think he'll lose his shirt?"

His two brothers stared at him. "It's unbelievable," Willard said at last. "You sit there and ask if we will lose the case much as you might ask if it

(Continued on page 50)

8000 EXTRA MILES *on* SINCLAIR LUBRICANT

CITY BABIES, demanding more and fresher milk, have caused the building of faster milk trucks with new high speed axles. By using Sinclair gear lubricant for this axle, truck operators raised their gear lubricant mileage to 10,000 miles. The top mileage, previously, was 2,000 miles.

GOOD for your eyelashes—bad for your automobile engine. Petroleum jelly, a natural ingredient of petroleum, is removed from Sinclair Motor Oils by chilling the oil down as low as 60° F. below zero. Dejellied motor oils do not thin out in heat or thicken in cold.

LUMBER carrier, made at Benton Harbor, Mich. The manufacturer is one of hundreds of equipment builders who approve Sinclair lubrication for their equipment.

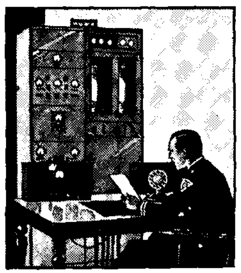
ONE GALLON of Sinclair H-C Gasoline could lift a 40-ton Brontosaurus ¼ mile. In recent road tests when tried out against 6 other well-known regular gasolines, Sinclair H-C gave from 10% to 27% more power for acceleration.

BLOWER TURBINES which were machined and tested on Sinclair oil. These turbines are ready for shipment to U. S. Navy which has just awarded Sinclair major part of Navy Oil Contract for the fifth successive year.

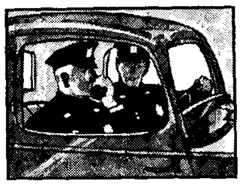
INSTALLING 900 H.P. Winton Diesel engine in a Union Pacific streamlined train. All U.P. trains operating East of Ogden, Utah, use Sinclair lubricants and Diesel fuel.

What a public enemy said in private

"I haven't gotten away with a job since the cops got RADIO!"



Headquarters puts the alarm on the air..



Patrols pick it up, acknowledge orders, report progress.

High praise from the underworld!—and one reason why *your* home town, too, should have the added protection of Police Radio.

In 60 states, counties and cities, Western Electric radio apparatus is speeding up the work of police—reducing the number of crimes—increasing the percentage of criminals caught. Headquarters can talk instantly to radio patrol cars. And with new 2-way ultra-high frequency equipment, patrol cars can talk back.

Urge your local authorities to put Western Electric Radio on the force. Backed by over 50 years of Bell Telephone making, it can be counted on to do its duty.

Western Electric

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC—DISTRIBUTORS

LEADERS IN SOUND-TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

Deepwater Island

Continued from page 48

were going to rain. The island of Alakoa has been a family possession for more than twenty years; everything we have in the world is tied up in it. Uncle Jim has given the best of his life to building it into what it is today. And now that we stand to lose it, you sit there just as nonchalant as—as—"

"As a hog on ice," Dick suggested.

He rested his head upon the back of his chair and half closed his eyes.

"As I understand it from your letters," he said, "the complaint is that when our mutual father bought the island of Alakoa from Garrett Waterson he practically cheated the old boy out of his eyeteeth—is that the story?"

"Father was an industrious and intelligent man," Ernest Wayne said with annoyance.

"Do you *know* anything much about the original swindle?" he asked them.

"I OBJECT to your tone," Willard Wayne said; and Dick was astonished by the vigor of his brother's resentment. "Garrett Waterson was a disreputable old pirate. He was a waster and a speculator of the worst sort. If Father saw values in Alakoa that Waterson did not, that certainly was Waterson's lookout. But now comes this girl, this grasping, piratical little adventuress, intent on seizing not only the whole of Alakoa, but all the development which has cost Uncle Jim the best years of his life, and—"

The quickened interest of Tonga Dick was probably not visible to his brothers. But he was thinking now of the girl with whom he had talked upon the Royal Hawaiian lanai—her clear, direct eyes, and the pale, steady composure that contradicted her appearance of frailness, of extreme youth.

"Have you checked the identity of this girl?" he asked.

"She's Garrett Waterson's granddaughter, all right," Willard admitted. "Naturally we hoped to disprove her identity. It now seems that we cannot. Garrett Waterson's son married a San Francisco girl. The girl's whole family disapproved and resented the old reprobate—who didn't?—so that Garrett Waterson was estranged from his son. This granddaughter, this Karen Waterson, was born in San Francisco in June, 1912—that is to say, shortly before the disappearance of Garrett Waterson himself. Probably Garrett Waterson never knew he had a granddaughter at all, but here she is. It seems she was orphaned and brought up in San Francisco by some aunts."

"Well brought up?"

"The family has no distinction whatever. The girl has been working as a stenographer. Her relationship to the island of Alakoa probably would never have occurred to her as offering any possibilities, if it had not been for this John Colt."

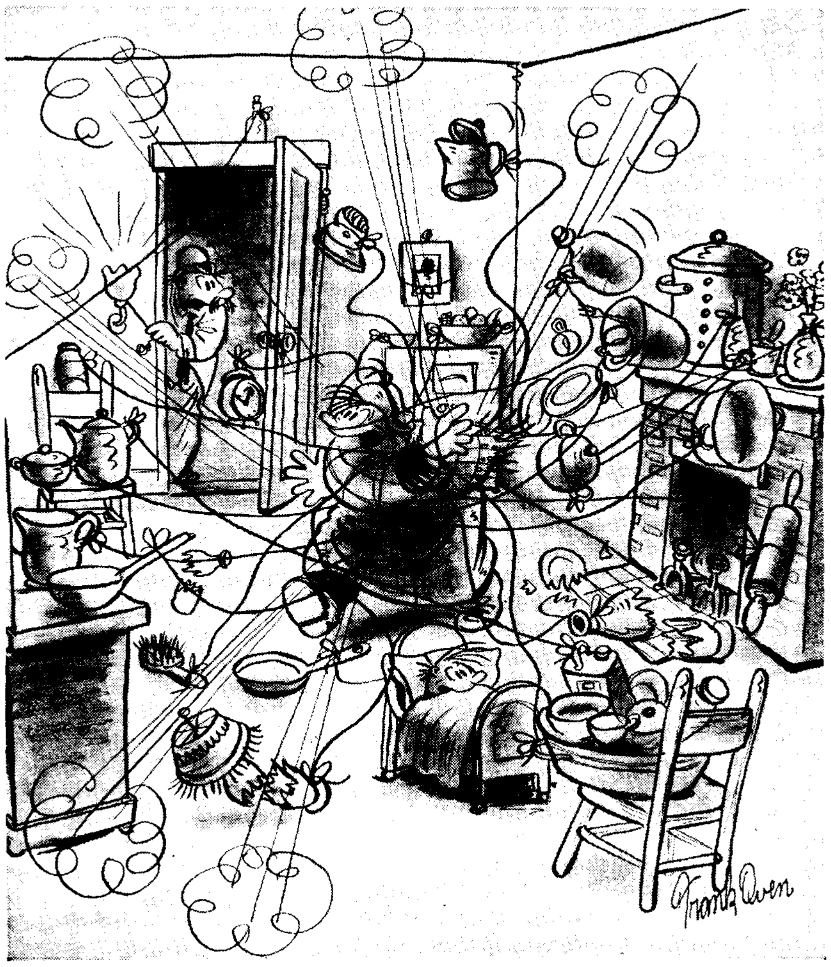
"And who is this John Colt?"

"John Colt is thirty-six years old and was born in New York. He is one of the predatory speculators who came to light in the boom days of the late twenties. He acquired a considerable fortune through water developments in California. In 1932 his stock-juggling activities were investigated, but without success."

"You mean he's not in jail?"

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Now that Papa's got the light on, you want to know what Mamma thinks of your new burglar alarm?"

"No charges were brought. Needless to say, he has now lost most of his fortune; and it is entirely possible that everything he has left is tied up in Karen Waterson's project to seize Alakoa. Undoubtedly, if the girl succeeds, a large portion of the loot will go to Colt himself. It is pretty plain that Colt is the brains of the whole fraud—probably the originator, certainly the developer."

"You seem to have snooped around to very good effect," Tonga Dick complimented them.

"Ernest has been in charge of the checking up."

Dick considered that he might have guessed this; he had a lifelong experience with Ernest's fussy thoroughness.

"And now," Willard concluded, "Karen Waterson, through her attorneys, and undoubtedly acting on the advice and direction of John Colt, is bringing suit, on the complaint that her grandfather's sale of Alakoa was illegal—that Garrett Waterson, at the time of the sale, was mentally incompetent. That shows you the girl's unscrupulous type—she is willing to discredit her own grandfather—prove him to have been virtually insane—to gain advantage for herself."

"SAME old story," Tonga Dick murmured. "But not so easy, in the case of Garrett Waterson, I should think."

Willard Wayne exploded. "I tell you it *is* easy! Unless we find a way out, it is most certainly going to be done! This is what comes of dealing with irresponsibles of Garrett Waterson's type. Evidence can be brought in to show that Garrett Waterson was not only totally irresponsible, but eccentric in the extreme. I myself am convinced he was more or less deranged. Let me remind you that we've had hundreds of such cases in the islands—mostly successful!"

"I always heard," Tonga Dick said, "that Garrett Waterson was a great old boy—quite a character."

"Character be damned," Willard fumed. "He had no character at all. He was an outrageous old brawler, always at the center of every disturbance of any kind. He was always doing incredible, outlandish things. He supported a crew of thirty native paddlers, and he sailed from Oahu to Molokai in an outrigger canoe. He gave a huge *luau* over on the Kona coast, at a cost of more than five thousand dollars, and he imported fifty peacocks from Japan. He bet a three-masted schooner on a horse race, and won a perfectly worthless village of huts somewhere in Maui. Even the manner of his death was spectacular and pointless—he just set sail for the open sea and was never seen or heard of again."

"And he sold Alakoa for fifteen thousand dollars," Tonga Dick commented. "What's it worth today? Three million?"

"Ridiculous," Ernest snapped. "The assets, as we carry them on the books—"

"Maybe," Dick said, "after all, Garrett Waterson *was* a little bit fuzzy at the edges when he did that!"

"Right there," Willard said morosely, "is the whole point. If they can show that Garrett Waterson was incompetent, it follows that his granddaughter was left destitute by this single incompetent act."

"All his acts were incompetent," Ernest wailed.

"To prove that, only makes things worse. I tell you, if something isn't done, we're utterly ruined. The suit demands not only restitution of the entire island to Karen Waterson, but interest, or rental, for the last twenty years, amounting to more than a million dollars. Dick, I tell you, I think she can make it stick!"

"What do your attorneys say?"

"Gravely worried," said Willard. "They repeatedly urge that Uncle Jim make an effort to settle out of court. This, Uncle Jim absolutely refuses to consider; he won't hear of any form of compromise at all. So long as he takes that attitude it is impossible for us or for our attorneys to talk to either Karen Waterson or John Colt at all. Colt evidently has great faith in her case; he meets every sort of overture with what amounts to silence. And, by God, I'm afraid he knows what he's doing!"

Tonga Dick considered, and presently allowed himself a slow grin. "You know, it's just possible that the girl really has you!"

Ernest flared up. "You have just as much interest in Alakoa as we have—or ought to have!"

"Oh, I'll get along all right," Tonga Dick said. "Still, I guess it's a good thing I came back."

Ernest reddened. "I suppose you're going to straighten everything out!"

In spite of himself, Dick was momentarily sorry for his brothers. It was gradually being brought home to him that they were viewing their possible ruin with a frantic and paralyzing fear.

"I guess," Dick said speculatively, "I'd better have a talk with this Waterson girl."

"Ridiculous!"

"Can't see how it can hurt anything."

"She won't talk to you," Willard said shortly. "She won't do anything at all without consulting John Colt."

"Oh, yes, she will. Tomorrow, I'm going to take her on a cruise up the coast—sight-seeing, you know."

"She won't even see you," Willard said again.

"She already has. I talked with her nearly an hour tonight."

"You *what?*"

"I said, I've been talking to her all night. Can't you understand plain—"

"Did she know who you were?"

"Naturally. Do you think she's a dummy?"

"And, knowing who she was, you spent the evening with this—with this—"

"I might say," Tonga Dick explained, "that the girl did not seem to realize that I identified her. After all, I only made port today. Evidently she assumes that I haven't had time to get my bearings. Quite obviously there is still something that she and Colt want to find out. That's why she was taking up my time tonight. That's also why she will sail with me tomorrow."

HIS two brothers stared at him for a little while in inarticulate outrage.

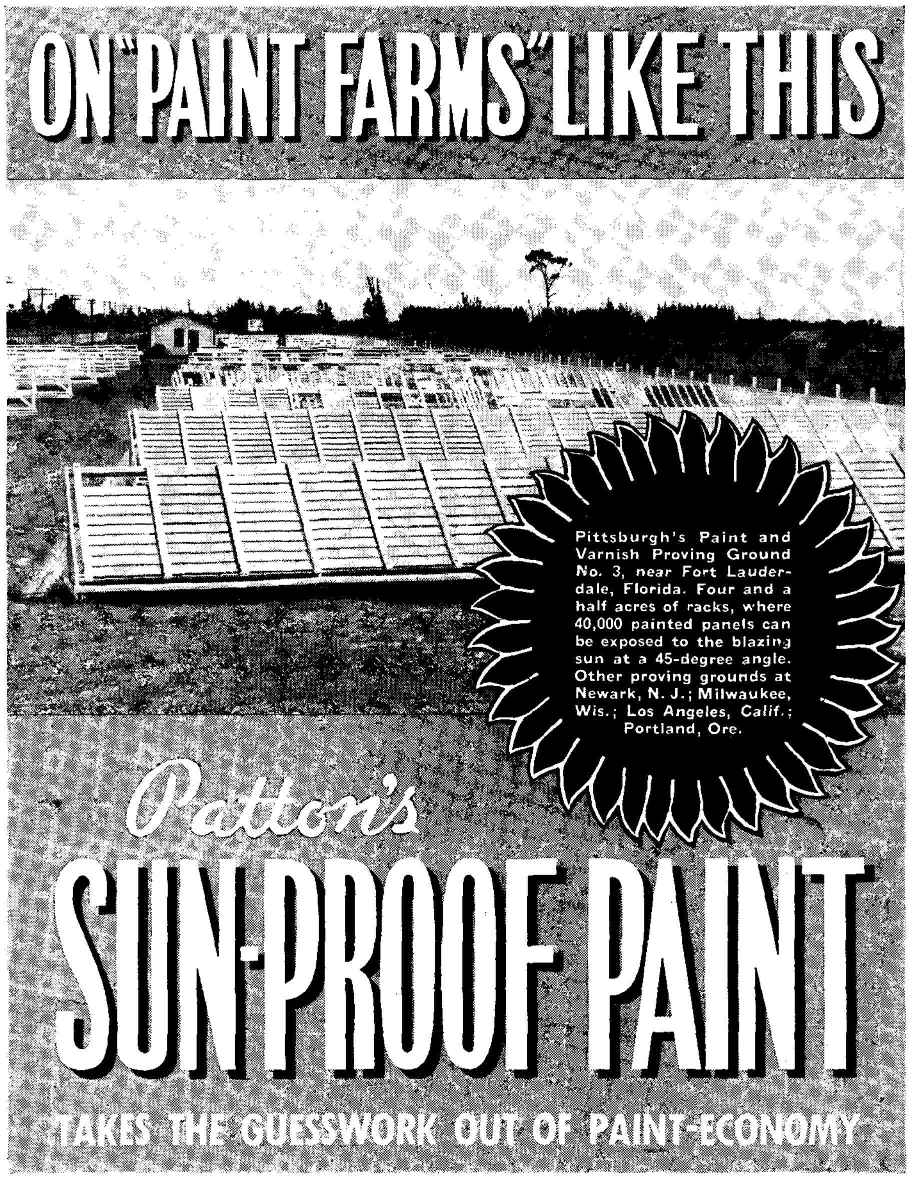
"I absolutely forbid it," Willard got out at last.

"And so do I," Ernest echoed. "Any parley that is made with that adventuress will be in full consultation with us and our attorneys. I absolutely forbid you to see this girl again without the full concordance of—"

"Go ahead and forbid," Tonga Dick encouraged him. "After all, there isn't a thing in the world you can do."

As he left them he was more than ever thinking of them as pathetic and useless men. He had reasons of his own for caring less about the fate of Alakoa than they, and this made their helpless panic exasperating. The breach between Dick and his brothers was widening; it soon would be complete. Whatever he was going to do toward saving Alakoa for the Waynes—and he believed he could save it, if he wanted to enough—he was resigned to attempting alone.

(To be continued next week)



ON "PAINT FARMS" LIKE THIS

Pittsburgh's Paint and Varnish Proving Ground No. 3, near Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Four and a half acres of racks, where 40,000 painted panels can be exposed to the blazing sun at a 45-degree angle. Other proving grounds at Newark, N. J.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Portland, Ore.

Patton's SUN-PROOF PAINT

TAKES THE GUESSWORK OUT OF PAINT ECONOMY

ON Paint Farms like this, the makers of Sun-Proof Paint have been exposing thousands of painted panels to the most destructive weather conditions to be found. It has been a fascinating battle between Sun-Proof Paint and desert heat, dryness, salt air, industrial gases, heavy moisture, sub-zero winters.

Weekly microscopic examinations of these panels have been pouring into our central laboratories furnishing confirming proof that Sun-Proof Paint withstands the ravages of the elements.

What does all this mean to you in dollars and cents? Simply this: When you paint your home, the cost of the paint is the smallest item. Sun-Proof covers about 25% more surface, lasts one to three years longer than poor paints. Therefore, the paint that eliminates the need for repainting for the longest period of time is the cheapest paint to use. Why pursue a will-o'-the-wisp saving that turns out to be false economy when you spread the total cost over the life of the paint?

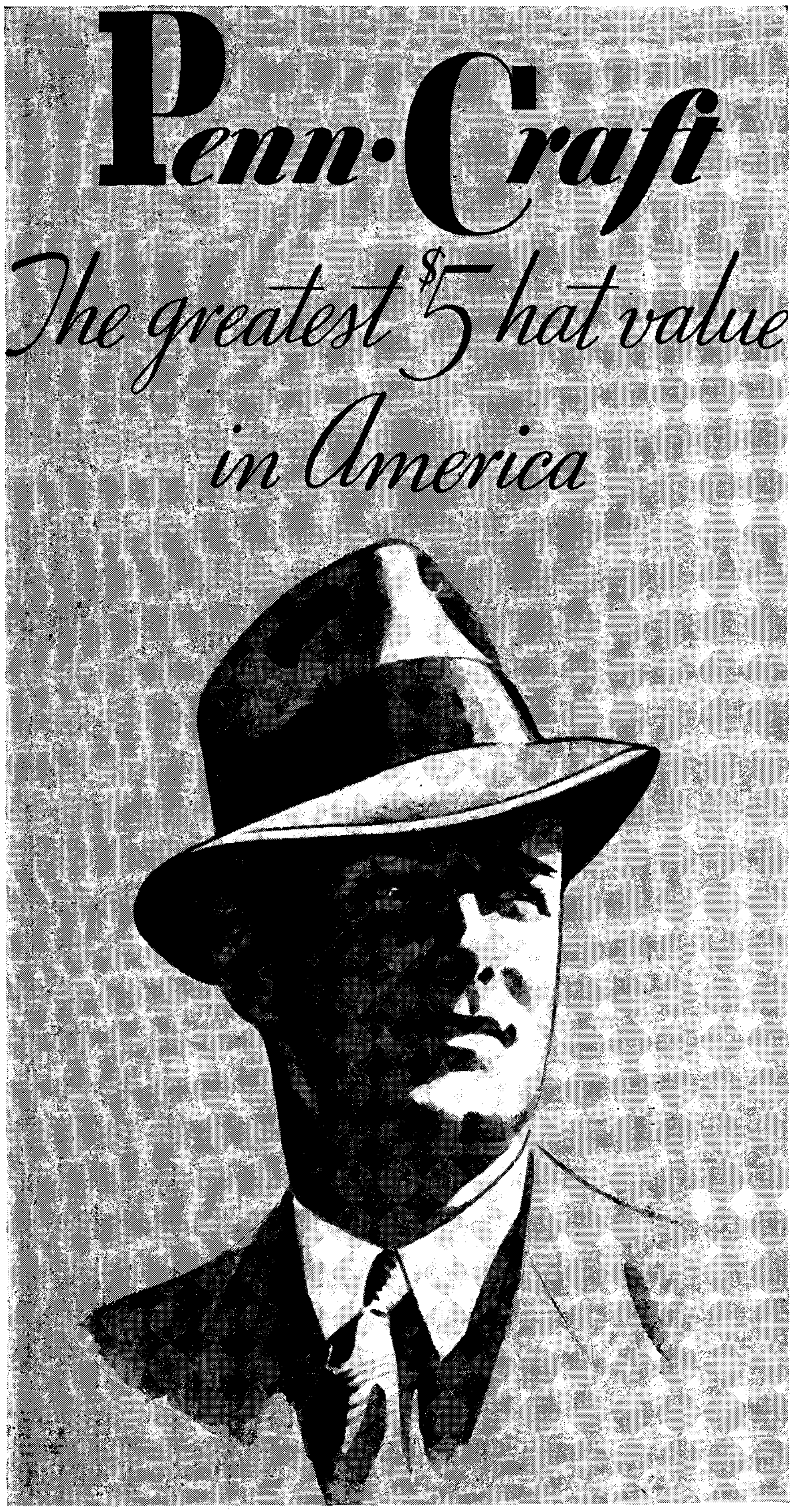
Specify Sun-Proof, and cash in on the elimination of guesswork that Pittsburgh's great resources have made possible. You'll find your nearest Pittsburgh Paint dealer listed under "Paints" in your Classified Telephone Directory. He'll recommend a competent painter.

PITTSBURGH
PLATE GLASS COMPANY
Paint Division
PITTSBURGH, PA.

PITTSBURGH PAINT PRODUCTS

include Cementhide for waterproofing and beautifying stucco, concrete, brick. Also the Famous Four One-Day Paints: Wallhide, the vitolized oil paint, for walls and ceilings; Waterspar Quick-Drying Varnishes and Enamel for floors, woodwork, and furniture; and Florhide Enamel for painted floors.

PITTSBURGH
Paint Products
PATTON'S
SUN-PROOF
PAINT
51 OUTSIDE WHITE
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.


Penn·Craft
The greatest $5 hat value in America

BECAUSE of their fine styling and their unusual quality young men all over the country are buying Penn-Craft Hats. Their wide-spread popularity is more than a matter of price—their excellent workmanship and superb design are unequaled.

PENN-CRAFT HATS FOR FALL ARE PRICED AT $5

PENN-CRAFT HAT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA A DIVISION OF JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY

The better stores everywhere featuring Stetson Hats are now displaying these new Penn-Craft Hats. Stetson Hats for Fall are priced at $6.50 (unlined $6), $8, $10 and up to $40. The Playboy and the Bantam (air-light Stetsons) are $5.

Open Net

Continued from page 13

of the day bed. She had met Benson at the night club. He owned two or three summer hotels in the mountains. She must have said something about a job because Benson told her he could use a clerk. Parish flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"What I want to do," he said precisely, "is make a big killing, clean up. Then I can buy in on a paying proposition. Maybe a garage or a poolroom or something. I'm not the kind who can work on a salary and save case dough." He shook his blond head. "It can't be done."

HE LEFT an hour later and went back to his furnished room. It was in a boarding house near Sixth Avenue, in the Fifties. The elevated pounded past his window. Racing papers covering the past performance charts from Hialeah and Tropical Park to Havre de Grace were piled in one corner. He washed, changed his suit, counted his money, went out. An idea born in Del's living-room revolved in his mind like a squirrel in a cage. Case dough. Important jack. Money to take a red-headed girl places. Cash to fulfill winter dreams. His lips tightened. He decided to find "Kick" Murray.

He looked in at Walt Selvy's place. He stopped off at the Ocean Grill. The stage-door man at the Fine Arts told him Murray hadn't shown up. The other was a Broadway sharpshooter who was chasing around with one of the ponies in the revue at the theater.

"Try Maxie's, Blondie," he was advised.

He found Murray eating in one of the leather-lined compartments there. He was a small, sallow dapper man.

Murray pulled the table back.

"Hello, Cliff. Park it."

Parish sat down.

"I've been checking on you."

"For why?"

"Where can I get in touch with Joe Bermuda?"

Murray reached for a ketchup bottle.

"You can probably find him up at his flat. Anything doing?"

"I want to see him tonight—on business."

"The reason I asked," Murray continued, "is because that wop's due to crash any time now. He thinks he can get away with murder. He's been going good, but his luck won't always hold. You wait and see."

He gave Parish an address.

"Thanks. Know something?"

"It's a hunch."

Parish took a taxi beyond Seventy-second Street. He alighted in front of a towering apartment building. A uniformed attendant stood guard at a bronze grille door. Others were in the foyer. The name Parish had written down was not Bermuda. He gave it to one of the hall men.

"Mr. Chesterfield."

"You'll have to be announced. Who's calling?"

The man came back from the house switchboard in a minute. "You can go right up, sir. Fifteen A."

Bermuda opened the door. He took Parish into a softly lighted room where a radio was playing symphonic music. There were etchings on the walls, a sullen Oriental carpet underfoot. The furniture was modernistic, severely plain.

"Who gave you this address?"

"Murray."

Bermuda's expression changed. He waved Parish into a chair.

"What's on your mind?"

"This afternoon you told me to look you up if I ever decided to work for you. You can write me in."

Bermuda shook hands with him.

"That's the talk. I knew you'd be smart. Sit down." . . .

He saw Del Carruth twice that week. On Thursday he ran into Margot, the girl who shared Del's dime-sized apartment. He was waiting on the Plaza for a nudge from one of Bermuda's salesmen when she crossed the street. Her full name was Margot Manning. She was a brunette, light-hearted, gay. Her schoolgirl face was as characterless as spring water. She was pretty in an empty, vapid way.

"Cliffie, where have you been hiding out?"

She twisted her fingers in his.

"Every time I stop around you're absent."

"I've just come from Radio City. Another audition. I've got so I see microphones in my dreams." She looked him over with bright, inquiring eyes. "What's the matter with you and Del?"

"What do you think?"

"I'm asking. She's giving Ray all the play. She's going out with him again tonight. That's three in a row. Once I thought your number was up."

"You're nutsy as hell," Parish informed her. "I never had a chance with her."

"That's what you think. Have it your way. But I will tell you this. The longer you keep away the harder it'll be to come back."

His hand tightened on her arm.

"What are you doing—giving me a thrill?"

"Stop, you're hurting me! What's the idea of being brutal? That's all I'm going to tell you."

A man drifted past. Parish caught his significant glance.

"Come clean, Margot. Be a nice little girl. Come on, tell me everything."

She laughed at his wheedling tone.

"Me—tell *you* anything—covered with black-and-blue bruises? Here comes a bus. I've got to lam. Come down and see us sometime. Such a pleasure—"

SHE lost herself in the eddy of the crowd. Steve, one of Bermuda's lieutenants, sidled up to Parish.

"How'ya, boy?"

"Good enough."

Steve lowered his voice:

"The boss wants you up at his flat at ten tonight, sharp. Get it?—ten sharp."

"What else?"

"See Dunnigan at Maxie's. He's got three lists for you to okay. And a letter. That's all."

"Right."

It was comparatively early. Parish turned and walked toward Columbus Circle. In a drugstore booth he telephoned Del. The wire buzzed but there was no answer. Sometimes, when she didn't want to be disturbed, she wedged cardboard in under the hammers of the phone bell. He went out and made his way down Eighth Avenue to her apartment.

The vestibule bell failed to bring response. He looked in the brass letter box. It was empty. He loitered on the stoop for a minute or two. Finally he started for Maxie's.

Warm sun poured down. In the flood of it Broadway seemed a magic land. Parish stopped thinking about Del. His mind centered on Joe Bermuda, the job. Already he had cashed in for half a

(*Continued on page* 54)

$500,000,000.00 Advertising Experience. So What?

Since the day Lord & Thomas began business nearly seventy years ago, our clients have invested, through us, more than $500,000,000.00 in advertising. $350,000,000.00 of this has been placed through us in the past ten years.

"So what?" one may properly ask. And to that question here is our answer:

We have always held that advertising experience is of little value unless it yields principles to make advertising ventures safer and more profitable.

Money-Making Principles

$500,000,000.00 buys a lot of advertising experience. Handling a volume so vast has developed principles here in Lord & Thomas that hatch new ways of making money for our clients. Principles, many of which have found permanent place in advertising practise.

Advertising was merely "keeping the name before the public"— General Publicity— until that historic day in advertising thirty years ago when a Lord & Thomas man startled the business world of America by defining advertising for the first time as salesmanship-in-print. Which means:

> "giving the consumer in an interesting way, the REASON-WHY it is in the consumer's interest to buy the wares you have for sale."

Surest of All

We have never departed from salesmanship-in-print (REASON-WHY) as our measuring stick for advertising. It is the surest, the hardest to achieve of all forms of advertising. It calls for great experience applied with equally great intelligence.

With competition in merchandising as keen as it is today, winning reasons-why take on the importance of major discoveries. With life as complex as it is in 1935, consumer interest is harder to capture.

Rewards Greater Than Ever

But the rewards are greater than ever before. Some of our clients, among America's largest, won their biggest victories the past five years with pure salesmanship-in-print.

Sometimes the key to real salesmanship-in-print is found in Research, though to us Research is never an end in itself. But only a means to creating great advertising copy.

Sometimes a collateral to salesmanship-in-print is found in strategy.

We were not the first to win users and dealers overnight with free-deals, premiums and other promotions. But we do claim—and justly—to have worked out their best applications. And not to let them divert attention from an advertiser's Reasons-Why.

Salesmanship-in-print properly applied offers greater rewards today than ever. Bigger markets. Greater output. Millions in profits. Exclusive interest for products with no advantage at first sight.

Tales That Dollars Tell

$500,000,000.00 is a lot of money, in any country, on any standard, and the experience gleaned from its expenditure must result in a storehouse of knowledge.

The $500,000,000.00 we have spent in advertising has taught us continuously that the essence of advertising is salesmanship-in-print — REASONS-WHY in copy that command action from the reader.

LORD & THOMAS

Advertising

NEW YORK
247 Park Avenue

CHICAGO
919 North Michigan Avenue

LOS ANGELES
601 West Fifth Street

TORONTO
67 Yonge Street

PARIS
16 Place de la Madeleine

LONDON, ENGLAND
Millbank, Westminster

SAN FRANCISCO
235 Montgomery Street

Each Lord & Thomas office is a complete advertising agency, self contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest.

FIND OUT WHY ☆

AMATEUR BARTENDERS ARE GLADLY QUITTING THEIR JOBS

MANY an amateur bartender has stopped mixing in the kitchen and started mixing with his guests. Sip your favorite kind of Club Cocktail — and FIND OUT why.

Over your lips will pass the kind of cocktail that only the finest ingredients can make and only an inspired barman can blend. Smooth. Mellow. Yet pleasantly potent.

And marvelously convenient. Just chill in the refrigerator or pour over ice . . . No waste, mess, or trouble. Perfect every time!

The Club Cocktails cost no more than the kind you mix yourself . . . And they keep indefinitely after opening. FIND OUT — tonight — why thousands are saying, "Give me The Club Cocktails — the kind I had on the train."

★

Eight kinds: Martini, Dry Martini, Brut Martini (*very dry*), Old Fashioned, Side Car, Bronx, Manhattan, Sloe Gin Cocktail. G. F. Heublein & Brother, Hartford, Conn. *Also makers of* Milshire Dry, Sloe, *and* Old Tom Gins . . . A. 1. Sauce, *another famous* Heublein *product, makes food taste better.*

A HEUBLEIN PRODUCT

The Club
Manhattan
Cocktails

The Club Cocktails

Taste as you always hoped yours would

Open Net

Continued from page 52

grand. Five hundred dollars in a little over a week. But he didn't like any part of it. It was risky business, though a means to an end. When he had what he wanted he was through. He remembered what Murray said about Bermuda being ready to crash. What had made him say that? Did he know anything, have information? He seldom spoke out of turn.

Parish shrugged and walked faster. Dunnigan wasn't at Maxie's when he got there. He slid into one of the leather-lined compartments and ordered lunch. A half hour went by. Still no Dunnigan. Keeler, who had a half interest in the spot with Maxie, wandered over to keep him company.

"Waiting for somebody, Cliff?"

"Dunnigan."

Keeler made a grimace.

"That mouse! Better let me take care of your watch and chain."

AN HOUR elapsed before Dunnigan showed up. He was a freckled, sandy-haired, angular youth. A certain naïve quality gave him a guileless veneer. Parish knew he had done time for finger work. Dunnigan puffed out his cheeks, snapped his cigarette away and dropped down opposite him.

"Looks like I'm late."

"Looks like you're over an hour late. Come on, make it good."

"The party I had to meet downtown didn't show up."

"Why didn't you call me here? You knew what time I'd be on hand. What do you think I have to do—loll around and wait until you're ready to waltz in?"

"I'm sorry."

"What have you got for me?"

Dunnigan fumbled in his pocket.

"I had a letter but I got word to tear it up and give you the lay by lip. When you go up to the boss' place tonight he wants you to take a satchel. I checked it at the Midtown Central. Here's the ticket."

He passed over a parcel-check receipt.

"Anything else?"

"That's all."

Parish got up. He paid his toll at the cashier's booth and went back to Broadway.

As he walked, Parish felt vague misgivings. He tried to trace back from effect to cause. He decided it tied up with what he had thought about before lunch, Dunnigan's lateness. He made an effort to shrug it aside. It lessened but still lingered.

When he rang Del's bell again the door clicked. She let him into the apartment. She looked cool, in a white skirt and gossamer blouse. Her polished reddish hair told Parish he had been right in thinking she had posed that morning. It was freshly set in glimmering waves. A tall gin drink on the table gave the heavy air an aromatic fragrance.

"Take it. I'll make another." She flexed her rounded arms. "It was hot at the studio. They kept me under the lights an hour—in a fur coat. It's an ad for Warneck. I have to go back tomorrow."

She had never seemed more enchanting. Parish forgot the dark premonitions that had followed him uptown. The outside world shut itself away.

"Del!" His voice was low, unsteady. He pressed his cheek against her bright hair. "I'm in the money again. I'm working."

"Who for?"

He hesitated. His face shadowed.

"You wouldn't know if I told you."

"Then it's a phony kind of a job?"

"It's a money job. Eight days and I've made half a grand. In a month I can quit—start out for myself. When Bermuda—"

She raised her gaze quickly.

"Bermuda? Do you have to go—"

Parish laughed under his breath.

"Bermuda's a man, not a place, in this case."

"Bermuda? I've heard that name before." She broke the circle of his arms. "What are you doing?"

"Trying to tell you I want to marry you next month!"

She held him off. Her skin was firm and cool beneath his hot hands.

"Even if I cared a lot for you," she told him, "I'd have to know what the racket is. It must be a racket if you've made as much as you say in a week." She leaned toward him. "Tell me."

He shook his head.

"After I quit—not now."

Her red lips curved in a tight little smile.

"Then it is something crooked!"

She moved away and went to the window. Parish followed her.

"Do you care if it is? Does it mean anything?"

"It means," she told him, "I don't want to see you again. Oh, Cliff," she cried suddenly. "I thought you had good news! I heard you hadn't been at Rubin's. I was hoping—"

He caught her hands.

"Then it does mean a little to you! Del! Look at me. I want to tell you—"

"What the job is?"

"How much I care!"

She unclasped her hands. She went over and picked up his soft hat.

"You'd better go. Don't bother to stop around again."

"You mean that?"

She looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Every word of it."

He pulled his hat on over his crisp, blond hair.

"Suppose I sign off—on the job—tonight?"

Her smile was thin, mirthless.

"Don't do it on my account."

"I only took it on your account."

He heard the quick breath she drew.

"That's a nice thing to say!" she cried. "I'd be the one you'd blame when the police picked you up." A broken note, almost a sob, filled her voice. "How can you tell me that you love me?"

"I love you more—"

SHE opened the door. Parish buttoned his coat. He looked back into the dimness of the tiny foyer.

"I—I'll see you tomorrow—"

She shut the door without answering. Slowly, mechanically he went down the carpet-covered steps.

At five minutes to ten he rang Bermuda's bell. The man was waiting for him. He wore his straw hat as if he were ready to go out. Parish was aware of Bermuda's suppressed energy. The other's deep-set eyes burned.

"Hang on to the satchel," he ordered. "We're going downtown."

A taxi slid in to the curb at the corner.

"Where to, boss?"

"The Omega Alleys, Forty-eighth. Step on it."

Two club teams were rolling on the alleys when they got there. Bermuda hurried over to the door that led down to the rear corridor. Another minute and Parish was in the windowless room where the man had first propositioned him the day he had bet on Snow Queen.

"Everybody on hand?"

The room held half a dozen men. Steve, the other crew manager, a fat Italian whose hat was pulled down over his eyes, Parish recognized as Ferrano, a former beer baron. He wondered if Ferrano was Joe Bermuda's silent partner. He laid the satchel he had gotten at the Midtown Central Hotel on the floor beside a number of others. The room was like an oven. Tobacco smoke clouded it. Bermuda drew Ferrano aside. They talked rapidly in Italian. Two of Bermuda's carriers lounged apathetically, cigarettes in the corners of their mouths.

One nodded to Parish.

"Seen anything of Dunnigan?"

"Not since early this afternoon."

"He was due at five and never showed."

"It's getting to be a habit," Parish said.

The carrier indicated Ferrano.

"He's steamed up about something. They're talking about Dunnigan now."

Parish unbuttoned his coat. He hoped the conference would be over soon. He could feel perspiration trickling down his face. He wondered what the topic of Bermuda and Ferrano's conversation was. They seemed excited.

FINALLY there was a knock on the door. Steve went over and opened it. A pin boy who worked around the alleys stood on the threshold.

"Sorry to bother you guys. There's a call for a party named Cliff."

Steve turned around.

"You're wanted on the chicory," he said to Parish. "Make it fast. Bermuda's got some work to do."

"The call's on the pay phone upstairs," the pin boy said to Parish.

The receiver dangled on the cord of the wall telephone.

"Hello—"

Del Carruth's voice came over the wire:

"Cliff?"

"Talking."

"I'm in a booth at a drugstore on Fiftieth. I want to see you! I—"

"Not a chance. I've got a meeting on. Maybe a little later—if you haven't a date. How about—"

He recognized a strained, husky note in her tone.

"I've got to see you right away—*now!* It's important."

"But—"

"It's life or death! You've got to come, Cliff! I'll wait in the drugstore! Southwest corner! You've got to come!"

He remembered that afternoon. . . .

"Okay. I'll be right up."

For an instant he hesitated, peering down the steps and along the corridor. He shrugged, buttoned his coat and went out on Broadway. She was waiting near the cigar counter in the drugstore. There was something in her pretty face he had never seen before. Her slender fingers trembled on his arm.

"Cliff! I'm so glad—"

"What is it? What's happened?"

Some of her inner agitation seemed to subside.

"Ortell—he let it drop—a little while ago! They've got the net out for Bermuda! They're closing in tonight—any minute!"

"What net? I don't get you."

"The police!"

"What's Ortell got to do with it?"

She drew closer to him.

"Ray's a detective! I knew it a long while ago—but I didn't know what he was working on! He spoke to a man at the Chevy Chase! He mentioned the name of Bermuda—said enough to make me understand! I heard them talking about the Omega Alleys. I waited for a chance! When Ortell went to telephone I slipped out—"

Parish felt the quickening drum of his pulses. Ortell, a dick! The hot, smoky room downstairs in the alleys. Steve and Bermuda. The others. A closing net. A clean sweep!

He swung around. Her hand tightened over his wrist.

"Thanks—"

"Where are you going? What are you going to do?"

He laughed under his breath.

"What do you think?"

"Cliff! Wait—"

He shook off her clinging hand.

"I've got to tip them off! They're all there now! If the cops are cracking down—"

"Cliff, wait! It's more than lottery tickets!"

He looked at her uncertainly.

"More—"

"Somebody by the name of Dunnigan talked this afternoon! The man who spoke to Ray at the Chevy Chase told him they'd picked Dunnigan up on the East Side—shot—dead! Cliff—"

He didn't wait for her to finish. He slid through the drugstore entrance, heading back toward the alleys. His mind surged with thought. Ortell, a detective. Dunnigan, a squealer! He'd buzzed and been canceled! That was why Bermuda had called the meeting—why he and Ferrano had talked so excitedly together!

Parish pushed a hurried way through the passing crowd. The wail of a radio car's siren sent a stab of apprehension through him. He broke into a run. Another block and he slowed his rapid gait.

People were collecting on the corner. Two other radio cars were at the curb on the Forty-eighth Street side of the bowling alleys. Parish saw a trio of men briskly cross the pavement and enter the building. He shouldered a way closer, something like a sword in his throat.

A uniformed figure loomed up in front of him.

"Just a minute, buddy. Where are you going?"

"Inside. My team's rolling—"

The patrolman blocked his way.

"Not tonight. The place is being pulled. Take a walk. Move on!"

HE MADE his way back through the crowd. The lights of Broadway fused and broke in garish reflections before his dazed eyes. He was buffeted, jostled, until he reached the street beyond. New thoughts lanced through his confused mind. She had called him away. She had ditched Ortell to get to the telephone.

"Cliff!"

Suddenly she was beside him again. He saw a look of relief in her white face that was almost pathetic.

"They didn't waste much time—swell of you to warn—" He broke off. "If you had told me on the phone I could have passed the word! They wouldn't have been scooped up—like rats!"

Her eyes were wide and luminous.

"What do I care about them?"

A taxi wheeled in to the curb. The driver opened the door. Parish helped Del in. He relaxed on the worn upholstery beside her.

"Where'll it be?"

Parish looked at the girl.

"Where?"

"You tell him."

She slipped her hand into his. It was warm and didn't tremble now. At that moment something seemed to wash away the last sediment of his doubt, depression and uncertainty.

"How about the place where they start the trains that run up to the Catskills—to Benson's hotel?"

He heard the breath she drew.

"That ought to be a good bet," she told him, "to make tomorrow—a safe one!"

ON $100 A MONTH

Birthplace and boyhood home of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," at East Hampton, L. I.

You can live on LONG ISLAND the land that inspired "Home Sweet Home"

With one of the best all-year climates of the North—noted for the number of its sunny days—Long Island is one of the country's very attractive sections.

Readily accessible to the nation's largest city—it has superb beaches and hundreds of bays, inlets and harbors that are ideal for small boat sailing and fishing.

When you are ready to give up work and settle down to a life of well-earned leisure, you may prefer some other part of the country—or your own home town—but couldn't you do better work now if you knew that you could retire at 55, or older, on an income of $100 a month or more?

That's what you can do with Northwestern Mutual Retirement Insurance. By using a part of your present earnings for this purpose you can count on an independent income for your less productive years.

Write For This "Wonder Spot" Book

This is a 32-page illustrated booklet, published to help you plan for your retirement years. It describes the "WONDER SPOTS OF AMERICA—Where You Can Enjoy Life On $100 a Month." A copy will be mailed to you promptly upon receipt of this coupon.

The Northwestern Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
A Billion Dollar Estate
MILWAUKEE·WIS·

THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Without obligation, please send me your booklet "Wonder Spots of America."

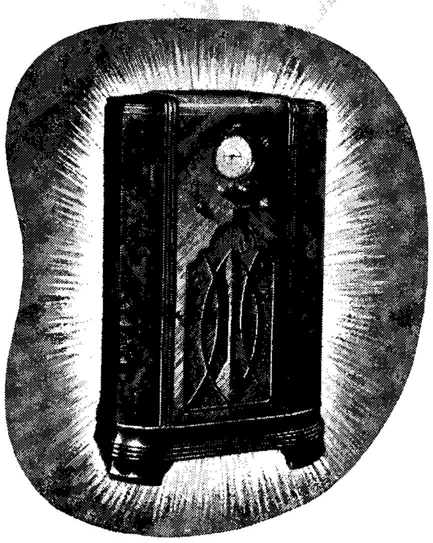
Name ....
Address ....
City .... Age ....
C-9-21-35

The assets of the Northwestern Mutual, as reported to state insurance departments, now total a billion dollars—a great estate administered for the mutual welfare and protection of more than 600,000 policyholders with over three and a half billions of insurance in force.

See! Hear!

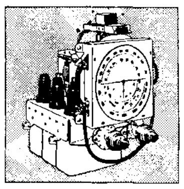
the New

Westinghouse *Precision* Radio



Accurate reception of world broadcasts, police and plane calls, home stations.

The radio of the hour . . . the new Westinghouse for world-wide reception brings into your living room the news, the drama of every land. Brings it in exactly as broadcast . . . with perfect tone and clarity. That's because the new Westinghouse is the *precision* radio . . .

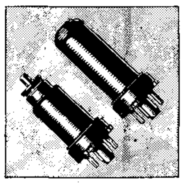


. . . with radio's newest development

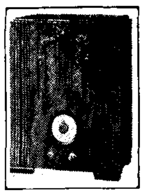
THE PRECISION TUNER

An amazing control unit that automatically rules out the variables that distort tone, introduce noise and affect exact dial settings. Makes possible reception with true precision on every broadcast band.

. . . with the new **ALL-METAL TUBES**



Westinghouse has the new metal tubes, . . . just as it has *every* worth-while improvement in radio design and construction.



See the **"MIGHTY MIDGET"**
5 Tube Super—2 Band
Only **$19.95**

Other models from $25.00 to $139.50. Prices slightly higher west of Rockies.

Westinghouse *Precision Radio*

Power in the Wilderness

Continued from page 11

get out the yardstick for analyzing a bit later on. In theory it has its graces; in the state of Washington at least they are not dealing in theory.

As if Seattle and Tacoma needed any further incentive to scorn Grand Coulee power, they are facing a combination of state and federal forces that would take away their municipally-owned plants and distribution systems and force them to pay higher power rates set by a State Power Authority. It may be a bit unfair to condemn this State Power Authority scheme before it exists, but the whole program is so potential of political skullduggery that the two cities will probably kill it with their preponderance of votes next year when the bill creating this Authority is submitted to referendum.

Real Estate Ballyhoo

In November, 1936, the state of Washington will vote on a bill to set up a State Authority which would have power to construct and buy transmission lines, fix rates and in general "regulate" the power industry. The bill carries an initial appropriation of $13,000,000, which, of course, would be but a gentle start. This Authority would proceed to tie together the produce of all power plants in the state—privately-owned, municipally-owned and government-owned.

It would be sold at a mean rate. Just what this mean or average rate would be is not known, but Seattle and Tacoma, in whose power it lies to defeat the measure, are convinced that it would be measurably higher than that they now pay. Moreover, they are convinced that even if the Authority were operated with non-political honesty, they would be surrendering the benefits of ever-diminishing rate schedules. So the overwhelming likelihood is that there will be no State Power Authority.

This defeat will not have the warm approval of the federal government because it will leave the Grand Coulee generators to spin out power in the heart of the desert. Grand Coulee power might, of course, be used by farmers who construct their own coöperative distribution lines. But you must remember that the territory around the dam is almost unpopulated, sour with the bones of dead men. Coöperative transmission lines in that country would cost from five hundred to six hundred dollars a mile to construct. It is likely in such circumstances that the cost of Grand Coulee power to those fifty to one hundred and fifty miles away might be prohibitive, particularly to the farmer, who is in no mood to be financially reckless.

The state politicians ballyhooing the Authority's cause contend that opposition by Seattle and Tacoma is disloyal to the bountiful federal government which so generously is erecting the Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams to the glory of the Northwest. They insist that Seattle and Tacoma are selfish and non-coöperative and therefore not in step with the times. They deny that it entered their calculations that this was a most propitious time to acquire the municipally-owned plants which the two cities have paid for by taxation and by mortgaging themselves. But Seattle and Tacoma refuse to melt.

Moreover, it is unfortunate for the plans of the protagonists of the Authority bill that real estate promotion much like that which flourished in the Muscle Shoals district a few years ago is now blooming in the mud of Grand Coulee.

We could have bought a few choice corner lots (perhaps lot sites would be more accurate) as we stood there in the mud talking to Mr. Dick Collins. Mr. Collins, the minor boss and inflexible realist, referred to it as a racket; but he's a trifle unjust; the promotion has not yet reached that stage. We weren't told by the bright and shining salesman that in buying those corner lots, clearly indicated on the blueprint if not entirely visible on the landscape, we would be laying the foundation of sure and lasting fortune. He merely asked us to think of the future—a future bathed in the beauty of luxuriant farms and roaring industry right on the spot our bemired feet were occupying.

But somehow we couldn't help thinking of the Muscle Shoals hurrah and the memorable Florida boom-boom. Dotting but not adding much to the beauty of the Coulee landscape were the frail, slogan-bedizened real estate offices. They told us to consider the wisdom of the great American financier who rose from rags to riches by "buying on the fringes and waiting." We've forgotten just who that great American financier was but we still couldn't help thinking of Muscle Shoals. And we suspected that large numbers of trusting Americans will recall without overwhelming joy the "Inland Empire" that was to be on the sites of Florence, Sheffield and Tuscumbia, the three innocent townlets which are bathed with the spray of Wilson Dam.

However, our polite refusal to buy a few choice corner lots in this newest Inland Empire was of no immediate consequence. The surrounding terrain was already bubbling with industry. Salesmen were bowing right and left, just to be sure. Lawyers, title tracers and guarantors were turning corners so fast that frequently collisions were unavoidable.

But we met nobody who convinced us, nor seemed themselves to be convinced, that Magic Cities—new Detroits, Pittsburghs and Birminghams—were likely to sprout from the mire of the Grand Coulee. And nobody seemed inclined to hold on to his purchases long enough to find out. Even the real estate companies seemed overanxious to sell at bargain prices land which would presently fetch "many times the initial investment."

Doubtful Prosperity

The apparently inspired optimists you meet in the Northwest are more fertile of hope than fact. For example, you are told, by advocates of a State Power Authority for Washington, who see therein the only immediate chance of disposing of Coulee power, that the farmer "ought to" be able to buy 300 kilowatt-hours of government power for $8.50. This is probably true, but Puyallup Valley farmers wonder why they are called upon to get excited. They now buy 300 kilowatt-hours from the Tacoma municipal plant for $3.80. These same advocates contend that "a fair rate for a coöperative at the start would be five dollars for 100 kilowatt-hours." Western Washington farmers pay a dollar and eighty cents for that amount of power now. And these same optimists, whether sincere or ulteriorly inspired, lack conviction when they speak of the impending transformation of interior Washington from a doubtful agricultural region to a great manufacturing center. The Tennessee Valley Authority is in a position to assure the promoters of Washington's Inland Empire that for some time to come there will be no-

LOOK FOR THIS TAG
CERTIFICATE AS TO COMPLIANCE WITH I. E. S. SPECIFICATIONS
I·E·S

This glass bowl is the HEART of the

I·E·S BETTER SIGHT LAMP

- **This opal glass bowl is the safety factor that eliminates glare and softens and diffuses the light. It is the secret of the pleasant, eye-resting light given by I. E. S. (Illuminating Engineering Society) Better Sight Lamps. It sifts and spreads light to save eyes. It also serves as a reflector to send light *up* to the ceiling for indirect illumination, relieving contrast between the well lighted work space and the rest of the room.**

The efficiency of this reflector depends upon the glass being made to rigid specifications governing shape, thickness and quality. Every piece is subject to inspection and certification by Electrical Testing Laboratories.

CONFORMANCE CERTIFIED
I.G.G.
STANDARD
ELECTRICAL TESTING LABORATORIES

This symbol stamped on the bowl stands for glass made to scientific specifications.

***Good glass* is as necessary for *good light* as good lenses for good spectacles. The glass bowls used in I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps are made by the members of the Illuminating Glassware Guild, an organization of America's leading makers of glass. Exacting I. E. S. specifications are followed to the letter to insure correct light for reading and sewing and maximum reflected light throughout the room.**

Lamps that do not carry the I. E. S. Certification Tag may not have this glass made to these sight-saving specifications. For your protection, look for the I. E. S. tag when you buy and when the lamp is delivered to your home.

ILLUMINATING GLASSWARE GUILD
19 West 44th St. • New York, N. Y.

body killed in industry's rush to desert its present sites and relocate in the shadow of the Grand Coulee.

Even if there were indications of the approach of new industry in attractive quantity, Seattle and Tacoma wouldn't be adding their glad hosannas to the hallelujah chorus. Numerous local jealousies insinuate themselves. Both cities are quite certain that such new industry and revived farming would be solely mid-state wealth, located east of the Cascade range and close to the Columbia River. Upon the completion of the Bonneville navigation project—this dam being on the Columbia, forty miles east of Portland, Oregon—the Columbia will have been converted into a ship canal. It being much cheaper to ship by water than by rail, Seattle and Tacoma foresee their rival, Portland, getting it all, leaving them on the far end of rusty freight tracks. Portland, curiously enough, thinks the idea splendid.

The Cowmen's Lament

The view is not quite so clear at the sites of the other government projects. Nor is any part of the yardstick visible. There are sure to be similar difficulties in disposing of the power generated and the population and protection of the land irrigated. We refer, of course, to Passamaquoddy in Maine, Fort Peck in Montana, Seminoe and the Casper-Alcova projects in Wyoming and those that are to come. Boulder's problem has been solved. This greatest concrete dam in history had its program well filled and its power absorbed before it was started. It was built to satisfy an existing need and not to seek customers or to be a yardstick. And there can be no apprehensions concerning Parker Dam, 150 miles below Boulder. While Parker is not a part of the Boulder project, it is a necessary adjunct. It will form the pool from which the Colorado's water will be pumped into the metropolitan water district of California. It is not a power project.

But there are liable to be vexations at Fort Peck. The Fort Peck Dam will have the distinction of being the world's largest earth dam. It is being constructed twenty miles east of Glasgow, Montana, and to dispose of minor facts, will cost us about $84,200,000. Its primary objective is to conserve and control the water of the Missouri River and enhance the navigability of that noble stream. Nevertheless, with Fort Peck's great basin and pumping power, 180,000 acres of arid and semi-arid land will, they hope, be made irrigable—probably a long-distance prophecy. The cattlemen predict nothing but disaster. It is cow country, they say, never intended for farming. What happens, they ask, when sod-busters take over natural cow land? They destroy the sod and the buffalo grass, take everything out of the land and put nothing back. And then what? Dust storms. How many times has this happened in the West under the haphazard rule of the tenderfoot? Dozens of times—dozens.

You see, therefore, that all is not happiness in the Fort Peck district. This dam's power development will not be great, with no yardstick aspirations. The initial plant capacity will be about 50,000 kilowatts. This can and probably will be expanded—if and when a market is developed. There is none now. The Casper-Alcova project on the North Platte River in Wyoming is marked for irrigation only. Seminoe, too, is in Wyoming, thirty-three miles from Rawlins. It's a power project and will be capable of developing about 40,000 kilowatts at the start with fine potential possibilities for more. It, too, will be questing for customers.

Perhaps it is not precisely fair to dismiss these lesser projects so summarily. It is quite as unfair to condemn them in current conditions. The life of a good power plant is calculated at a hundred years. Within the next hundred years, unless science renders them obsolete overnight, all these dams, along with the Grand Coulee, the Tennessee Valley dams, Boulder and Bonneville, will have ample opportunity to demonstrate the wisdom or lack thereof in their conception.

The point is—or should be—that at the moment the government is developing several million horsepower of electric energy with which something obviously should be done—something for the benefit of the great mass of power customers whose money created them. But with these power plants come no transmission lines. Therefore the government hasn't furnished the widely advertised yardstick because, you already know, the cost of generating power is but a fraction of what we pay for it. Nobody succeeded in making the yardstick as clear to me as Mr. James Delmage Ross, chief construction and consulting engineer for PWA and head of Seattle's municipal power system—City Light. Nobody except Mr. Ross seemed to be able to forget the financial razzle-dazzle and technical terms and reduce the matter to the simple terms of the hopeless layman. Says he:

"The yardstick—36 inches long—may be divided into two parts: the cost of generation at the plant and the cost from the generating plant to the customer's meter. Let's forget, for the moment, the matter of dollars and cents. Let us deal merely with inches—with the thirty-six inches in the yard. Taking therefore the ratio of the generating cost to the charge at the customer's meter, an average of all classes of customers in Seattle, Tacoma, Pasadena and Los Angeles, we discover that the generating cost is only about 6.3 inches of the thirty-six—the whole thirty-six inches representing the cost per kilowatt-hour.

"Evidently then it is not to the generating plant that we must go to reduce the kilowatt-hour cost, but to the distribution system. We talk of generation cost in mills per kilowatt-hour but we talk about power costs in the home in cents per kilowatt-hour. To lessen the cost of generation by a mill or two makes very little difference in the final cost of several cents a kilowatt-hour. Therefore the customer's great concern is in the long end of the yardstick—that long stretch that represents distribution.

Bananas and Kilowatts

"These facts do not minimize the value of generating costs as a yardstick. All they do is emphasize the vastly costlier structure which must be added to these great plants. The granite foundation of a skyscraper must be built first. As far as residence power service is concerned, the foundation of this skyscraper is only four or five inches and the superstructure more than thirty inches. You can get a whole bucketful of bananas in Cuba for a nickel. When those bananas are peddled from house to house in America they cost two or three cents apiece. The reason: transportation and retail distribution. Would it help us if bananas sold in Cuba at two buckets for a nickel instead of one? How much does it help us then if we get a reduction of a mill or two at the power house to apply on a cost of several cents in the home?"

We heard a great deal about the yardstick as we wandered around. We even asked Mr. Dick Collins, the minor boss at the Grand Coulee, about it. But Mr. Collins scoffed.

"Hell," said Mr. Collins, "I deal wholesale. Guys like me don't bother with yards; we work in square miles."

I·E·S Better Sight Lamp

CERTIFICATE AS TO
COMPLIANCE WITH I. E. S. SPECIFICATIONS
I·E·S
LOOK FOR THIS TAG

A new Contribution to

BETTER LIGHT—BETTER SIGHT

in the home

● Every home can now have the illumination eyes demand for comfort seeing. The Illuminating Engineering Society has designed a remarkable new lamp . . . a lamp that protects the eyesight of growing children and provides eye conservation and new eye comfort for older people.

The I. E. S. better Sight Lamp combines *every* good feature of proper lighting . . . wide spread of light . . . proper sight-saving intensity . . . no glare . . . general room illumination.

The I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp is made by authorized manufacturers only, the genuine bearing the tag shown above. Look for this tag, it certifies that the lamp has the approval of the Illuminating Engineering Society.

See these new lamps at your department or furniture store, electrical dealer, or lighting company. For an interesting new booklet, entitled "Help For Your Eyes," write, Westinghouse Lamp Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Westinghouse does not make the I. E. S. Lamp but publishes this advertisement in the interest of Better Sight.

Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS
TRULY ECONOMICAL

BLACK & WHITE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

For a new thrill in an old favorite, try a Black & White Old Fashioned. "Black & White" is the password to perfect Scotch.

Our trademark SHAW on every bottle
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY

ALEX D. SHAW & CO., INC., 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Where Have They Come From? The Thousands of NEW Words and NEW Facts in the New Merriam-Webster

Vital Changes In National Life All Over the World Have Created NEW Knowledge and a NEW Vocabulary

No country in the world has been left untouched by the epochal events of the past few years. As the life of nations and peoples has been reconstructed, new words and new information have been created that are now a necessary part of the equipment of every intelligent person. This whole wealth of new knowledge is now available to you in The New Merriam-Webster.

The ONE Dictionary So New That It Meets Present-Day Needs

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition

For a hundred years, in its constantly enlarged editions, The Merriam-Webster has been the Supreme Authority. Now the greatest Merriam-Webster of all is ready—entirely remade and greatly enlarged to cover fully the vast number of new words and new facts in every field of thought and activity.

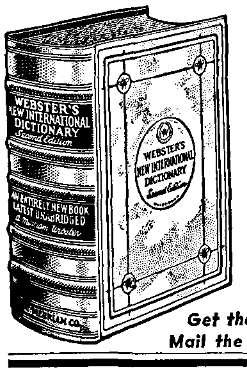
600,000 Entries—122,000 More than Any Other Dictionary • Thousands of New Words • 12,000 Terms Illustrated • Magnificent Plates in Color and Half Tone • Thousands of Encyclopedic Articles • 35,000 Geographical Entries • 13,000 Biographical Entries • 200 Valuable Tables • Synonyms and Antonyms • 3,350 Pages • The greatest amount of information ever put into one volume.

Supreme Authority

Under the leadership of William Allan Neilson, President of Smith College, as Editor in Chief, the greatest editorial staff ever gathered *together* labored to make The New Merriam-Webster more than ever the Supreme Authority.

Get the Best—At All Bookstores.
Mail the Coupon for Free Pamphlet.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.
Please send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated pamphlet describing WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition—The New Merriam-Webster.
(Collier's 9-21-35)
Name..
Address..
City.............................State..................


WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition
AN ENTIRELY NEW BOOK LATEST UNABRIDGED a Merriam Webster
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.

The Silver Desert

Continued from page 21

"Gas," he said, and got out. "That panel gauge must be stuck."

He went to the rear and she heard him knocking around the tank. He unscrewed a red container from a rack and held its mouth into the light and then went back to the rear. In a little while he replaced the container and got in the car, sitting there with his hands idle on the wheel.

"What, Tom?"

"Wasn't more than two quarts in the container. Top wasn't screwed tight and it evaporated. The Winnemucca-Tumpah road's about five miles ahead, but we won't make it. No travel on it this time of night anyhow. So—"

He had to hold the starter down a considerable time to pump gas into the carburetor. When the engine caught on he went forward in low gear a little while. Presently she felt the car swing from the road into another one, less smooth. The thick shadows ahead at once marched up from the foreground and closed around them; they were climbing through a ravine with stiff walls to either side.

"This hill sticks up like a sore thumb. Schoolhouse road circles it to hit the Winnemucca highway. We're short-cutting over the hill."

SOMEWHERE short of the summit, *in a moderately level area,* Sebastian pulled aside and turned the headlights on a board shanty sitting beneath a solitary pine. "Might make the top and coast down to the main road," he said. "But it's too late at night to catch anybody traveling through, and this car's no good for sleeping." He raised his voice: "Hey, Bill! Wake up." Then, waiting for an answer, he added a quieter explanation for Lily's benefit:

"Bill Fell's an old prospector. Came into this country after the San Francisco fire with one trunk and a broken heart. He lost his family in the fire. Made him queer. But he's all right. He's not home, or he'd be out here by now. Let's go in."

They left the machine. Sebastian opened the shanty door and went ahead, and in a moment he had found and lighted a lamp. There wasn't much to the place. A built-in bunk held one side of the room, a sheet-iron stove and a small table occupied another. A chair and a trunk completed the list of furniture. Sebastian took a dipper and tasted the water standing in a bucket by the stove. "Fresh," he commented. "Bill probably pulled out for the hills this evening. Notice that trunk. In all the years I've known Bill I've never seen it open or moved. He told me once that when he died he wanted it burned before he was buried."

He went out to cut the car lights. His arm touched the horn button and a hard current of sound poured across the thick stillness of the night and broke into fragments that swirled down the far ravines. Lily sat on the quilted bed and rested her back against the wall. Sebastian came in again. He lighted a cigarette. "You sleep there. I'll roll up outside with a couple of blankets."

Lily said: "How sad a thing to think that most of this man's life lies inside that faded old trunk!"

"Well, he had his happiness for a little while. That's more than some of us can say."

"Yes," she murmured. "He had a little. And the memory of that little is enough to carry him along now." She raised her eyes to him. "Like the scent of perfume that remains when the bottle is empty."

"Which is real—the perfume itself or the scent we remember?"

"Don't be bitter."

"I don't know the answer, Lily," he said, almost humble.

Her fingers ran idly along the patch-patterned quilt. She didn't look up. "You wanted to know why I came along tonight. Well, in Reno this afternoon I caught Hollywood again. At five o'clock today a career looked desirable. I could have started back to pictures feeling my decision had been well made. Then you came into the room at the party, and I wasn't sure. I wanted to come along with you on this trip to see if that sensation lasted. I'm being frank with you. If you have the power to change my mind like that, Tom, I can't be sure Lily Tennant will ever be ruthless enough to climb to stardom."

He said, extremely blunt: "I think you made your decision on that in Hollywood some time ago."

Her head came up and her eyes absorbed every shred of expression on his face. She said quietly, "Jay?"

He only lifted and lowered his shoulders; there was a ruffled look about him. Lily straightened herself against the wall. "That's another thing I'm curious about. You heard Jay's toast. He suggested certain intimate things. Do you believe them?"

"Lily," *said Sebastian, "I told you* you'd make whatever bargains that had to be made if you wanted a career badly enough."

She wasn't satisfied. "Would it matter to you if I have made them?"

His answer was a barren "No." Then: "But if you've made them you'd be a fool to turn back now. That makes your bargains useless and leaves you regretting something given for nothing."

Her eyes showed a half-startled expression that he didn't want to see. He turned and dipped himself another drink of water. Lily's words came over his shoulder, soft and wistful:

"Men can never be different than they have always been—about that one thing."

He turned. "I'm trying to keep out of your way. All I could bring you is grief."

THE languor of physical fatigue showed itself in her heavy lids, in the higher color of her cheeks. She sat purely relaxed against the wall, her body graceful and careless. There was for him then a hint of those inner emotions which touched her personality with the sense of excitement, of gallant adventure. Her self-sufficiency had deserted that door which hid the wilder and more vital spirit lying within. He saw *it—a bright fire burning in a deep* place—and then the sense of it was in the room, unsettling both of them, waking recklessness.

She saw his face clearly express what he felt. She rose at once, quicker breathing unsteadying her talk. "The truth is, Tom, I'm afraid of you. I'm afraid of you because I want to go on with my career. I don't want that interrupted. I wish—I wish we could kill whatever romantic illusion there is between us."

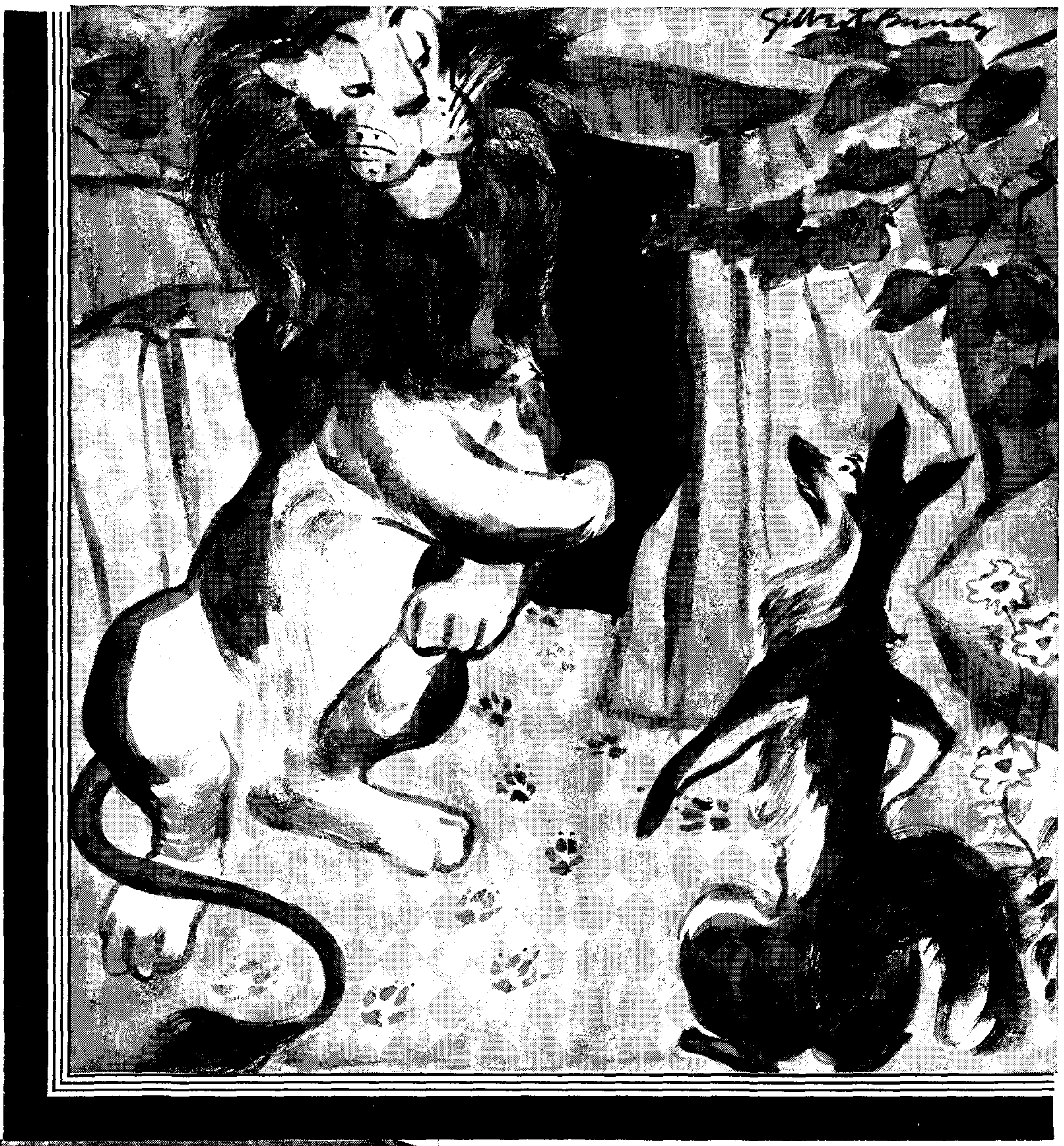
He said, "You don't kill things like that, Lily," with a gusty intonation and took a step forward. Light glowed across the smooth chestnut crown of her head and the scent of perfume lifted its intangible lure. He dropped his cigarette and watched her eyes lift and observe him. The expression in them was

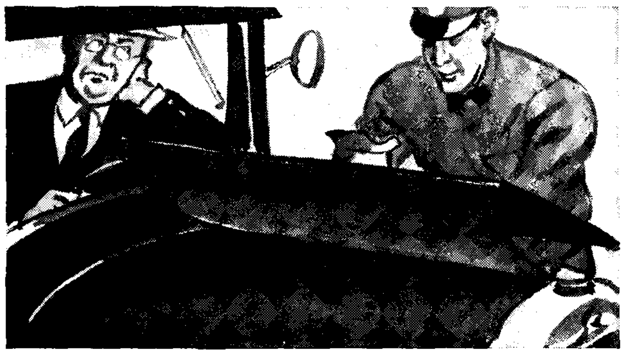
(Continued on page 60)

Fable of the Lion and the Fox

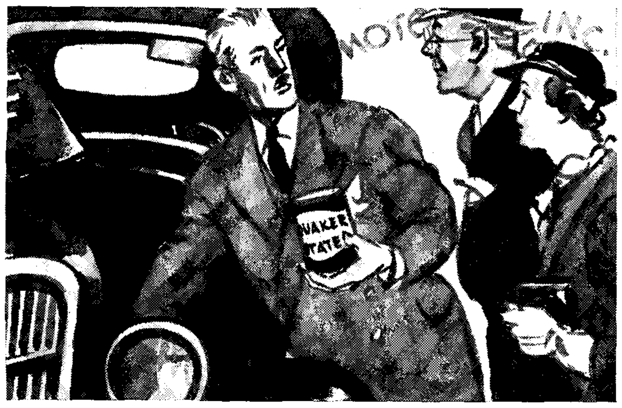
[MODERN VERSION]

The story below is dramatized from an actual experience, related in an unsolicited letter from Lloyd E. Thatcher of Meadville, Miss.





1. "Add this to your Quaker State fables. My story's like the fox who couldn't be enticed into the lion's den. He knew too much about old Leo's claws! Time was when I had plenty of trouble with oil. Poured it into my car, and still had repair bills."



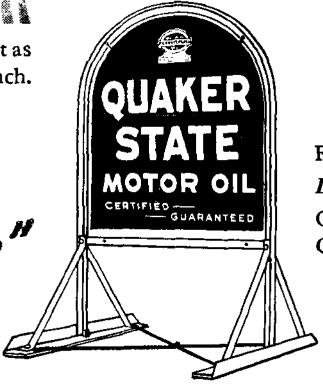
2. "But when I bought my present Chevvy, the car dealer who sold it to me persuaded me to use Quaker State."

3. "And what luck I've had! I've been approached by all kinds of folks to try something 'just as good'— but, like the fox, I'm playing it safe. You'd be, too, with *this* car's fine record—"

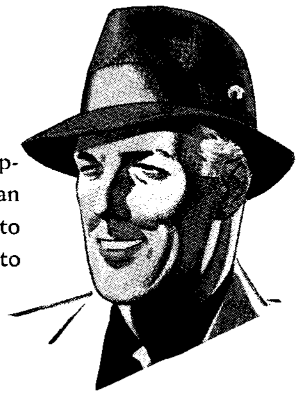
4. "We've got 53,000 miles on the speedometer, a car that's quiet as a racing shadow, and a motor that's never been touched with a wrench. Motor trouble is one thing we just never think about!"

● **Moral:** An ounce of experience is worth a pound of words. And the real place to prove a motor oil is *in your car.* It is there—in the motors of experienced car owners—that Quaker State, for more than 20 years, has been proving the worth of its famous "extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." If you'd rather trust history than hearsay, follow the lead of seasoned motorists—and ask for Quaker State Motor Oils and Superfine Lubricants.

"First choice of Experience"



Retail Price . . . 35¢ per quart
Look for the green-and-white sign
Quaker State Oil Refining Co.
Oil City, Pa.



Stylepark
hand made hats

The Luxury of Individuality
...expressed in New Ideas

Forin-Tex...a brand new texture that looks and feels like the finest imported felt...yet as light as a feather, pliable, crushable and durable. $5.

Cazmir Felt...soft, mellow, supple and a treat in color blends. Can be crushed and modelled at will, to be worn in many different ways...to suit your moods. $5.

The Tyrolian...a new Tyrolian with that "over-the-eye" set to the brim that will enhance the appearance of the man who never looked right under a snap brim before. $3.50 and $5.

These ideas, and many others, the result of the most painstaking and careful hand work, can be found only in Stylepark Hand-Made Hats. Let your dealer show you that all hats are not alike. It incurs no obligation to compare for yourself the difference between Stylepark Hand-Made Hats and all others.

STYLEPARK HATS, INC • PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HATS ARE MADE BY HAND.

STYLEPARK

REWARD!

IF YOU want more money to spend now, here's a pleasant and profitable way to earn it. Try our attractive plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make $1.00 or more an hour. Just paste the coupon on a penny post-card and *mail now!*

Chief of Subscription Staff, C-14
The Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me full details of your profitable plan.

Name........................ Address........................

Town........................ State........................

The Silver Desert

Continued from page 58

something he couldn't read, but the deep fire there still glowed. There was no help for this, no way of stopping it. He put his arm around her shoulders and bent his stubborn head; and the full, wild sweetness of this girl's lips thundered through him. Her arm steadied itself, without resisting pressure, on his elbow. The room was without a shred of sound.

He pulled himself away, the savage satisfaction in him overriding one small thought of regret. Her lips were faintly apart and her smile went clear through him and seemed to see some strange wonder beyond.

"That's all of it, Tom. You had every bit of me then, but it will never happen again. I'm going back to Hollywood tomorrow. If I stayed here you'd absorb me and destroy me utterly—and I should be happy to have it that way. But while I have one single sane impulse left I'm going to get away from you."

He said: "I don't understand you, Lily."

Her talk, low and candid, vibrated with feeling: "I do—very clearly. You're a wild man and your kiss hurt me physically. It was something like glory. But a thing like that can't happen very often. Glory doesn't last. I think we've had the best of it just now. We had better stop there. So that we may have something worth remembering."

"I don't understand," he repeated.

"I'm desperately trying to be realistic about this."

She was still smiling, but her eyes closed him out. He turned sharply on his heels and left the room, drawing the door behind him.

WHEN she came from the shanty a strong, fresh sunlight poured down the slopes of this bare hill, turning all colors to uniform yellow and bronze. Sebastian sat on the running board, smoking a cigarette. He got up immediately.

"I walked down to the Winnemucca road and flagged some gas from a fellow going by. We can get breakfast back on the ranch or rummage some bacon and coffee from Bill's cupboard."

She didn't want to go back into the shanty. She didn't want to be inside those four walls with him after the scene of the night before. What she feared was anticlimax. "Let's not eat here," she said and got in the machine.

He took his place, started the engine and followed the grade to its near-by summit. They tipped over it then and rolled a mile and a half to the Winnemucca highway. Here Sebastian swung north. "We'll hit Tumpah first and have a look. You never saw a town living on nothing but its past. Tumpah's a place like that."

He was quite cheerful. She had feared he wouldn't understand how ridiculous the conversation of the night before could be made to sound if precipitately resumed. It was something too intimate to haul over cold ashes. But he did understand. He was, in his lackadaisically humorous fashion, ignoring the scene, leading away to surer ground.

They left the solitary hill behind, aiming for a clump of poplars at the base of a higher and more continuous line of hills not far away. "Behold," he said. "There's Tumpah, behind the trees. Nothing keeps it from turning to dust but the preservative effects of sunlight."

They were almost immediately slowing down at a sharp turn that led them into a main street. Sebastian stopped before a garage pump and waited for a man to come laggardly out of the place. The man said, "How are you, Tom?" and went to the back of the car. He was, as far as Lily could see, the only citizen abroad at this hour of the day. A few paintless buildings, a dusty and straggling street shaded by locusts, a general air of emptiness—this was Tumpah. The garage man filled the gas tank and came forward. Sebastian paid the bill.

"Matt Strang been here?"

"Last night," said the man. Then he said, "But Blagg wasn't around, so Matt started home."

"Which is a relief to me."

THE garage man put his head inside the car and lowered his voice: "If I was you, Tom, I'd not dally around here this morning."

"That's all right."

"No," said the garage man, "it ain't."

Sebastian nodded and drove on. Beyond the street end the road curved to skirt a detached, two-story structure that held on its surface a faded sign: Gilson's House.

"A hotel?" asked Lily.

"Yes," he said.

"I wonder if I might have a glass of water?"

He pulled the car abreast the porch and stopped. Lily started to get out, but Sebastian shook his head. "I'll bring it to you."

"I'm really curious to see what such a place looks like inside."

"Not this place," he said. "It isn't that kind of a hotel."

In stepping from the car his coat skirts swung back and she saw, in quick surprise, the gunbelt at his waist, with its holstered weapon slung a little below the right hip. It was the first time she had seen him wear a gun. It was, in fact, the first time she had seen any man wear a gun. And so, watching him cross the porch of Madame Belle Gilson's place and go through a door that closed behind him, a slow pulse of fear ran along her nerves. It was, she suddenly recalled, a hundred and forty miles from Reno, with the tremendous and empty horizons isolating this lonely corner of the state from the orderly world. Something moved across the extreme corner of her vision; turning, she saw a small slender man walk rapidly from a near-by shed and duck into Gilson's back door.

Inside Madame's big barroom, Sebastian put his back to the door and let his eyes sweep the half-darkness. The front windows were painted green to allow no light in at all; little sunshine got through back windows, scummed up with tobacco smoke and spilled liquor. It was this reeking, sour odor that tainted the dead air. In a moment his vision cleared enough to show him a man asleep on the floor in a far corner; the fellow's face was turned away.

He had never trusted the place. The very air of it brushed his skin with a malign touch. Belle Gilson was all right—in fact, he liked the bold, trumpet-voiced, eccentric old lady and felt that she returned the liking. But the house itself had a bad reputation. It was one of those borderline places where honest men might drop in for a drink and have difficulty leaving.

Still alert, Sebastian studied the room. Somebody moved across the floor above him, ceiling telegraphing the strain on the old boards. The sleeping man hadn't stirred. At the far left corner a stairway ran upward; the bar held the right side of the place, with two doors at either end of it leading to a kitchen in the rear. Behind this once-impressive mahogany bar stood a back bar. Stepping forward, Sebastian caught his own image darkly in its yellow glass. He called out the name of Madame's handy man.

"Hey—Nick. Come in here."

It disturbed the sleeper on the floor; he turned and kicked his boots against the wall. Sebastian called again, "Nick," and slapped his hand on the mahogany. The erstwhile sleeper got up. He grumbled: "What the hell's the noise for?"

Sebastian cut around on his heels and stared. The man's face livened up; his eyes were at once careful. He was one of Buffalo's men and he didn't like what he saw.

Sebastian said, "How are you, Dode?" imperturbably.

"Yeah," said Dode Cramp and licked his lips.

"Did I trouble you the other night beyond Camp Four?"

"Who—me?"

Sebastian heard the door at the south end of the bar—now back of him—come open. A man walked through and Sebastian said, supposing it was Nick, "Get me a drink of water, please, Nick." He had no desire to let Dode Cramp get beyond his survey. But the feel of the place turned increasingly bad and he noticed Cramp's face swing over to the newcomer and bloom with relief. Sebastian's supposition died right then. He took his elbow off the bar and put his back to it and thus rolled himself gingerly around, to keep Cramp within his vision and embrace the new man as well. It wasn't Nick.

Ben DePard stood there, one hand still on the doorknob. His shoulder had been swinging forward and he was about to extend his other hand to the corner of the bar. But he stopped, and was careful not to let his arms drop quickly. It put him in an awkward position. Bad as the light was, Sebastian noticed shrewdness gather in Ben's childish eyes. The man was too simple to tie his own shoes; but he was a wicked fighter.

"Nick ain't here," said Ben. "What do you want?"

"Glass of water. Never mind, I'll get it myself."

THE faucet was behind the bar, which was a logical reason for Sebastian to move. Neither Ben nor Dode had yet quite made up their minds. They understood the chance they had and their thoughts were working through it slowly. But uncertainty clung to them. Ben's glance kept moving from Sebastian to Cramp. Cramp stared at Sebastian with an unrelaxed vigilance. It would stay like that a very little while longer, Sebastian knew. One of them would turn reckless. Coldly considering it, standing on the outside of the bar, halfway to either end and exposed to both men, he made his choice. He could move toward Ben DePard and thus put his back to Cramp for an instant, or he could retreat and gain the far end of the bar, keeping both within his vision. But to back up was to indicate weakness—the one thing these men waited for.

He said, "Pass me that glass near your right hand, Ben," and walked toward the man. The order completely filled the narrow channel of Ben's brain. He swung aside dutifully and his fist closed about the glass. It was six good steps to the end of the bar and Sebastian made three of them uncontested. Cramp was over on his right, momentarily out of his vision. Sweat pricked through the pores of Sebastian's forehead and stung him. And then another voice said coolly:

"Let him get his own drink of water, Ben."

It came from the stairway and it wasn't Cramp's voice. Sebastian felt it slice down his back. He gritted his teeth and took two more steps and turned and put both hands on the bar's edge and pushed himself gently around the corner and halted. He hadn't reached the back side of the bar—Ben DePard blocked his way—but his body rubbed the bar's end and in that position he took his stand, all three men within view. DePard was directly at his right hand, near enough to touch. Cramp stood out in the middle of the room, on his left. The third man was at the far corner of the room, halfway down the stairs.

This one was high-built and thin, with silver hair on a hatless head and a pale dry face like that of a lunger. Sebastian didn't know the fellow but he felt threat flow tangibly across the floor. The man came down the steps quietly and placed his back to the wall over there, appearing to rest against it. But his body remained straight and his right palm lay flat on a hip.

"I don't know you," said Sebastian.

THE silver-haired man made no answer. Sebastian said, more bluntly: "You'd better be sure of this before you get into it. We're not playing penny ante. This game is for keeps."

The other raised and dropped his shoulder quietly; and through the half-gloom of the barroom Sebastian made out an odd, tired expression of amusement. Sebastian understood immediately. The man was dying of disease and knew it and didn't care what happened.

Motionless, coldly attentive, Sebastian felt the swing of their tempers. They had been uncertain, but they were no longer so. They knew now they could get him, and that feeling of crystallizing purpose was as definite in the air as the sultry warning preceding a thunderstorm. One by one he checked off his chances and discarded them. The street door was too far away. The door leading back to the kitchen was two paces to his right, but as remote as China, with Ben DePard at his side. The breast-high bar's end partially protected him against a straight-on shot from the silver-haired stranger. Ben DePard was handicapped by being too near. But over on the left Dode Cramp waited in calculating stillness for the break. A clear shot was possible from that quarter. It was, Sebastian know, his weakest angle.

Cramp said: "Ben, what are you doing there? Walk away from him."

Ben started to move down the inner side of the bar. His little body never got fully in motion. "Stay in your tracks," snapped Sebastian.

Ben went steel-stiff; he pulled himself around until he was square with Sebastian. His thin face was as thoughtful as the face of a man reading some difficult paragraph in a book; it held that studious, fully centered expression.

Cramp's voice sailed flatly through the room: "Go ahead, Ben."

But Ben DePard's unbalanced mind had tipped once and would not tip again. The ferret gleaming in his eyes grew more pronounced, and for Sebastian the tale was being plainly told. Ben would break first. Thus warned, Sebastian placed the weight of his attention on the little man, crowding Cramp to the extreme corner of his vision; the silver-haired stranger was nothing but a shadow across the length of the room. It was the best he could do.

He rubbed his belly against the bar gently, thus pushing the skirts of his

(*Continued on page 62*)

Only the CONKLIN NOZAC has the WORD GAUGE
7-M
6-M
5-M
4-M
3-M
2-M
1-M
A CLOCK NEEDS A DIAL AND A PEN NEEDS A WORD GAUGE
Conklin NOZAC
ROBINSON REMINDER
with FREE INITIALS
$1.00 UP
THE CONKLIN PEN CO National Sales Representatives

EVERY STUDENT NEEDS THIS COMPLETE PEN PERFORMANCE

● When providing equipment for school or business use note the fact of recent epoch-making advances in the design, construction and performance of fountain pens and refillable pencils. Those who buy a new pen today enjoy many advantages brought to every writer by the new writing tools of a new era. The first of these ultra-modern, new-type, self-filling sackless pens was the Conklin Nozac. Today, tested and proved it embodies many exclusive refinements and improvements suggested by experience. Here is the new-age pen really perfected and fully equipped.

The Conklin Nozac Word Gauge★ tells you how many words you have written and can write with the ink in the pen. .Filled by positive mechanical action—quick, easy, unfailing. Fully visible ink supply. Beautiful, new streamlined barrel and cap of non-breakable materials. The streamlined, patented spring clip enables this ordinarily prosaic detail to lend a new beauty to the ensemble. In modern color combinations, $5.00, $7.50, $10.00. Step into the store of any leading dealer anywhere in the world and try it. Pencils to match $3.50, $5.00.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO
Chicago London Sydney San Francisco Barcelona

One-stroke vacuum filler sackless pen. $3.50
Ladies' sackless pen. Streamlined. $5.00
Conklin Endura lever filler. $5.00
Conklin No. 26. Full size. $2.75

There are specialized Conklin pens $2.75 and more and pencils $1.00 and more to fit every purse, preference and requirement. All embody every modern improvement consistent with good performance and dependability.

★ PAT. APPL'D FOR

"I often lost half a day from HEADACHE, until—

1 "I'm a salesman and when I don't work, I don't earn. So a bad head in the morning costs me money. I tried different remedies, but found none that gave me prompt relief. I often lost half a day from headaches — sometimes it would take till evening before I felt really peppy again.

2 "A customer tipped me off to Bromo-Seltzer and I tried it one day when my head was throbbing. It cleared away the pain in almost no time—settled my stomach, too. Left me feeling pepped up—not a bit sluggish. Now, I snap out of next-morning headaches fast with Bromo-Seltzer."

3 When *you* have next-morning headaches, remember: Doctors find Bromo-Seltzer relieves such headaches *faster* than any other remedy tested! It also settles the stomach — calms jittery nerves—reduces the excess acid in the blood caused by overindulgence. Try it!

BROMO-SELTZER makes you feel fit faster

U.S. 1,771,034
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
1,875,431 PATS.

"GOOD LIQUOR'S BEST GUARDIAN"

THE SEAL OF SECURITY

This perfect closure is found only on *fine* liquor—because it is sold *exclusively* to distillers and vintners who are giving the American public the finest wines and liquors in every price range. Guardian seals in all the original goodness—protects against substitution or leakage—opens easily with a single two-finger twist and recloses as tight as a drum. Look for Guardian!

GUARDIAN Safety Seal
35 EAST WACKER DRIVE · CHICAGO

(Continued from page 61)

coat farther back from the gun holster. He let both hands remain on the edge of the bar, but all the pressure of his body began to flow into his left arm, with which he presently meant to throw himself around the corner of the bar toward DePard and away from Cramp.

Cramp said: "Look here, Sebastian—"

Ben DePard's teeth clicked together; his hand dropped. He was fast but it was the click of his teeth that hit Sebastian's cocked nerves and put him in motion. Ben DePard's forearm swept down and up in a single motion. He was close, so close that he swayed backward to have free space for his lifting gun. That fractional delay killed him. Sebastian fired from his place at the bar's end and lunged on against the little man. The smell of powder flowed unpleasantly into the dead air. Hard detonating waves of sound expanded through the room, cracking into the walls. Upstairs a woman screamed. Ben DePard's little face lost the coherence of a human being; all expression on it was blurred and mushy.

IT WAS a dying man Sebastian's shoulders knocked to the floor. It was a dying man's hands that weakly slapped at Sebastian's legs as he stepped over Ben DePard. His boot heel hit and pinned one of those palms to the boards; he veered and flung a shot at Dode Cramp. It had to be enough, that one shot, for he felt that lead from the silver-haired stranger's gun breathe by him. The shattered glass of the back bar fell with a jangling sound. He saw the stranger standing straight up and down, firing deliberately; he surged forward and pinned his shots on that still target. A bullet plowed a white furrow across the surface of the bar, the smell of powder turned suffocatingly thick, and all this brutal sound shook the old building perceptibly under his feet. He had reached the north end of the bar and noticed then that he had wasted his latest shot on a blank wall. The stranger was sitting down on the floor with his legs apart, with his head prayerfully bowed. The man got one arm up and pushed his palm outward in Sebastian's direction, with a gesture of defeat. A lane of light suddenly crossed the floor and touched him, and Sebastian whirled to see Dode Cramp duck through the street door.

Madame Belle Gilson's voice howled down the stairs, "Stop that—stop that in my place!" Sebastian trotted across the room and reached the porch. Cramp was thirty yards away, on a dead run for the shelter of the nearest house. Halted, Sebastian lifted his gun and sighted carefully along it until he had Cramp pinned inexorably. Cramp threw a glance backward and saw it, and fell flat on his face, dust rising like steam around him. Sebastian abruptly pulled his gun down. Sebastian said:

"Stay there, Cramp."

Belle Gilson hurried to the porch, her big washerwoman arms clutching a violently red silk kimono about her. She said: "Good God, Sebastian! In my place!" But Sebastian saw Lily Tennant standing sick and pale beside the car. He went around and got in the driver's side and waited for her to seat herself. She had forgotten to close the door and he reached over and pulled it shut, and looked back at the prone Cramp. Belle Gilson called out: "Never come to Tumpah alone again, Tom! You fool, Buffalo set that trap!"

"Madame," said Sebastian, "tell Buffalo I'm coming after him," and drove away.

(To be continued next week)

View from the Top

Continued from page 15

up the grass-grown road. He stopped the car in the dooryard deep with grass and weeds and escaped garden flowers.

"I haven't done much yet," he said diffidently. "I like to have a lot ahead of me."

"Why, Hump, how sweet, how darling!" Her voice was muffled and her lips quivered. She struggled for control, then gave up, laughing with wholehearted enjoyment, peal after peal of silver mirth. "I can't help it, Hump! Don't be mad, darling. But—these dilapidated little shacks and all these weeds. Don't tell me this county poor-farm is the place you dreamed of so long! Why, you simpleton, we could have had this any time. I always thought you were looking forward to a place in the country."

At once the house was a collapsing ruin and the fields just worthless land where some poor devil had given up the struggle in defeat. He saw himself as ridiculous, and remembered Janet: "A little place in Rhode Island is just darling but it can't support Gilberte, Inc." Right. He would certainly have that final talk with Pete Schramm. But there was no impulse to take Christine into the house and exhibit his handiwork.

He put the car in gear. "My ambitions are always low-grade," he said.

"Yes." Christine's forehead was wrinkled. "We might have stuck together and got somewhere if they hadn't been."

He drove swiftly to Mary Schramm's. The immense place was cluttered with cars and brightly dressed people. In her usual ecstatic vagueness Mary welcomed them and directed their bags to a guest house. Christine was appalled.

"A divorced couple in the same house, Mary? It wouldn't be moral and I'd never live it down. Gilberte, Inc., would be plunged into a forced sale."

Mary looked dampened. "Well, there's an empty single up in the pines. Will you take that, Hump?" She walked a little way with him, beaming and kind. "Christine is capricious, Hump, but she's scared and unhappy, too. She's much too fine to be trying to run a business. She should be protected, cherished, shielded. Oh, you made such a silly mistake!"

Unfortunately, he had just noticed the Pilchard anchored fifty yards out. "Her friends will take care of Christine's business," he said. "She's fine but she's also shrewd. I'll bet you've bought enough stuff from her to outfit a revue."

THE single guest house was in a pine grove on top of a point of rocks that jutted into the bay. Hump saw Christine, in a white bathing suit, cross a segment of bright lawn and join a group at the dock. He took a dip at the base of his own cliff, then dressed and moved out, with very little enthusiasm, to investigate the party.

It was the usual thing. Mary's simple formula was that if you gathered enough people, gave them enough to eat and drink and provided enough paraphernalia, everyone would be blissful. Hump moved from the group at the dock to one playing bridge on a long veranda and on to another clustered round a roulette wheel. Sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres and cocktails were stacked in every corner till the place looked like a wholesaler's warehouse.

An outboard roared in from the Pilchard. Brian Forbes and Janet Littell got out of it. Janet strolled up from the dock, in linen slacks and espadrilles. "Hello," she said. "There's beer if you can face a butler's contempt."

She was remarkably tanned. Also there was some change in her. She seemed remote; she had a new kind of hardness. Not the defensive, assumed hardness that had protected her privacy, but something reckless, something that took a high polish.

"You look as if you'd moved out of the tenement districts," Hump said.

Janet smiled briefly. "The ruling classes are softies. In less than two weeks three palpitant lives have been laid at my feet. I can have champagne any time."

SHE moved on, and for no reason that moment had been tart and unpleasant. Hump grimly applied himself to cocktails and achieved a glow that lasted till the crowd thinned and the late dinner was over. But Christine, in a clinging gown of green and black, was inexpressibly seductive by candlelight and flagrantly dedicated to Brian Forbes. She was beside Forbes at the roulette wheel, her cheeks on fire with excitement. She was having a run of luck that made her voice rich and her eyes melting. . . . Janet was looking down at him. "Shall we get out of the monkey house?" she asked.

They strolled a mile or so up the beach, an incoming tide hissing just beyond their feet, and sat down.

"You didn't say what you've done about the three offers," Hump suggested.

She said lazily: "A girl has to think of her art. Mary has been thinking of it all along. A girl has to think of a lot of things."

"Have you succeeded in thinking what it is you want?"

"You saw me decide in a hot rage before I came here," she said frivolously. Then she wasn't frivolous but cold and clear. "You took that job, didn't you, Hump?"

"Half an hour ago." He tried to brag but only succeeded in confessing.

She was silent for a long time. When she spoke her voice had a cold hardness.

"I told you what you wanted, and I was right." She stood up. "Let's be getting back, Hump."

He fell in step with her, futilely smarting from her disdain. "Look," he said, "let's not exasperate each other, Janet. Beer is a friendly drink."

"We've moved a long way past beer," she said thoughtfully. "Things happen fast outside the back streets—much faster than at Heinrich's. No, it's just thrift, and you admire thrifty women. One of them sold you out. But you thought hard and found out that's what you like. You're the man who tried to turn the clock back—and did."

She quickened her pace. "Well, go ahead, Hump. You've pulled up to her class. So go gather her in. It will be easy—she's a thrifty woman."

"How do you know all this? How do you know all the things you know?"

"I'm psychic. Little voices speak to me from far away."

Janet slipped away into the uproar of the house. An hour later, still sore, he went looking for her but found her gone. Christine wasn't to be seen, either. Thoroughly dejected, he went to bed.

He woke early and stood at a window above the silent estate. In the morning stillness, Janet ran across the grass, a beach robe trailing from her shoulders. Hump put on a bathing suit and followed her to the dock.

He overtook her a good way out and they swam back together.

"I didn't do the sharp scorn very well last night," Janet said. "Forget it, Hump."

She was fundamentally what she had always been at Heinrich's, friendly and amused.

"You're lovely, Janet."

Her eyes went shy. "You've never said that before. Why? Would it have been out of keeping with those homey evenings at Heinrich's? Putting sentiment into a relationship securely founded on cheese sandwiches?" She shivered. Then she laughed. "Let's find some coffee. That sounded maidenly, didn't it?—unkissed and without a compliment! I'm not maidenly; I'm just trying to arrive on the upper levels. Like your beloved."

The fog that settled down was an inspiring challenge to Mary Schramm. Dauntlessly she responded with new apparatus, increased supplies of food and drink, a fiercer energy. The party, increased by new recruits every half-hour, settled in for a day's serious attention to high spirits. After lunch Christine sought Hump out, linked arms and led him away.

"Why do you waste yourself on that skinny little newspaper girl? And why did you hide this big job from me? It isn't nice to have to find out about it from Mary."

"Yes," he said, "I've got a mahogany desk now. That proves I'm on the big time."

An intimate languor came into her smile. "It's an insult to me that you needed a divorce to get you there." Janet came into the room with Forbes on one side of her and some tubby, mustached chap on the other. Christine moved nearer. "Just what *is* the fascination of a severe haircut and a flat chest? I'd think she was pretty insipid. So let's be outspoken, darling. Would your pride permit some flagrant adoration?"

"No!" he said violently. "I've jumped through some pretty degrading hoops for you. But I'll be damned if I'll do your pace-making for another man."

At once she produced an agitation that flowed like a current along all his nerves. For she turned unmasked eyes on him with blue fire in their depths, a smile fading into something that was more than a dare, and whispered with a catch in her breath, "You were always so timid, Hump. Are you too humble to try on your own behalf?"

SHE drifted away, leaving the invitation in him like a barb. The wry truth was that he saw Christine as clearly as anyone could see her and it didn't matter—he still knew what he wanted and had always wanted. . . . An hour later she had withdrawn Forbes to a dim corner, a backgammon game and murmurous laughter. The fog was dissolving into a thin rain which looked as if it would get heavier, the menagerie was roaring at full voice, a throbbing had set up in Hump's temples. Suddenly the bottom fell out of everything, and the place was altogether insupportable. To go back to the city was an idea of glistening beauty, but Mary would be affronted if he did. But he couldn't face the afternoon here. Well, why not spend the rest of it at the farm?

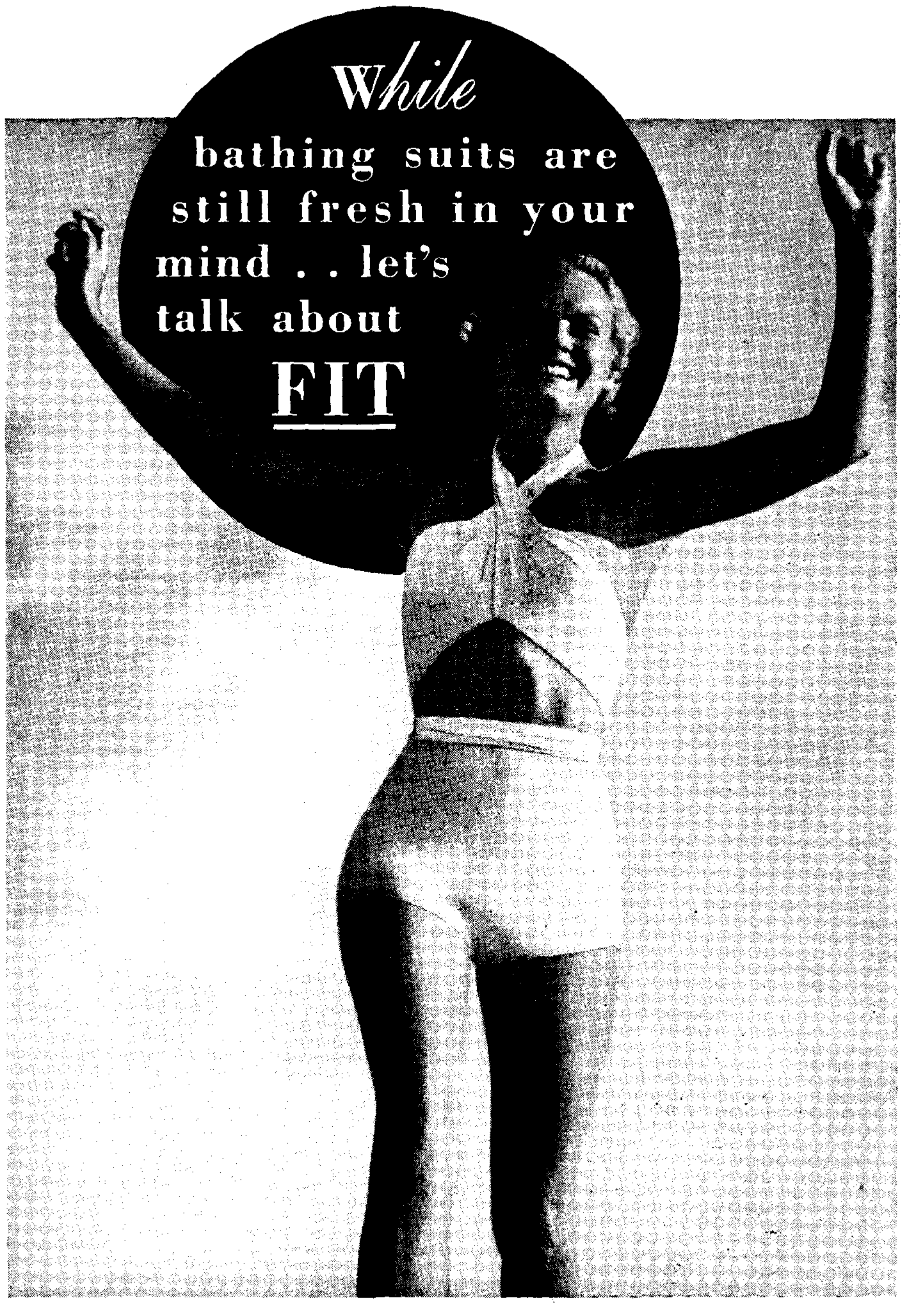
Janet was starting upstairs, swimming suit and beach robe over her arm. "It's the back streets and the walk-ups for me tomorrow," she said.

"I'll drive you home," Hump said.

"I'm going by boat. The Pilchard offered first."

"That makes a good finish. Well, drive with me now—I'm going to the farm."

(*Continued on page 64*)


While
bathing suits are still fresh in your mind . . let's talk about
FIT

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET

OIL TO FIT YOUR CAR

Buy OIL by your mileage

THE past summer has proved again the importance of fit in a bathing suit—to the peace of mind of the wearer, and the pleasure of the looker. The fit of a motor oil is just as important to the pleasure of motoring, and the peace of mind of your pocket-book. Oil must fit the spaces between the moving parts of *your* engine. These spaces (clearances) increase in size as you add miles. That is why a new tight engine needs a different "size" oil than one that has run over 1,000 miles. That is why the oil you use at 5,000 miles should not be the same "size" or thickness as the oil you use at 15,000 miles. This "fit" of an oil is the most important factor in saving you oil, gas and repairs and in giving your car more power and speed. HYVIS OILS, INC., WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA.

COMPARATIVE WIDTH OF CLEARANCES

AT 1,000 MILES
AT 10,000 MILES
AT 30,000 MILES

Ⓐ Oil should fit clearances Ⓑ Clearances increase with wear Ⓒ Wear increases with mileage Ⓓ Mileage is shown by speedometer—therefore BUY OIL BY YOUR MILEAGE.

© HYVIS OILS, INC., 1935

Your speedometer mileage tells you which oil fits your car

Ask for HYVIS ❸ *for mileage in 3 figures —up to 999 miles*
Ask for HYVIS ❹ *for mileage in 4 figures —1,000 to 9,999*
Ask for HYVIS ❺ *for mileage in 5 figures —10,000 to 29,999*
Ask for HYVIS ❻ *when speedometer reads over 30,000 miles*

HYVIS MOTOR OILS SUPER-REFINED PENNSYLVANIA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HYVIS
Mileage-Metered
MOTOR OILS

"DIRECTED HEAT" gives greater comfort

Patented shutters on three sides of the Heat-Director may be opened independently at any desired angle to direct heat rays.

New HEAT-DIRECTOR burns oil · Patented shutters direct heat rays at any angle!

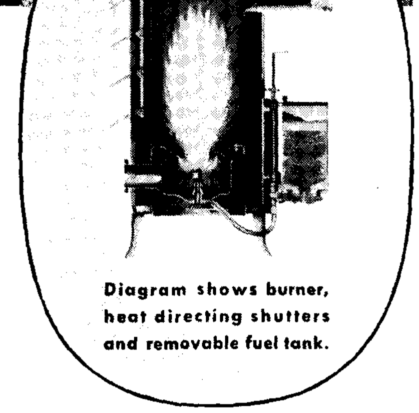


Diagram shows burner, heat directing shutters and removable fuel tank.

HERE'S a new heater that gives comfort plus convenience—proved by thousands in use all over the country. Here's modern heating without ashes, without extremes of temperature—clean, steady oil heating for stove-heated homes, stores, offices and meeting halls. The new Superfex Heat-Director combines the best features of both circulating and radiating methods, and *directs* heat rays where you please.

Adjustable Shutters Direct Radiant Heat

The Heat-Director has patented shutters on three sides. These shutters can be opened on one or more sides independently, at any angle desired, sending radiant heat to warm floor, footstool or davenport as needed. When the shutters are closed, the heat rises through the top-grill-work to circulate evenly through several openly connected rooms of average size.

The Heat-Director has a vaporizing burner that uses inexpensive No. 1 Light Domestic Fuel oil, distillate or kerosene.

The removable fuel tank holds five gallons, enough for as many as forty-two hours of comfort. Think what this means: you can have a gentle fire all night and get up to a comfortable house in the morning; or you can leave the Heat-Director for a day, a night, or a week-end, with the fuel tank full, the dial turned at "low". When you return, the place is warm, and the temperature can then be increased at will by turning the dial for higher fire.

Your new Heat-Director is simple to install; set it up and connect with a flue, like a stove. Draft regulation is automatic. Easy to fuel, easy to light, Heat-Director does away with all the chores of stove heating. There are three handsome new Heat-Directors in beautiful porcelain enamel finish in rich burled walnut design, also several radiating models. Ask your dealer for a demonstration. Find out about this new convenient winter comfort, obtainable only with Heat-Director.

For one-room chilly spots, see the smart modern designs in portable Perfection Room Heaters.

SUPERFEX Oil Burning HEATERS
PRODUCT OF PERFECTION STOVE CO. The mark of quality

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY • 7652-A Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
☐ Please send free booklet about the new Superfex Heat-Director.
☐ Also folder showing Modern Perfection Room Heater.

Name ________ St. or R.F.D. ________
Post Office ________ State ________

Directed HEAT

FREE! SEND FOR NEW BOOKLET

(*Continued from page* 63)

She hesitated. "That's right, you've got a farm." She laid her swimming things on a chair, picked up a raincoat and said, "I'd like to see it."

A mile on the way, he asked casually, "What are you on the Pilchard? Deck hand?"

"All machinery baffles me. I couldn't even change a tire."

"With eight million dollars you don't need to change a tire."

"You need to change lots of other things, though."

Something in her voice roused a suspicion. He suddenly realized that he should have felt it long ago. "Look here, was Forbes among those three offerings?"

"The Pilchard has been anchored off Mary's lawn all these two weeks."

He stopped the car and confronted her. "Yes or no?"

"Do I love to write little nifties about how high skirts will be or what to do on the schoolgirl's budget? Then again, did you ever turn down eight million dollars?"

"And again," he said, "you've got to think of your art." The stunning shock he felt was certainly uncalled for. He ought, instead, to be admiring Mary Schramm's success. When Mary went out for an endowment she got results. So Janet's new veneer of hardness was a pose, huh? Well, when had he ever been right about a woman? "That's how you could be psychic about Christine's campaign. You got your information at the source." He held out his hand. "You took that one handily, Janet. Under wraps."

She shook his hand. "Both of us. It's easy enough—just a matter of finding out what you want." Her mouth had that familiar unhappy twist. . . .

THE drizzle was still falling when they reached the farm. At once they were arguing wall surfaces and window frames. He had taken out a wall to throw two rooms together, it was a question whether he should enclose the porch with glass, but hadn't he better pierce the roof with dormers? The second story, which he hadn't touched yet, was littered with old magazines. He exhibited the kitchen with some pride. He had uncovered the beams in the ceiling, scraped the paneled walls, renewed the cupboards. He made a fire of chips and split birch in the rickety range; dampness withdrew before the growing heat.

At the window, Janet said, "I want to see the whole estate."

He demurred. "You'll ruin your shoes."

"What's one pair of shoes?" What, indeed, to eight million dollars!

Rain made her cheeks satiny as they tramped down ruts amidst high weeds. They climbed through the wood lot to the top of the hill, came back by way of a spring that he would pipe to displace the kitchen pump, crossed a meadow where the kitchen garden would be, ended at the rain-curtained river. They investigated the barn, going back, and Hump grew fervent explaining his intentions. He would put in a big north light and a fireplace, fill the room with drafting tables and blueprint machines and all his professional equipment—and he could always rise from the frenzy of design to shoot a woodchuck through the window.

"That was yesterday," Janet said. "You'll be in the vice-president's office."

She brought him up to date with a thump. Of course! He wasn't a free lance any more. That workroom was old-fashioned and naïve. It belonged with a lot of other daydreams that would come to nothing. . . . They went on and Janet was arrested by a small shed under an elm. "You've got two woodsheds, Hump. Nobody can use two woodsheds. This should be a studio."

"Nobody could use two studios, either."

They went on reconstructing the place to a perfection possible only in fantasy. Light was failing through the rain when they got back, and the kitchen range flickered a crimson glow on walls and ceiling. "You were right about the shoes," she said. She took them off and set them before the open oven, then hung her drenched stockings over the back of a chair. She pulled up another chair and stretched bare legs toward the glow. Talk faded out. Janet was lost in reverie and Hump was content to look at her while rainy dusk settled down. The unhappiness in her mouth must be intermittent, for twilight showed her lips serene; and her profile, her shoulders, merged perfectly into the dim harmony of the walls. Suddenly she jumped up, lighted an oil lamp on a bracket above the stove, and carried it into the pantry. Her voice floated back, "You *have* got condensed milk. I've had too much caviar. We could make it biscuits, canned jam, canned corned beef or canned fish cakes, and if that isn't enough, more biscuits."

THE barelegged fiancée of eight million dollars became furiously active in a farm kitchen. Hump could collaborate to the extent of coffee and well water. A wind came up and the rain grew heavier. . . . They ate slowly, with unimaginable relish. The bracket lamp made shadows on her face, rain threshed against the roof, the storm shut them off as far from Narragansett Bay as ever they had been at Heinrich's. It made, he thought uneasily, a proper end, this reminiscence of quiet good times together, for this was a farewell supper. They wouldn't be eating together again.

It was in that mood that he put an arm round her and kissed her. In the same mood she accepted it, kissing him again, accommodating her head to his shoulder. "Listen to the rain," she said. "I told you I'm defenseless against simple pleasures, and this house is much too fine a setting for them—that roof has felt a lot of rain in its time. And—" She raised her lips, "Oh, Hump, our inexpensive amusements!"

Leave it at that, he thought with sudden weariness—leave it at a light gaiety about a curiously poignant companionship that had been left behind for bigger and higher things.

But the instinct that had kept him from bringing her here before had been very sound. Janet had no shrewdness; she wasn't crafty and thrifty; she lacked the brittle fineness that made the difference. He couldn't have stood much of this quiet tenderness and still gone on to those bigger things. Dark hair and a tranquil forehead and the waist his arm encircled were much too agreeable in the old kitchen and would have raised hell with what he had to do. The truth about him seemed to be that he couldn't think fast enough, that in everything, from divorce to vice-presidencies, he made up his mind too late.

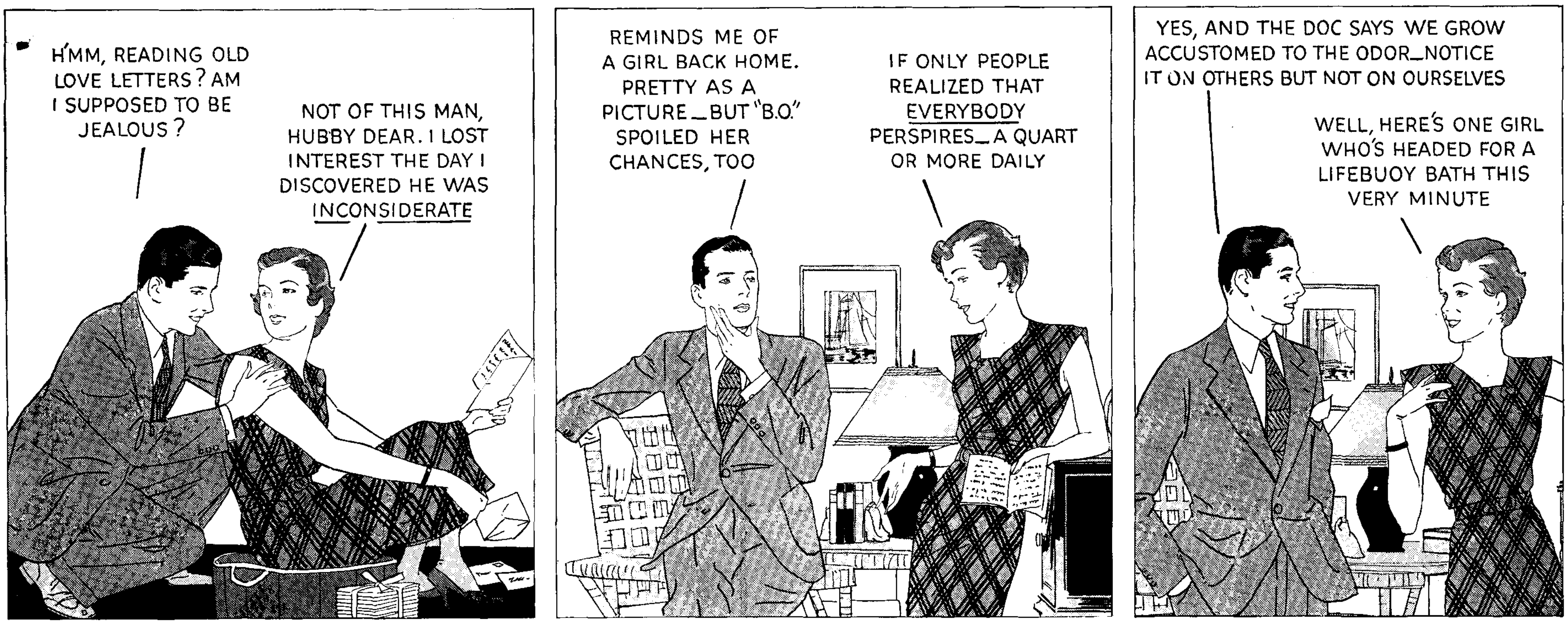
After a while the same restlessness seemed to infect Janet. "But this isn't how things look from the top when you get there, is it? We'd better return to the scene of our triumphs."

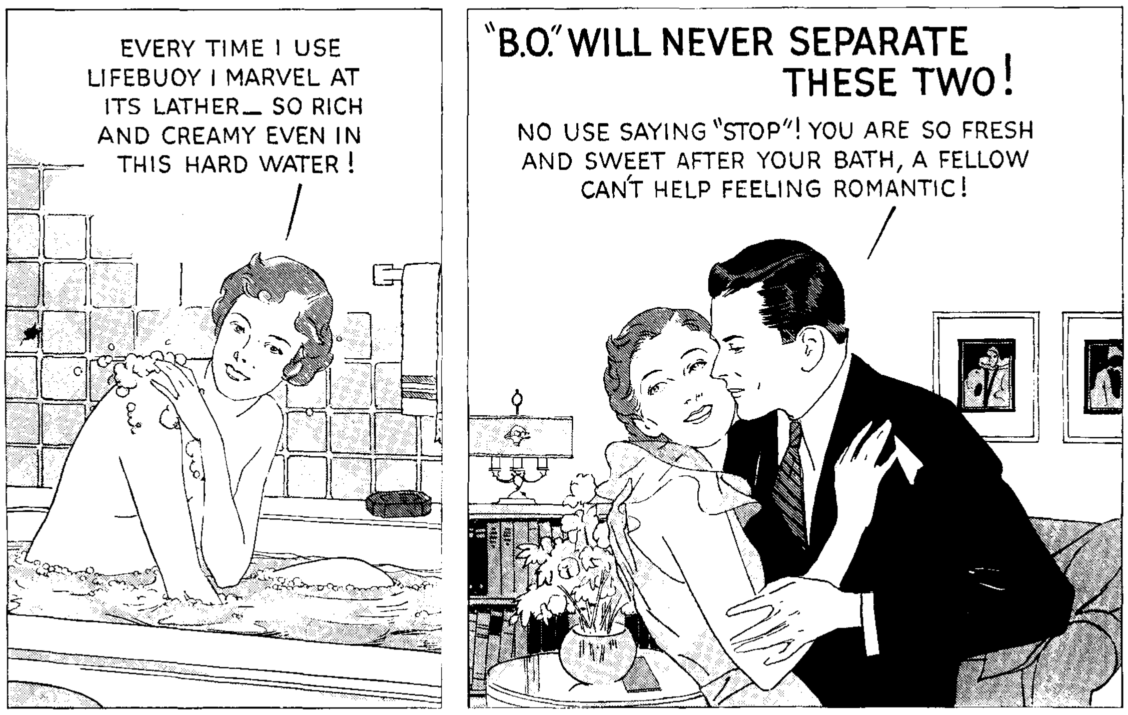
Then, together, they walked through the rain to the car.

But twilight and supper and evening had lasted too long and Hump had neither peace nor pleasure in the silent drive. Light through a window showed him her somber face when they reached the national park, and she went away somewhere it was superfluous to inquire about. He couldn't make much sense of the way he felt—bitterness and distaste, images of firelight and lamplight, frag-

(*Continued on page* 66)

NO NEED TO BE JEALOUS OF HIM!


H'MM, READING OLD LOVE LETTERS? AM I SUPPOSED TO BE JEALOUS?
NOT OF THIS MAN, HUBBY DEAR. I LOST INTEREST THE DAY I DISCOVERED HE WAS INCONSIDERATE
REMINDS ME OF A GIRL BACK HOME. PRETTY AS A PICTURE—BUT "B.O." SPOILED HER CHANCES, TOO
IF ONLY PEOPLE REALIZED THAT EVERYBODY PERSPIRES—A QUART OR MORE DAILY
YES, AND THE DOC SAYS WE GROW ACCUSTOMED TO THE ODOR—NOTICE IT ON OTHERS BUT NOT ON OURSELVES
WELL, HERE'S ONE GIRL WHO'S HEADED FOR A LIFEBUOY BATH THIS VERY MINUTE

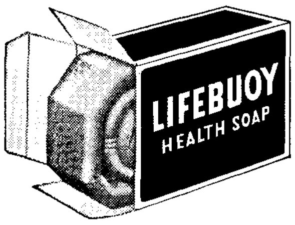

EVERY TIME I USE LIFEBUOY I MARVEL AT ITS LATHER— SO RICH AND CREAMY EVEN IN THIS HARD WATER!
"B.O." WILL NEVER SEPARATE THESE TWO!
NO USE SAYING "STOP"! YOU ARE SO FRESH AND SWEET AFTER YOUR BATH, A FELLOW CAN'T HELP FEELING ROMANTIC!

I CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION

When your skin looks dull and cloudy, generally it's because little specks of dirt and impurities have become lodged in the pores. Lifebuoy's rich, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores of these clogged wastes, freshens the skin to glowing health.

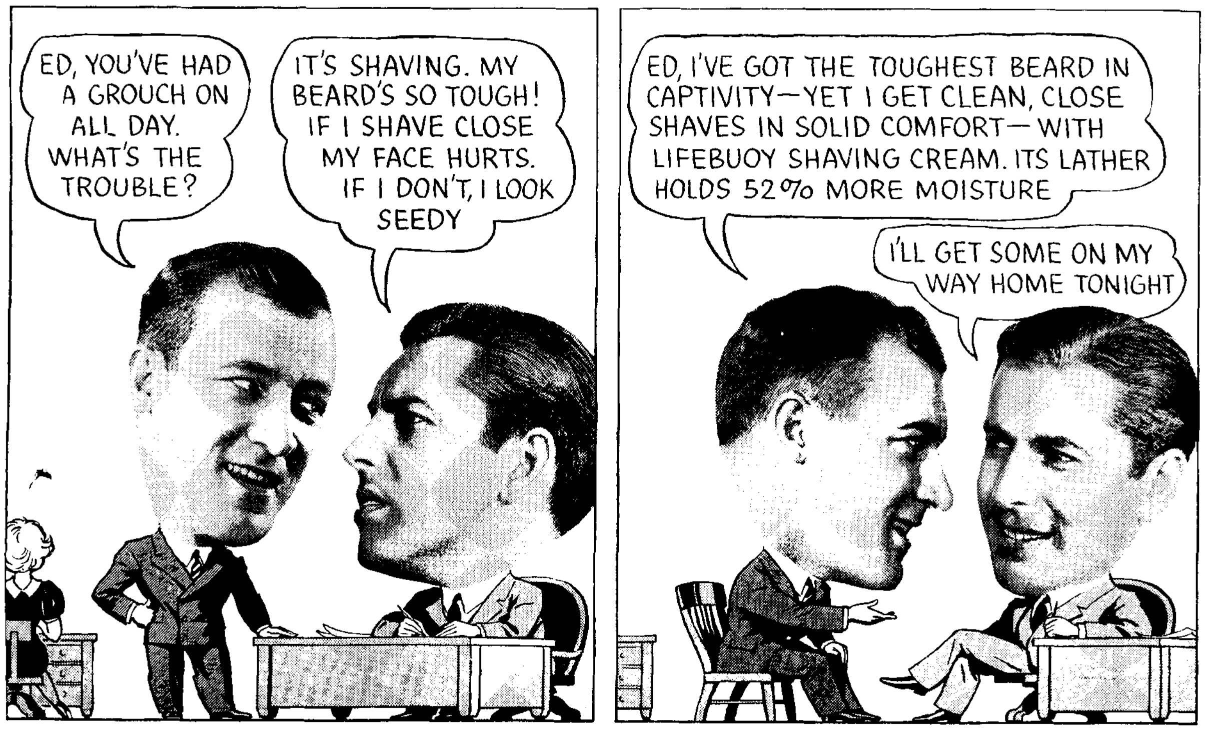
So mild and gentle

Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps", as "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show. Lathers abundantly in hardest water, purifies pores, stops "B. O." (*body odor*). Its own clean scent rinses away.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE REAL "LOW-DOWN" ON SHAVING


ED, YOU'VE HAD A GROUCH ON ALL DAY. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
IT'S SHAVING. MY BEARD'S SO TOUGH! IF I SHAVE CLOSE MY FACE HURTS. IF I DON'T, I LOOK SEEDY
ED, I'VE GOT THE TOUGHEST BEARD IN CAPTIVITY—YET I GET CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVES IN SOLID COMFORT—WITH LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE
I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME TONIGHT

NEXT MORNING
THIS LIFEBUOY SHAVE IS A HONEY —MY CHIN'S AS SMOOTH AS SILK— AND MY FACE NEVER FELT BETTER

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for a week and you'll use it for life. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Company, Dept. A-119, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day trial tube. (*This offer good in U. S. only.*)

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE

At last—a Fountain Pen Point that Suits *YOUR* Handwriting!

After all, the test of any fountain pen is the way it writes—for YOU. You may have found it difficult to get a fountain pen that fits your style of writing *exactly*. Now, however, Esterbrook Fountain Pens offer you a selection of 10 accurately graded solid Duracrome points—more efficient and cheaper than gold. Try them—select your own Re-New-Point, be it stub, flexible, fine or broad—and simply screw it in. Good for miles of writing ease, and replaceable with a new point *exactly like it* at any stationer's for only 25c. Esterbrook Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

RE-NEW-POINT
◀complete with feed▶
for Esterbrook Fountain Pens . . 25c

COMPLETE FOUNTAIN PENS $1.00 AND UP

Esterbrook
FOUNTAIN PEN
World's Greatest Pen Makers since 1858

BIG PROFITS FAST SELLERS
21 CHRISTMAS GREETING FOLDERS *in Handsome* GIFT BOX
New and exclusive. Sells for $1.00. Costs you, 50c. **Featuring silk ribbon folder, mother-of-pearl, novelty cut-outs.** Write at once. **Samples on approval.** Start selling now. **WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 11, 7 Water St., BOSTON, MASS.**

GET MORE BUSINESS—USE POST-CARD ADS!
You can *illustrate*, *print* and *address* the cards yourself on a simple, inexpensive little machine—the **Elliott Cardvertiser.** No cuts to buy; no type to set. Wonderful for **any** business. *Write now* on business letterhead for details.
ELLIOTT CO., Cambridge, Mass.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

IT'S THE Scenic Route to *California's sunshine*

Take the EMPIRE BUILDER
More for your money
Dining car meals as low as 50c
Every car air-conditioned
Evergreen Mountain Ranges
Finest Scenery by Daylight

Ask your local railway ticket agent or travel bureau, or write A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, ST. PAUL.

Ride the completely air-conditioned
EMPIRE BUILDER
via Scenic Glacier Park Route between Chicago, Twin Cities and Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Alaska, California

View from the Top

Continued from page 64

ments of old ambitions and old slurs, the soaring flight and the disdain of two women.

The world was spinning—and then suddenly it stopped spinning. For Christine appeared out of the uproar and he needed only one glance. Early this afternoon she had been angered and a little bewildered by delay but she hadn't found out about the full stop to her career. She had found out about it now. Thunder broke out in his pulses.

He could realize, objectively, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. Just as objectively he could realize that the moment he had been waiting for at least three and a half years had arrived. This was the moment. His pulses went on drumming and Christine took his arm and led him through a lot of rooms where the menagerie was having a fine time. She was leaning close to him and she was laughing intimately and making gay, deft, daring remarks. Forthright and direct, no waste of time. Till they reached a window seat in a deserted hall and could sit down together and Christine said: "There's no reason why an ex-husband has to be around. There's no reason why I should be disturbed because he isn't. That's a symptom that could alarm me, Hump."

Her head too was close and he could catch a remembered perfume from her hair that flew like an arrow farther back than three and a half years. It was dim here and deserted. She was the most beautiful woman in the world.

She swayed still nearer. She whispered, "It's pretty drastic, pretty upsetting. A woman has her pride to think of. I mean—I'm trying to suggest—I don't know what, Hump. But it's possible to find out about mistakes, and sometimes you've seemed as if you weren't . . . quite . . . cured of me."

SO. IT was his moment. For three and a half years he had lain awake through lonely nights harassing himself with pictures of it. He was the man who had wanted to turn the clock back, and now he had done it. He just had to reach out his arms. He didn't. This was his moment and all he could use it for was to remember firelight from a rickety range in a paneled kitchen, and to figure out, with instantaneous certainty, the best use for that second woodshed. He had what he wanted at less than arm's length and he knew what he wanted.

He said, "I've just thought of something," and went away with a great roaring in his ears. Her friends had always taken care of Christine, and they would take care of her now. Brian Forbes. Or someone. Or anyone.

He went straight to the ell where Janet's room was. He went straight in. Janet was closing her bags. She had on a suit and hat. She looked at him with a dreary antipathy and said, "Will you drive me to a train?" He said, unsteadily, "I know what the second studio is for," and her face was more strained and she said, "You, too?" Too? He said, "Both of us," with a blinding realization and Janet said, "I couldn't go home by boat—we stayed too long in your kitchen." And the ten feet of space between them miraculously diminished by exactly ten feet.

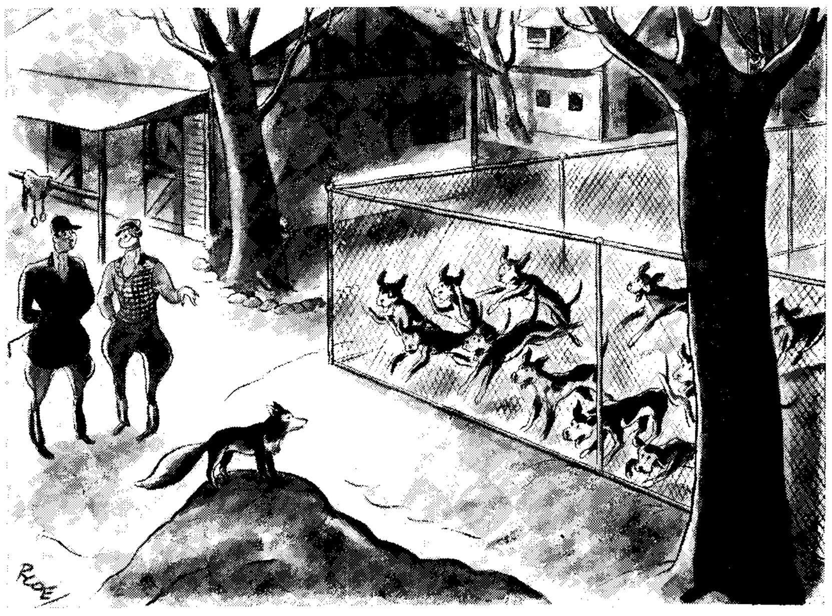
AFTER a while he remembered that, no matter how he disliked the view from there, he had got to the top. He said, from just above her ear, "I can't face Pete."

"You made it quite impossible for me to face Brian. And—" she laughed. "Mary, good heavens, Hump, Mary—this is the worst defeat she ever suffered. Well"—thoughtfully—"the world is full of telegraph stations. You can send a wire from any gas pump. I could write it—writing gay telegrams is the simplest kind of pleasure. So all we need now is some back stairs to creep down."

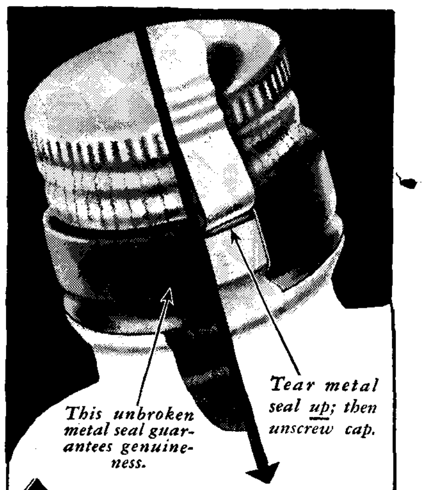
They crept down some and hurried through rain to the car. His bag and clothes were at the guest house. Never mind. He was leaving behind a lot of things, his own and others, finished and unfinished—Christine and the view from the top and all the bigger and higher things. He was essentially a sub-caliber guy, a man of low-grade ambitions dedicated to the simpler pleasures. To Janet's cheek against his and, as once before, rain on the roof of the coupé.

She said, luxuriously: "Never trust yourself in a kitchen with the rain coming down. That started me thinking seriously of my art, Hump. A second studio going to waste. . . . At that, it's quite a climb for me, darling. I always wanted a place in the country."

So had he. And now, at last, he had one.



"He comes down and teases them every day!" ROLAND COE



This unbroken metal seal guarantees genuineness.
Tear metal seal *up*; then unscrew cap.
FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857
Seagram's
See advertisement . . . . . Page 67

HAS AN ALSECO ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL ON EVERY BOTTLE *for your protection*
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

TYPEWRITER ½ Price
Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day
Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.
SEND NO MONEY
All late models completely refinished like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once.
Free course in typing included.
10-day Trial
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 925, Chicago

ITCHING *Torture* STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE
For quick relief from the itching of pimples, blotches, eczema, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.
D.D.D. *Prescription*

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 940-HA, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

Strong as the Nation
UNITED MUTUAL
Safeguarded
LIFE INSURANCE
United Mutual had in 1934 the highest cash interest earning rate on investments of any mutual company. All invested assets are in government and municipal bonds. Write for financial statement based on 1935 cash values, and booklet "Pensions for Everyone."
United Mutual Life Insurance Co., Dept. C9, Indianapolis

The Blinding Stars

Continued from page 19

built the existing building, he expected preference and had believed the other bids to have meant merely a check on his, a precaution in a quarter-million-dollar transaction.

The Asylum Assurance, however, appeared to be indecisive. The directors favored Harmacy; they had enjoyed relations with him, their architect had confidence in him, and his work was above criticism. They were disappointed with the result of the bidding. But they also wished to save some thirty thousand dollars. So they offered the contract to Harmacy at the price of the lowest bidder. Hopeless, Harmacy agreed to look over his figures; being a man who could not be guilty of skinning a job or tying up with unreliable sub-contractors, he saw little use in refiguring. That thirty thousand dollars represented the difference between plain bread and bread with jam. In consequence James J. Harmacy was glum, and his force—the mere skeleton of a force—was exceedingly apprehensive.

THIS was the situation one morning when Gus opened the office and, in sorting the mail that he picked off the floor, found a long envelope bearing his name and the imprint of Professor Salus. Carrying to the private office the letters for Harmacy, among them one similar to his own, he laid the small pile on his employer's desk and returned to the general office, where, perched on his tall stool and glowing with anticipation, he slit open his envelope.

Evidently—though the significance was not apparent to Gus—Professor Salus had enlisted the heavenly bodies in a profitable and systematized business; the long sheet, printed to imitate typewriting, had been prepared long in advance of its probable usefulness; Professor Salus' clerks had only to select from thousands of ready sheets that which was appropriate to the client's birth date and sex.

In the upper left-hand corner were a serial number and the letter "M"; in the right was a date, which Gus recognized as his birthday. There was a title, "Aquarius"; a subtitle, "The Water Bearer." Then followed what was termed, "Planets rising in the chart"—but, since it meant nothing to Gus, he skipped that and concentrated on the single-spaced mass which packed the sheet.

It encouraged him to read that those born under the influence of Aquarius may be either extremely strong or extremely weak; that when they awake to the possibilities of their natural endowment they may rise to undreamed-of heights, or, if indifferent, may be but a chip on the tide of life. Fair enough, thought Gus, reading on; a fellow had a chance, anyhow.

Hoping to find something prophetic which might be applied to his job and his future prospects, he scanned the stock of phrases. Honest . . . well, he was honest. Kind-hearted . . . he would say he was—though he suspected he was somewhat faint-hearted also. Possessed of acute perception. . . . Well, he didn't know about that. Still, maybe he was. How could he tell? Ah! But here! "The sons of Aquarius are aware of possessing great power, which they are apt to permit to lie dormant for lack of initiative."

He knew it! That explained those submerged stirrings within him, those rebellious moods of his. Eagerly he began to wade through the rest of the matter, hurrying past the failings of uncomprehending brothers in Aquarius: Fear . . . vacillation . . . procrastination . . . indecision. . . .

Gus had plenty of time this morning to study his character reading. Mr. Harmacy and Claridge, the estimator, had an early appointment to look over a small alteration project, and Miss Horne, dedicating an idle couple of hours to the conservation of her excellent teeth, had made an engagement with her dentist. Gus was the only one on the job. And for this opportunity to adjust himself to his newly discovered assurance he was grateful. He was especially grateful for Miss Horne's temporary absence—though in his excitement he had forgotten her until now; her sharp brown eyes, fortified by shell-rimmed glasses, would detect any sudden change from his customary meekness.

"Lack of initiative, eh!" Gus' buck teeth showed in a roundish smile as his eyes bulged with his survey of the office. His gaze fastened upon Miss Horne's desk. No place, that, for her desk. Once, with a bold showing of solicitude, he had suggested that it be placed so the light would come from her left, but the suggestion had been tolerantly, even smilingly, ignored. Now, however . . . Gus, his newly found initiative putting strength into his arms, tugged the heavy desk around until its position was reversed.

The telephone bell rang. Annoyed by this commonplace interruption, he took his time to answer it.

"Mr. Harmacy there?" asked a voice, crisp and full of confidence.

"Not yet," replied Gus, trying to put some of that authoritative crispness into his own voice. "Expect him about eleven. Who's this?"

"This is Mr. Jeffrey, Asylum Assurance. Just tell Mr. Harmacy that we're waiting to hear from him."

"About the bid, you mean?"

"Yes, yes," this impatiently. "He'll understand."

"I'm afraid it's no use, Mr. Jeffrey," said Gus, recalling the hopeless conversations between Harmacy and Claridge.

"What do you mean—no use? Who is talking?"

GUS now realized that his attempt to usurp authority was letting him in for something. He was about to say that he was the bookkeeper, but he caught himself in time. "This is Mr. Fees, one of the staff," he said. Then, to justify his statement, "You see, Mr. Jeffrey, it's this way: We're down to brass tacks. Nobody can do that work of yours any lower than we can without skinning the job—that thirty thousand has to be made up somehow—and we wouldn't do that to *you*. You ought to consider that difference as so much insurance against—well, against lots of things."

"Um-m!" Evidently Mr. Jeffery meditated. "Is this final?" he asked.

Gus swallowed hard. He had bitten off a mouthful. "Absolutely," he replied, fighting his growing fear and trying to keep in his voice that assumed tone of authority.

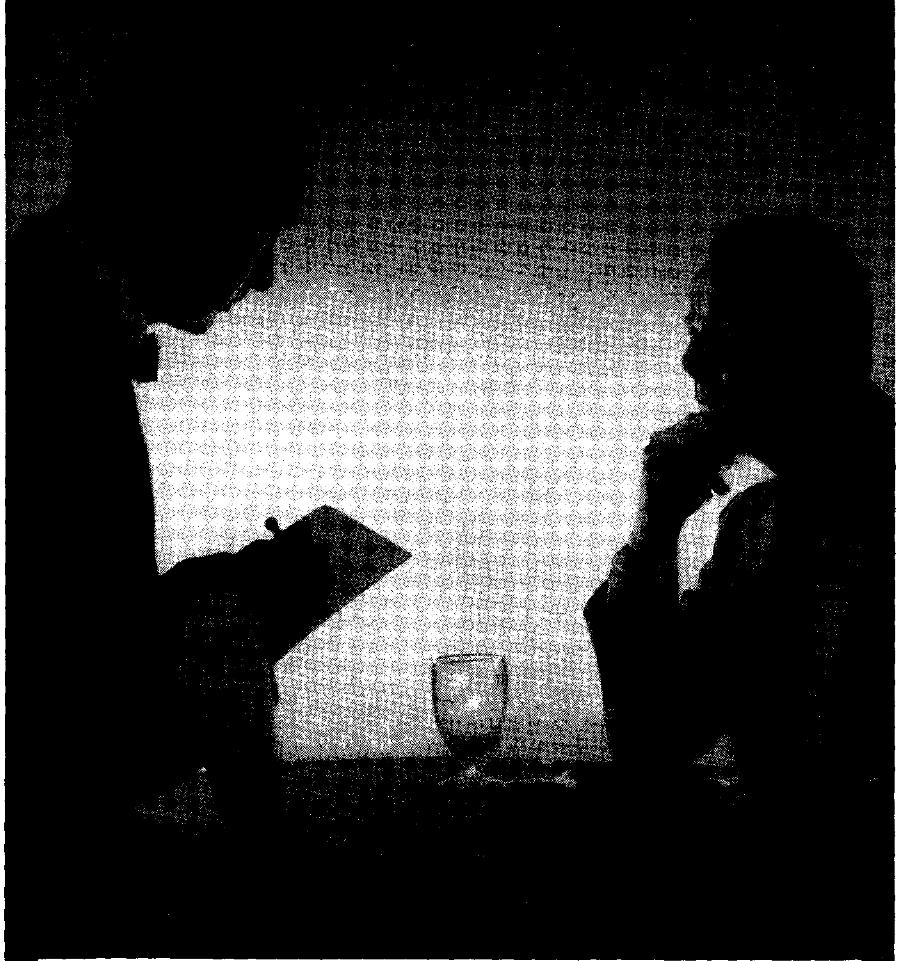
"All right, all right," said Mr. Jeffrey. "That's all."

Mechanically Gus returned the receiver to its hook and wiped the perspiration from his brow. On a slip of paper he wrote, "Mr. Jeffrey called up," and laid it on Harmacy's desk. He felt that he had written his own dismissal.

At half past ten Miss Horne appeared. "Good morning, Gus!" she said carelessly, as she went to hang her coat and hat in the closet.

(Continued on page 68)

Don't buy Whiskey in the DARK!



Say SEAGRAM'S and be Sure of what you're drinking

Wherever you drink—in hotels, in restaurants or clubs—*know* what you're drinking. You can't be too careful about whiskey.

Honest bars and honest barmen will give you what you ask for. *But it's always worth your while to ask.*

It takes less than two seconds to say "Make that highball (or cocktail) with Seagram's." And this little extra order assures you—not only of a smooth drink—but a palatable one. Not only a mellow whiskey—but one you can be sure of. Seagram's Crown is used in better bars because its quality is standard—it is America's favorite whiskey. Seagram's blending process gives Crown Whiskey a more satisfying, finer taste. You'll notice the difference at once. Say *"Make mine with Seagram's" and be Sure.*

Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey
Seagram's Seven Crown Blended Whiskey

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Seagram's Crown

Blended Whiskies

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Distillery: Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Executive Offices: New York

Have you tried the pleasing difference in Seagram's London Dry Gin—it's "SOFT-STILLED"

UNIFORM

NICHOLSON
U.S.A.
MADE IN U.S.A.

in

1. Appearance
2. Construction
3. Performance

Experienced mechanics frequently use the simile, "as much alike as Nicholson Files". Mechanics know that whether they use two or a hundred Nicholson Files of the same type, those files will be exactly the same in appearance, in the shape of the teeth, in every detail of construction and in performance.

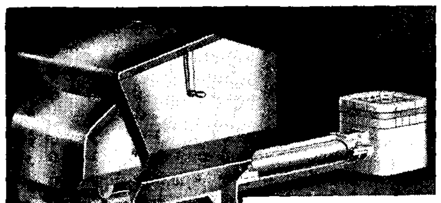
Absolute uniformity is what every file manufacturer strives for. The Nicholson File Company has attained it by placing the finest laboratory and manufacturing facilities at the disposal of a group of file experts whose training and experience make them second to none.

Nicholson Files for industrial and home use—at hardware and mill supply dealers. Always Twelve Perfect Files in Every Dozen. Nicholson File Company, Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

Genuine
NICHOLSON FILES
A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Monthly Fuel Bill Cut From $341 to $124 since installing COMBUSTIONEER Automatic Coal Burner

—is statement of Chas. B. Young, *President*, Superior Laundry Co., Charleston, W. Va.



Household size shown here. Ten others, up to 300 boiler H. P.

Many other concerns report savings far exceeding 50% of fuel bill.

Everywhere home and apartment owners and building managers turn to COMBUSTIONEER automatically controlled heat. Amazing feature, "Breathing Fuel Bed" saves as much as one-third to one-half of oil or gas fuel bill. Costs less than hand-firing because Combustioneer uses lower-priced sizes of bituminous coal and less of it. Eleven sizes. Thousands in use. Convenient payments. Qualified for F.H.A. financing. Ask for PROOF of Combustioneer's extra fuel saving and comfort. Booklet "LUNG POWER" sent free. Combustioneer, Inc., Dept. G, Springfield, Ohio.

FREE BOOK

A few desirable territories open for live distributors.

COMBUSTIONEER
FURNASTOKER—*the* AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER
with the Breathing Fuel Bed

(Continued from page 67)

For once her entrance did not give Gus his morning thrill; for once his dentate smile did not accompany his response to her greeting.

Miss Horne, having peered complacently into her compact mirror and dabbed her nose with a bit of chamois, started towards her place. "Why," she exclaimed, "what's happened to my desk?"

"Oh," said Gus listlessly, "I just thought you'd get better light that way. The way it was—"

"Is that so?" Miss Horne's tone verged on the sarcastic. "Well, I'm the one who has to work there. And you can put it back where it was before. Right now."

"Aw!" Gus grumbled. "Can't you try it that way—maybe for a little while?"

"Getting officious, aren't you?" Miss Horne sputtered, "Changing things around to suit yourself."

"Well, anyhow, I won't have to squeeze past you when I go to the safe."

"I *thought* you were thinking of your own convenience," Miss Horne accused tartly. "Are you going to move it back, or will you let a lady finish something you started?"

"Aw, say!" began Gus when the arrival of Harmacy and Claridge called a truce between them.

HARMACY, a large, impressive-looking man whose weight brought squeaks from the stoutest chairs, went heavily into his private office. Prominent on his desk was the memorandum that Gus had laid there. Harmacy, his heavy jaw working nervously, read it, frowned at it. His armchair squealed as he sat down and hitched it forward. Opening each of the few letters, he glanced moodily at its contents and tossed it aside. The one bearing Professor Salus' imprint was the last. In all respects, excepting the day of the month in the upper right-hand corner, the sheet he drew out was a duplicate of that which Gus had received. Harmacy, too, it appeared, was a son of Aquarius.

Ordinarily he would have glanced at the paper and then chucked it into the waste basket. But now he was abstracted. The offer of the Asylum Assurance Company dominated his thoughts. Idly, his eyes followed the closely printed lines before them, but his mind saw only that significant telephone memorandum.

"Sleep on it, Harmacy," Jeffrey had said, "and let us hear from you in the morning."

Sleep on it! Like a board studded with nails, it had made an uncomfortable bed to sleep on; he had squirmed all night. In the first place, he resented the offer of a job at somebody else's price. Besides, it established a bad precedent: that Harmacy could be beaten down. In good times, with plenty of work, he would have told them to keep their job. But now. . . . James J. Harmacy, having endlessly gone over the situation, had resolved to accept the offer.

But making up his mind was one thing and the act of making his decision known was another; he shrank from that finality. The contract would keep him busy for the better part of a year; what was an hour or two now? Well, anyhow, he thought, his weathered visage setting in lines of care, he'd call up Jeffrey presently.

What was this stuff he was looking at, anyway? None of the words had registered on his mind, and he began it again. After all, it represented five hundred dollars—five times his usual contribution to the welfare chest. A few words of the pseudo-scientific preamble, and he gave that up. Next came the interpretation: "Sons of Aquarius may be either extremely strong or extremely weak. . . . When they awake to the possibilities of their natural endowments they may rise to undreamed-of heights, or, if indifferent, may be but a chip on the tide of life."

"Shuh!" Harmacy grunted, reading on. "Honest . . . kind-hearted . . . possessed of acute perception . . . aware of possessing great power, which they are apt to permit to lie dormant for lack of initiative." He skipped some more. "Should comprehend their failings—fear . . . vacillation . . . procrastination . . . indecision. . . ."

Harmacy tossed the paper from him. What a lot of — ! As if — yet — he scowled with the thought—yet here he was shilly-shallying about this contract. Procrastination! Indecision! Could the thing be getting under his skin? Was he indecisive? Damn! He'd soon settle the matter!

But even as he reached for the telephone the bell rang in the outer office. And in a moment Gus appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Jeffrey on the line, sir," Gus announced. He was abject, fearful of the personal result of the conversation that impended. To avoid hearing it, to postpone as long as possible the visitation of Harmacy's wrath, he quietly closed the door.

"Should have called you," Harmacy apologized, after greetings had been exchanged, "but I've been outside all morning. Well, Mr. Jeffrey, I don't see but what I'll have to—"

"Now just a minute, just a minute!" Jeffrey interrupted—he was one of those overbearing men whose own words are more important than any they might hear. "I'm convinced, Harmacy, that the difference between your price and the lowest one represents so much insurance against—well, against lots of things—complications—risks, if you like. Now, since I called your office we've held a conference and have decided to give you the contract at your figure. What's that?" Harmacy had nearly dropped the receiver. "Oh, I thought you said something. I suppose that the quicker we sign up the quicker we can start operations."

"You can't start too soon to suit me," Harmacy declared. "When the contracts are ready give me the word, and I'll be there fast enough."

IN a daze Harmacy hung up the receiver and sat staring at nothing. He had come within an eyelash of giving away thirty thousand dollars! The margin by which he had escaped disaster frightened him. Part of him rejoiced at his good fortune; part of him shriveled with realization of his timidity. If he had taken a bold stand in the first place he would have been spared all the anxiety of these two days.

It would never do, he reflected, eying with frowning interest the long sheet on the desk, to let the office know how close he had come to throwing away thirty thousand dollars. But, though his joy was not undiluted, he was brimming with the good news, and, rising from his groaning chair, he opened the door to the general office.

Gus shrank over his high desk, head lowered, awaiting the blow, but the others looked up, expectant.

"Well, folks," grinned Harmacy from the doorway, "I landed the Asylum contract after all. And no cut!"

Gus turned his head and stared, popeyed. Had he heard aright? But Claridge's hearty "Great, Chief!" and Miss Horne's "Isn't that *wonderful!*" confirmed his hearing, and Gus swelled with conscious pride.

"Yes," Harmacy went on, "they had a conference this morning. And it's my guess that they decided the thirty thousand dollars was just so much insurance against—well, against lots of

EVERYBODY "GOES" FOR LOVELY HAIR!

WIN IT WITH GLOVER'S
and the proper System of Massage

Everybody admires thickly growing hair. Uncounted thousands have benefited their hair and scalp by following the Glover System. And it is very easy to do it!

Use the Glover System of Massage first, then an application of Glover's Mange Medicine (the famous Veterinary Medicine with the clean pine tar odor). Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap, specially blended for use with Glover's Mange Medicine. Sold by all druggists.

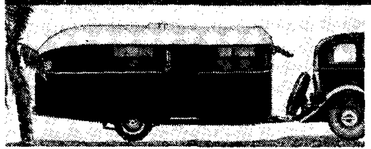
If you are troubled with excessive FALLING HAIR, ITCHING SCALP, DANDRUFF or BALDNESS, you'll find Glover's the most effective way to combat these conditions.

Or have your Barber or Hairdresser give you this scientific treatment regularly. *Illustrated booklet describing Glover's System FREE.* Write to Glover's, Dept. DH, 462 Fourth Ave., New York.

GLOVER'S
MEDICATED
SOAP

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE
FOR THE
HAIR AND SCALP

Live Like a KING . . . on the OPEN ROAD!



$375.00 and up

FREE—*Illustrated* literature or send 10¢ postage for Trailer Booklet.

● Both the standard and deluxe Covered Wagon house type trailers offer you the last word in home-like comforts and convenience. If you're planning on extensive traveling or shooting expeditions—don't fail to investigate the amazing advantages of Covered Wagon Travel. Here is the *complete* home on wheels—kitchen, dining room, bedroom and bath. Go when and where you will—and cut travel expenses 50% to 75%. Thousands are turning to trailer travel—for its greater freedom and its thrifty economy. Write for complete information—without obligation.

COVERED WAGON COMPANY
11913 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich

Travel by— COVERED *Wagon*

ATTENTION!

CLUB WOMEN

Endorsed by churches and societies everywhere

AN especially prepared income plan for Churches and Societies will help reduce your financial burden . . . by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for Collier's, Companion and American Magazine. Complete outfit and suggestions mailed to you immediately, with no obligation. Simply paste this announcement on penny postcard and mail to

JOHN DUNCANSON, Director
CHURCH SERVICE DIVISION

The Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Co.
250 Park Avenue
New York City

things — complications — risks. Makes some difference to us, eh?"

"I'll say!" crowed Claridge fervently. "Look, Chief. In about two minutes I'll have the approximation on that piking job we saw this morning."

"All right. Bring it in." In his office again James J. Harmacy picked up his horoscope reading. His eyes ran over the lines. . . . Procrastination . . . Indecision. . . . Had he been kidding himself all these years? Was there a timid streak in him? Might be something in this star stuff, at that. Anyhow, it would stand looking into at his leisure. Thoughtful, he was putting the paper carefully into a pocket when Claridge entered with his figures.

FROM the tall stool Gus gazed triumphantly down on Miss Horne, regarded fondly the back of her slim, rather sallow neck and the shining brown coil of hair that rested on it. "Well, Gertrude," he asked, "how do you like the desk now?"

Turning, Miss Horne looked up frigidly. "Miss Horne, if you don't mind."

"Okay. Then it's Mr. Fees to you. See? Familiarity must be—well, reciprocal. There's a good two-dollar word for your notebook. I asked you how you liked the desk now."

"Oh," shrugged Miss Horne, "it's all habit, anyhow. Still, if I shouldn't like it this way—"

"It'll stay right there, sister," Gus declared. "And you'll like it."

"Who says so?"

"I say so—and, between you and me, I'm somebody around here."

"Indeed! And what makes *you* think so?"

Gus cocked an ear towards the private office. Then, "This: I saved all our jobs this morning."

"Oh, yes?" Miss Horne's smile was such as she would bestow on a child.

"Oh, yes! And I don't mean maybe or perhaps. You think the boss landed this Asylum Assurance contract, don't you? You would think so to hear him tell it. But *I'm* telling you it was landed before he came in." Rapidly he detailed his conversation with Jeffrey. "You have to talk turkey to these people," he bragged in conclusion. "They thought they'd get gypped if they gave the job to that outside concern."

Miss Horne's surprised stare slanted up at him. "But," she argued, "suppose they had given them the contract—and Mr. Harmacy had intended to accept their offer."

"Well," Gus evaded, "they didn't. Did they?"

"Seems to me you took an awful chance." But Miss Horne's eyes seemed to approve the result of this one.

"You have to take chances in this world," Gus grinned, climbing down from his stool and standing by her side. "Say, Gert, what are you doing tonight? There's a swell picture at the Imperial."

"Miss Horne!" bawled Harmacy from his office. "Bring your book, please!"

Gus made a gesture of impatience. "What do you say, Gert?" he persisted. He flaunted male aggression like a new and flashy garment.

"Well—" She hesitated, her gaze dropping before the boldness of his stare.

"Okay, sister!" Gus swaggered, as she turned towards the private office. "It's a date. Get me? A date!"

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Continued from page 17

got yo' money in, and beggin' 'em to put dey money in, too. Cause you know de mo' people put money in de bank, de longer hit's gonter last befo' hit goes busted.

"And dat's jest de way wid de widow woman's copper cent. When she put her money in de church, she gits powerful intrusted in what's goin' on, cause she know de mo' people come to church de happier God be's and de mo' He gonter bless folks."

The mechanics of taking up collection vary. But usually the end is the same. The choir sings, and the contributions are dropped into a plate or brought forward by the donors and placed upon the table. They are then counted by the Finance Committee. After the ceremony of counting, the committee goes into a huddle.

"We got to have," the committee chairman announces, "fou'teen mo' cents. We got fou' dollars and sixty-one cents, and we got to have fou' dollars six bits. Who gonter gimme dat fou'teen cents? Gimme a dime? Gimme a nickel? A copper?"

"God ain't got time to monkey wid odd change," the preacher puts in. "Fou'-six-bits or nothin'."

The collection proceeds, a nickel here and a penny there. Sometimes it happens, when only one penny is needed, two people volunteer it simultaneously. That makes odd change again. "Got to make hit even five dollars," the chairman states. "Got to have twenty-fou' mo' cents. Who gonter gimme a dime?"

The Reverend Sunshine Money has his own collecting system. He is famous all over Louisiana and Mississippi for his "Eagle Stirs the Nest" sermon, and the sermon grows out of the collection taking.

The process begins in the customary manner. The chairman of the Finance Committee makes a brief speech about the needs of the church and the visiting dignitary.

"Hit's mo' blessed to give den receive," the presiding minister offers.

"And," adds Sunshine Money, "I got to see *dat man* tomorrow." The expression is well understood: "dat man" is a creditor.

The choir sings, and the members and "visiting friends" come, one by one, and place their offerings on a table in front of the pulpit. Sunshine Money watches each donation critically.

God Loves the Eagle

"Abraham Lincoln was a good man," Sunshine Money remarks in a loud voice. "And God loved him good."

"Amen," comes the agreement from the Amen Corner.

"And dat's how come Uncle Sam put his pitcher on de copper cents. Cause he was a good man and God loved him."

"Hit's de trufe!"

"So I wants to see a heap er dem Lincoln coppers in de collection."

"Well, well, well," from the Amen Corner.

"And God loves de buffalo," adds Sunshine Money.

A giggle rises from the congregation and subdued remarks about the buffalo nickel may be heard.

"Dat's what I'm tawkin' 'bout," says the preacher. "Buffalo nickels in de collection. One nickel wid a buffalo will do God jest five times as much good as one Lincoln copper cent."

"And you knows hit's so," comes the Amen chorus.

"But," and at this point Reverend Sunshine Money stops clowning and

(Continued on page 70)

A dollar isn't much
for a day's outing
HAMBURGER 10¢
BAR-B-Q BEEF 15¢
HOT DOGS 10¢
. . nor is an extra dollar much
to guarantee future pleasures!

For every $1 a week that you* put aside now, at least $4 a week will come back to YOU at 65 in guaranteed Guardian "salary checks"!

Glorious Autumn days! Carefree outings! Small sums spent without thought . . . *today!* But, what of the Autumns . . . *tomorrow?* Will money be available then?

Start now to replace today's earnings — with a Guardian Salary Continuation Plan . . . *for as little as $1 a week.* Every $1 a week that you put aside now will bring YOU at least $4 a week — every week — in guaranteed "salary checks" at 65! Or, you can have them start at 55 or 60.

Meanwhile, if anything should happen to you — for every $1 a week, your children and their mother will be guaranteed $100 a month for more than a year!

With this two-fold protection . . . and the Peace Of Mind that a Guardian Salary Continuation Plan brings . . . you and your family can really enjoy the immediate pleasures of life.

Mail the coupon today for FREE INFORMATION.

*If you are now 30. (Add a few pennies for each additional year.)

THE GUARDIAN LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
A Mutual Company • Established 1860
Dept. C-2, 50 Union Square, New York City
Guardian of American Families for 75 Years

Show me how—I can continue receiving guaranteed "salary checks," *and provide immediate protection for my family.*

Date of birth________ Month ________ Day ________ Year
Name________________________
Street________________________
City________________State________________C-2
Address: The Guardian Life Insurance Co. of America, Dept. C-2, 50 Union Sq., New York

SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO!

LET A REGISTERED AC CLEANING STATION SAVE GAS FOR YOU by the AC Method

Before Cleaning
After Cleaning

Dirty or worn spark plugs can cause a loss of as much as 1 gallon of gas in 10. The remedy is a thorough cleaning by the AC Method. More than 55,000 Registered AC Cleaning Stations offer AC's gas-saving service, for only 5c a plug. Have your plugs cleaned *today!* Badly worn plugs, of course, should be replaced with new AC Quality Spark Plugs—**NOW 60c.**

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Flint, Michigan St. Catharines, Ontario

Plugs for Canadian market—75c—made at St. Catharines, Ontario

REGISTERED AC SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION
SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED WHILE YOU WAIT 5c EACH
LOOK FOR THE "PLUG-IN-THE-TUB"

ONE PINT
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky Straight Whiskey
100 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y. FRANKFORT, KY.
MARK OF MERIT Schenley
DS. 9

HEAD AND SHOULDERS

above all others in Kentucky!

SCHENLEY'S

CREAM *of* KENTUCKY

delicious straight whiskey outsells any other whiskey in Kentucky... the home of fine whiskey judges and fine whiskey . . . Just *try* it!

"Cream of Kentucky" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1935, Schenley Distributors, Inc.

(Continued from page 69)

grows serious. "God's favorite is de eagle. And whilst y'all put some silver money wid de eagles on hit in de collection, I'm gonter tell you 'bout dat eagle."

A timid sister places a dime on the table.

"Hit ain't no eagle on a dime," the preacher points out at once. "A nickel's a nickel, and a dime's a dime, and I'll take either one any old time. But hit ain't no eagle on a silver dime. I got to see eagles befo' I kin read de eagle tex'."

Someone comes forward with a quarter of a dollar.

"Dat's better," concedes Sunshine Money. "But hit's a mighty little eagle on a two-bitses. And I ain't fixin' to tawk about no two-bits eagle. I ain't fixin' to tawk about no ring-tail eagle, and I ain't fixin' to tawk about no Mobile eagle. I'm fixin' to tell y'all about dat bald eagle dat sets above de throne er God. He got a eye in de top er his head and he kin see fou' ways at once!" And by rolling his eyes, the preacher is able to give the impression of an eagle looking in four directions.

Silver on the Table

As the collection grows, and the discourse on the eagle gets more specific, Sunshine Money opens the Bible and announces vaguely that "my tex' comes straight f'm de Book er Deuteronomy." The congregation settles immediately for the sermon. But Sunshine Money isn't through taking the collection, by any means. The Finance Committee reports the total in the collection plate.

"I can't even read my tex'," Sunshine Money declares, "on dat little old collection. Now, Church, don't make me stand hyar and beg y'all all night. You know you gonter gimme some mo' money. You jest want to hyar me stand up hyar and beg you. Well, I won't beg. But I'm gonter tell you what I'll do. I'll go on and read de tex' and preach de sermon, jest as quick as y'all do what I'm gonter tell you to do. Is dat fair?"

"Sounds fair to me," says the Amen Corner, and a general hum of approval sweeps over the congregation.

"All right. I'd go right on now and preach dis sermon efn I could. But hit takes silver on de table to git dis eagle flyin' around. Hit's a hard sermon to preach, and I got to feel good to preach hit. And about de onliest thing which'll make me feel right to preach dis eagle sermon is some mo' silver on de table.

"But I ain't no hog for money. I'm gonter let y'all down light, cause y'all needs dis sermon worse'n I needs de silver. So hyar's what I'm fixin' to do. I'm fixin' to start preachin' and readin' my tex' quick as fou' er y'all Christian friends do somethin'. Do dat sound fair?"

"Fair enough," chortles the Amen Corner.

"All right. I wants fou' people to come forward. I wants one to put a silver dime on de table. Den I wants another one to put a silver two-bitses on de table. And de next one puts a silver fou'-bitses on de table. And de last one puts a silver dollar on de table. And don't nobody pick up no change. And when you do like dat, I'm hyar to tell you, y'all fixin' to hyar dat eagle squall!"

Presently the congregation has collected the required pieces of silver. Usually four young women are delegated to bring the money forward. It is ceremoniously placed upon the table, as the Bible is opened and studied.

"I'm readin' f'm de Book er Deuteronomy," states Sunshine Money. "And hyar's what de Book er Deuteronomy got to say about dat eagle I'm fixin' to tell you about. De Book say: 'As de eagle stirreth up his nest—' "

"Well?"

"Said, 'As de eagle stirreth up his nest—' "

"Well, he'p him out, Lawd!"

" 'So shall God stirreth up his people.' "

"Well, now, amen!"

"Hit says, 'As de *eagle*—' "

"Hit do, now."

" 'Stirreth up his *nest*—' "

"So sweet, so sweet."

" 'So—' "

"Amen."

" 'Shall God—' "

"Have mercy."

" 'Stirreth up his people.' "

"Well, amen, amen."

"Dat's amen tawk," Sunshine Money asserts, and the congregation babbles approval.

"Now, de Bible don't say dis," the preacher admits.

"Naw?"

"But I'm sayin' hit."

"Well, le's hyar hit."

"De *Book* say God gonter stirreth up his people."

"Dat's right."

"And I'm sayin', God gonter use me for de spoon."

"Have mercy. Amen. He'p him out, Lawd."

Sunshine Money lives up to his promise. His sermon quickly becomes an incoherent discourse about the eagle, with detours that include practically every phase of the Old and New Testaments. The figure upon which the sermon is based is this: The eagle builds a nest upon a rock, lays the outer structure with stones and thorns, and the inner lining with moss. In this nest the young are hatched and fed until it is time for them to fly. But the mossy nest is too comfortable and the eaglets are not interested in leaving. So the mother eagle "stirs the nest," forcing the sharp thorns through the mossy lining, and annoying the young eagles until they fly away.

God created man in a nest of comfort, Sunshine Money maintains. And when man gets spiritually lazy in his comfort, God stirs up the nest with trouble.

Scandalous Talk

As with white churches, the women of the Negro churches form the bulk of the congregation. Whether the attraction is the same is uncertain, but unquestionably the most successful Negro preachers are physically the most attractive, and the affairs between the reverend and the sisters are openly talked about.

There are, naturally, exceptions. There are many Negro preachers whose domestic life is beyond reproach. But the handsome preacher attracts the sisters and usually only scandalous talk results. In at least one case there was a murder by a preacher. He is now serving a hundred-year sentence in the Mississippi State Prison Farm, along with several other preachers who are there for *crimes passionnels.*

Discussing the situation with the preacher-murderer, I found him very repentant about the killing, and happy to be imprisoned in expiation of the offense. He had, as most Negroes in penal institutions have done, committed the violent crime on an impulse; there was nothing of the mean killer type about him.

Though he showed repentance for having broken both God's and man's law, the breaking of the Seventh Commandment, from which the murder resulted, did not trouble him.

"Dis lady's husband," he explained, "started a humbug, and I got mad and kilt him. Dat was ugly. And God don't

(Continued on page 72)

NEW KIND OF TIRE PROTECTS YOU AGAINST BLOW-OUT ACCIDENTS LIKE THIS

The toughest spot I have ever been in was when I had that Blow-out

says **GEORGE RAFT**

now starring in Walter Wanger's "Every Night at Eight"

RELEASED BY PARAMOUNT

"I'm used to playing rough and tumble parts in the movies," says George Raft, "and I'll admit that I've had some mighty close shaves. But the toughest spot I have ever been in was when I had that treacherous blow-out. Believe me, from now on I have Golden Ply blow-out protection on my cars exclusively."

YOU Need This Life-Saving Goodrich Tire!

If you need tires now—if you are going to need them any time during the next few months—*don't take chances.* Be sure that the tires you ride around on provide you and your family with *real* protection against blow-outs. Because at today's high speeds you can't afford to gamble. Here's why.

What Causes Blow-outs

When you spin along highways at a rate of 40, 50, 60 miles an hour terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny blister forms. You don't know it—you can't see it—you drive on without a care in the world. But bigger and BIGGER grows this invisible blister. It may burst quickly or the blow-out may not happen for months. Just the same, that blister, as long as it *is* in the tire, is a real driving hazard and a menace to your life.

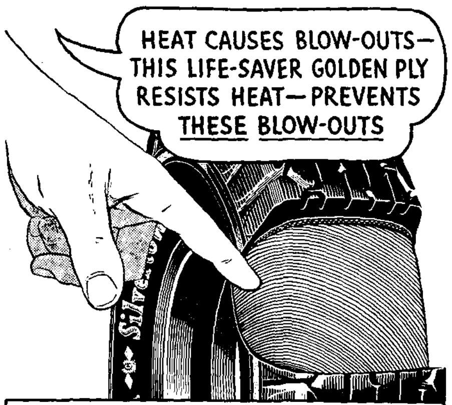
To protect you against the danger of blow-outs every Goodrich Safety Silvertown is built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable Golden Ply is something absolutely *new*—the *first* real improvement in tire construction in many years—an invention that was needed to save motorists' lives. By resisting *heat* this Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. Blisters don't form *inside* the tire. You get *real* protection against dangerous high-speed blow-outs.

Another Goodrich Feature

Yes, Goodrich Silvertowns have *got* something that no other tires in the world have—the Life-Saver Golden Ply. But Goodrich engineers didn't stop there. That big, rugged Silvertown tread with its husky cleats and bull-dog grip will also protect you against dangerous tail-spin skids on wet slippery roads. Furthermore, Silvertowns will give you *months* of extra mileage for your tire dollars.

No Extra Cost

That invisible blister . . . that blow-out in the making may be in your tire right now! Stay off the accident list by equipping your car with Goodrich Silvertowns. From no other tire can you get so *much* safety and mileage for so *little* money. Even if Silvertowns cost more, the life-saving protection of the Golden Ply would alone be worth a price premium. But when you're buying tires remember this—*Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires.*


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—THIS LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS
SILVERTOWN

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 579, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

The NEW **Goodrich** *Safety* **Silvertown**

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Twice the SPINNING POWER
118
GLOBE
PARAGON
17 PLATES PER CELL
144 AMP.-20 MIN.
113 A.H.-20 HRS.
300 AMP.-4.5 MIN.
GENUINE HARD RUBBER

LAZY batteries are out of date for starting modern, high compression engines.

The new 1935 GLOBE "118" Battery gives *twice* as much *Spinning Power* as the Official Standard of the Battery Industry (standard set by Society of Automotive Engineers).

Getting down to everyday driving terms, this extra power means *quicker and surer starts during* any season, anywhere, brighter lights, hotter sparks, more engine power, less fuel consumption and far less chance of a "dead" battery.

Investigate! One of the 16,000 GLOBE dealers is near you.

GLOBE-UNION MFG. CO.
918 E. Keefe Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Factories and branches in 17 cities—thousands of dealers from coast to coast.

for quick starts

A Suggestion! "Fall Driving Clinic" this month at GLOBE dealers

Shorter days — greater use of headlights—heavier drain on your battery. Danger ahead at the first cold snap unless your battery is ready for the heavier load!

Are you sure the *entire* electrical system is functioning properly for fall and winter driving? This month GLOBE dealers are featuring "Fall Driving Clinic." Save time, save money, prevent trouble. Look for the GLOBE sign and drive in for a thorough test and inspection.

©, 1935

GLOBE BATTERY

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Continued from page 70

love ugly. And I'm doin' a hund'ed years on de farm, jest for gittin' mad."

"But you broke the Seventh Commandment," I pointed out.

"You don't understand de Seventh Commandment," said the preacher-convict. "Dat's whar you stopped readin'. You jest go on and read Leviticus, whar hit say, 'Ye shall not lie wid de Philistines, for dey are not of God.'

"Well, dis lady was a Christian lady, and I'm a Christian man. And a Christian man and a Christian lady is jest like puttin' two clean sheets together. You can't git neither of 'em dirty agin de yuther."

The Mind's What Counts

The best Negro exhorter that I have had the good fortune to hear is the Reverend Childress of Greenville, Mississippi. He is an albino, and makes an asset of his affliction. The first time I heard him preach was at a dedication ceremony. The new church was packed; there were too many people in the church for comfort, but he liked a crowd.

"When hit was announced last Sunday," he told the congregation, "dat Reverend Childress was gonter preach hyar, dat was wrong. Efn de deacons had spread de word dat de *albino* was gonter preach hyar, dis church would 'a' been so full, people'd 'a' been hangin' f'm de rafters."

The real reason that the albino preacher is popular is the luck factor. It is lucky to look upon an albino; it is far more lucky to hear one preach. And to receive spiritual grace through the offices of an albino preacher is probably the ultimate to be obtained in this life.

And his sermon is of an intellectual nature. His subject is the Human Mind, which he cleverly links with a verse from St. Paul.

"How come," asks Childress, the albino, "dis Paul say, 'Put yo' mind in Christ'? How come he didn't say, 'Put yo' heart in Christ? Or yo' hand'? Well, I'm gonter show you.

"You take President Roosevelt. He's settin' up in Washington, right now, de biggest man in de country. Why? Cause he got de mind. His hand ain't no bigger den nobody else's. And neither his heart. But his mind is. And jest cause he got de mind, he kin pick up dat gravel and slam hit agin de table one time, and fawty-eight governors come runnin' and say, 'Yassuh, Mister Roosevelt. What you want us to do?'

"Or he kin bang de gravel, and pass a law—jest like dat: blap! And hit's a law! Blap! Another law! Blap-blap-blap! Three laws! Cut off his right hand, and he grab de gravel in his left hand and pass laws faster'n de secretary kin write 'em down.

"Or stop his heart f'm beatin—den what? He dies, yes. But he gits de biggest funeral anybody ever got. And de work he done already wid his mind gonter last.

"But you let him lose his mind! You take and let him go crazy, whilst he's settin' up in de cheer. De vice'll grab de gravel and start passin' laws befo' de doctor kin git Mister Roosevelt to de hospital."

The speed with which the mind works also interests the Reverend Childress. "Now, take Mister Lindbergh," he suggests. "He got in his airplane one time, and got to flyin' so fast he couldn't come down to he run out of gasoline. And when he did come down he was in France. Ten thousand miles f'm home! Jest come sailin' in like a bird on de wing. So ev'ybody say, 'Who-o-o! Dat's goin' some!'

"But wait. Dey tell me now dey got dese hyar new streamline trains dat make Mister Lindbergh look like he flyin' backward. You look at it hyar, and befo' you kin see hit, hit's done gone yonder. Dey tell me all you got to do is git on one er dem trains and jest pull de lever, and you's whar you was fixin' to go. Dey tell me you c'd git on one er dem streamlines, right hyar in Greenville, Mississippi, and in five minutes you'll be in New York City, struttin' up and down Wall Street, chatterin' and tawkin' wid Mister J. J. Morgan and Old Jay Gould.

"And ev'ybody say, 'Who-o-o-o! Ain't dat goin' some!' But wait to I show you.

"Whilst you's waitin' for de engineer to pull dat lever, you gits to thinkin' about how cool and nice de breezes is on Lake Michigan up in Chicago. But you don't like dat. You wants salt air. So, blip! Yo' mind travel over to Atlantic City and you's watchin' de waves roll high! But you don't need no stawm, so, blap! You's in California, whar de sea is calm and peaceful.

"Den you say, 'Dis ain't my style. I likes hit wawm, like down in de Gulf er Mexico,' and yo' mind take you right out in de sweet wawm air.

" 'Dis'd be nice,' you say, 'efn I had me a heap er gold.' So quick as you think dat, you's down in de yeart', diggin' gold out wid a shovel. Den you's happy. You whar you wants to be and you got plenty money. So you raise up yo' eyes to thank God, and yo' mind lifts right up to God's purty stars, and on past de Solo System, square up to de Th'one, and you see de Twelve Elders and hyar de angels singin' about de New Songster Zion.

"And den you bat yo' eyes and look. You's right hyar in Greenville, Mississippi, whar you been all de time. Yo' mind has done traveled to de nawth and de south and de east and de west and up and down, and dat engineer on dat fast streamline train ain't even got his hand on de throttle yit, and you ain't even started for New York.

"Naw, my friends, I'm tellin' you. Yo' mind is jest natchally *fast!*"

The March of Calvary

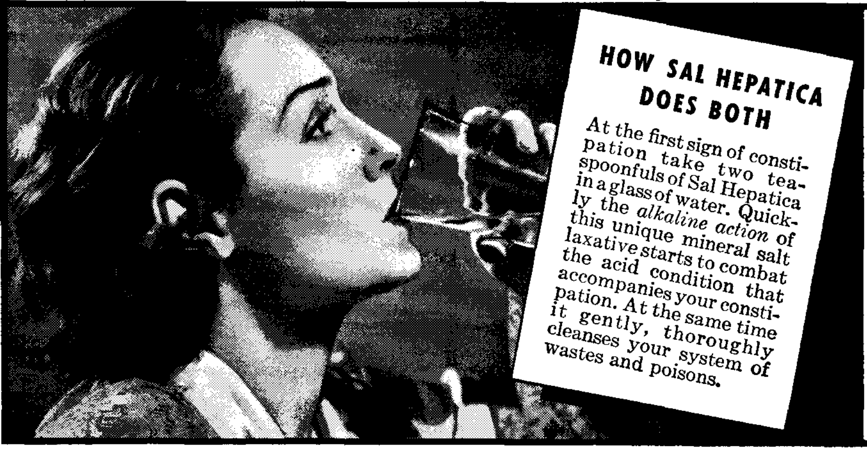
Reverend Childress is a tall, handsome man about thirty-five years old. His features are African and his hair is as kinky as that of the purest of the race. But his skin is fleshy pink and his hair is snow white. He makes a striking picture of dignity and forcefulness in the pulpit. To look at him is to feel exalted and to hear his rich baritone voice ripple sonorous syllables is music.

And when he clears the pulpit and begins the march up Calvary, his strong body literally exhausted from bearing the burdens of all mankind, and his throaty moans crying out for the pain and sorrow of the universe, the people go wild. The women shout and roll on the floor in delirium; the men whoop and yell and stamp their feet. Even the "visitin' white friends" bite their lips and hold on to their dignity with determination, for they have witnessed an unbearably horrible and beautiful suffering.

They have, for a fleeting moment, stood on Gethsemane's brow, have seen with their own eyes the sins and faults of mankind expiated in the suffering of One, and have exalted their little souls in a Divine Passion that overwhelms them.

"WHY DON'T I FEEL BETTER AFTER TAKING THAT LAXATIVE?"

AND THEN SHE LEARNED THAT *Laxative Action* IS NOT ENOUGH... THAT *Acidity* MUST ALSO BE CORRECTED!



HOW SAL HEPATICA DOES BOTH

At the first sign of constipation take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Quickly the *alkaline action* of this unique mineral salt laxative starts to combat the acid condition that accompanies your constipation. At the same time it gently, thoroughly cleanses your system of wastes and poisons.

IN A SHORT TIME YOU FEEL FIT AND FINE

Within a short time after taking Sal Hepatica, you get *real relief* from the disagreeable effects of constipation: headaches, listlessness, poor appetite, etc. You cannot expect these same wonderful results from ordinary laxatives. For while the usual laxative does cleanse your system, it is not designed to correct acidity.

Constipation is accompanied by Acidity. Here is the scientific reason why Sal Hepatica, unlike ordinary laxatives, gives real relief from its effects.

SAL HEPATICA, unlike ordinary laxatives, is scientifically designed to do two things: to cleanse the system *and* to combat the acid condition that accompanies constipation.

Unlike Other Laxatives

This unique laxative is a blend of mineral salts . . . almost identical, in fact, to the waters of the world famous Spas. These salts neutralize any excess acidity in your system . . . build up your alkaline reserve to normal.

And, at the same time, Sal Hepatica gently, thoroughly, effectively cleanses your intestinal tract. It clears away clogging wastes and poisons . . . by aiding your body to function in a natural, easy manner.

Shortly after taking Sal Hepatica, you can expect to get real relief from your constipation and your acid condition. Your headache will go . . . and you'll feel full of life and energy again.

Why not get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today . . . and correct acidity as well as cleanse your system.

FRED ALLEN RETURNS!

Tune in October 2 to "TOWN HALL TONIGHT!" One full hour of music, drama, sparkling fun! Wednesday nights, National Broadcasting Company Coast-to-Coast Network.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR OVER 40 YEARS FOR...

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent
Saline Combination
LAXATIVE &
CATHARTIC
NEW YORK

- COLDS
- HEADACHES
- UPSET STOMACH
- INDIGESTION
- NERVOUSNESS
- UNNATURAL FATIGUE

All these ailments are commonly associated with and aggravated by constipation and an acid condition.

SEPTEMBER COLDS GO QUICKER

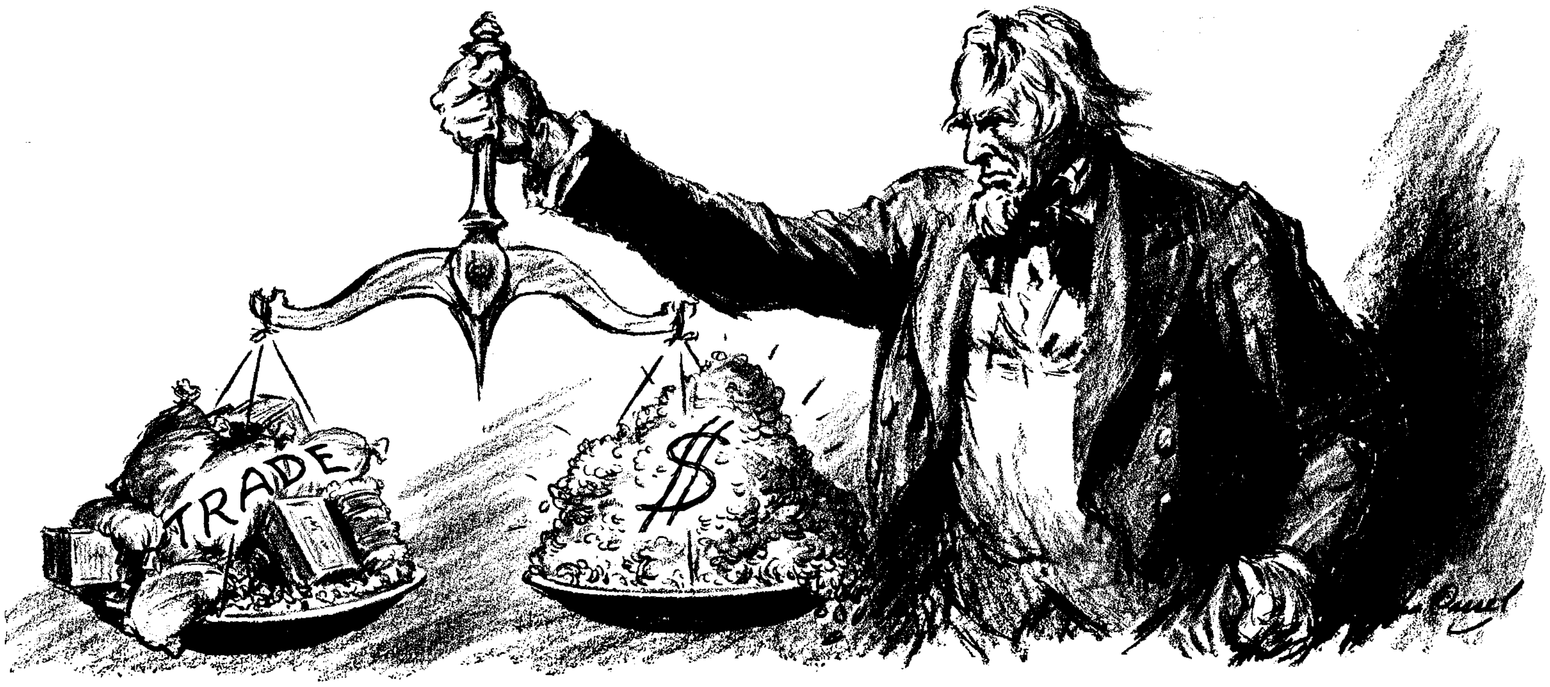
At the first sign of a cold, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water... to cleanse your system and to correct the acidity that always aggravates colds. This, doctors agree, is the scientific way to treat colds successfully.

Sal Hepatica

THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT CORRECTS ACIDITY

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



The Rising Tide

SINCE international bankers are now the sacrificial goats of so many demagogues, a hard-boiled report on the results of their activities by governmental agents has peculiar interest and importance.

As Secretary of Commerce, Daniel C. Roper lately made public the balance of international payments of the United States in 1934. Secretary Roper's experts retailed no gossip about the private lives or personal profits of the international bankers. The government men restricted their attention to tracing what Americans got and gave in world trade. This, after all, is the kernel of the matter.

First of all, we exported in 1934 goods worth $2,133,000,000. Business was 27% better for exporters last year than in 1933. This huge trade, which provided employment for hundreds of thousands of American workers, was of course financed in various ways by the international bankers.

Goods imported were worth nearly half a billion dollars less than goods we shipped abroad. Our imports were valued at $1,655,000,000, leaving us a so-called "favorable" balance of $478,000,000. The transportation, sale and delivery of these imports gave employment to other hundreds of thousands of Americans. The financing of these imports was another responsibility of the international bankers.

Our cotton and tobacco and motorcars and other such items make up our visible exports. The exchange of services between nations is also important. These services are the "invisible" trade.

Last year we paid foreigners ninety-six million dollars for freight and shipping. We received sixty-one millions on this account from other nations. This exchange provided employment for tens of thousands of American workers. The business required the aid of international bankers.

Tourists' expenditures rise to large sums. In 1934, for example, foreigners visiting the United States spent ninety-four million dollars. Hotel keepers, merchants and transportation agencies doubtless obtained most of this business. Americans traveling abroad spent three hundred and fourteen millions.

Since the United States is peopled by immigrants of one year and vintage or another, immigrant remittances have long been a large factor in our international trade. The money which sons, daughters, husbands and fathers sent back to their dependents declined in hard times. Last year, however, these recent settlers sent back one hundred and five millions to their dependents abroad. Americans received from this source just five millions.

These immigrant remittances are exceedingly interesting. The Irish Free State got more than ten and a half millions from this source. Lottery tickets bought by Americans swelled the total, but the bulk was made up of small sums sent by immigrants to their families in the old country.

Italian immigrants sent back the largest sum, more than sixteen million dollars. Greeks, Hungarians, Germans, Swedes, Poles, Japanese and Mexicans all contributed their millions. How much the Chinese sent back can be only guessed, but estimates run from fifteen to thirty millions.

Every one of these charitable immigrants relied upon international banks, or upon the post office, which, too, is an international banker, to get their contributions to their dependents in foreign lands.

Americans are a charitable people and every year large sums are sent abroad by religious, charitable, scientific and similar institutions. Even in 1934 this form of charity accounted for the shipment of twenty-four millions abroad.

All this is the day-by-day business, vastly important in its accumulated effects, but not spectacular. The dramatic side of the international trade centers in the great movements of capital from one nation to another.

Last year was historic from this standpoint. Measured at the new price of $35 an ounce, gold to the value of $1,187,000,000 flowed into the United States. This importation of gold broke all records. Political unrest in various European countries and fear of the future monetary policies of some European nations accounted for this wholesale transfer of gold. International banks took charge of the shipment, but worried owners, rather than bankers, were responsible for this huge export of metal.

Americans who, fearful in 1933, had shipped their own dollars abroad brought them back in 1934. Foreigners, also, who had transferred their American funds abroad brought them back when their fears were allayed.

Although the United States is a creditor nation, last year, both in short-term loans and in long-term investments, we received far more than we gave. In short loans the money we imported exceeded what we sent out by $192,000,000. International long-term investments showed an excess of receipts for this country of more than $200,000,000.

The public criticism of international bankers arose when Americans lost money on investments in foreign securities recommended or sold by bankers. So long as the tide of money flows into the country, there will be less opportunity for disappointment on the part of Americans.

The tide cannot, however, indefinitely flow in one direction. In one way or another a balance must be struck if trade is to continue. The balance cannot forever be struck by the importation of gold.

We have the opportunity now in relative calm to work out policies which will enable us to retain and expand our international business. Progress has been made through Secretary Hull's reciprocal treaties. More treaties will increase our opportunities for profitable employment at home. Secretary Hull, however, cannot make these treaties unless he is sustained by a reasonable and informed public opinion.

Glenmore
100 PROOF
ONE PINT
Straight Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

A GREAT OLD-FASHIONED?

IT DEPENDS ON WHAT'S IN IT!

Sugar and seltzer and ice and bitters and lemon peel don't make an Old-Fashioned. • But Glenmore completes the formula *perfectly*—as you might suspect. For Glenmore's a Kentucky Straight—with a flavor redolent of fine native grains distilled as only Glenmore can—and—with a Back Label that speaks the truth.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., Incorporated • Louisville • Owensboro
Largest Distillery in Kentucky

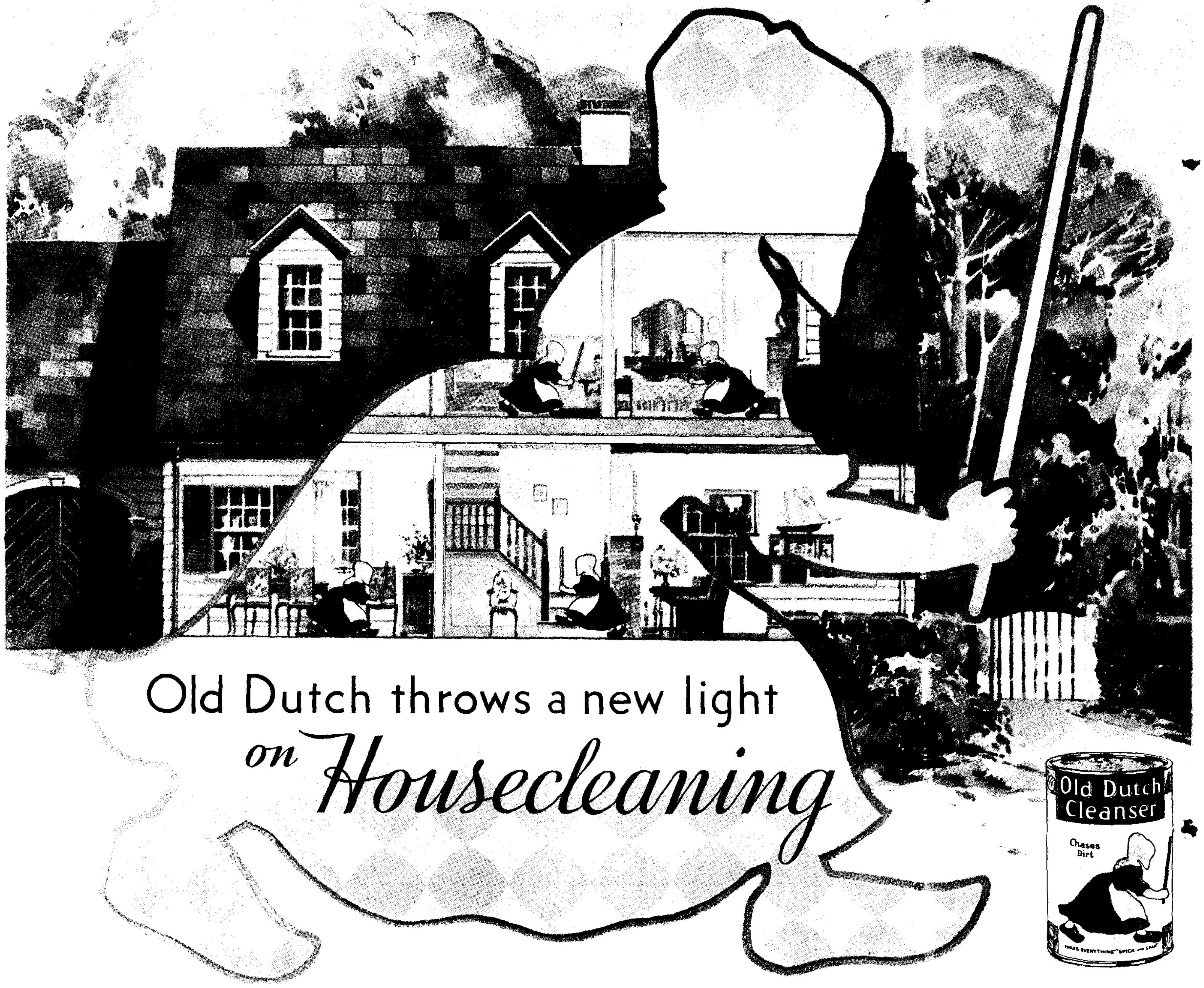
Distillers of Kentucky Tavern, Glenmore, Two Naturals—STRAIGHT WHISKIES • Old Thompson, Tom Hardy—BLENDS OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Glenmore's

The Spirit of Old Kentucky

Glenmore

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY


Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"

Old Dutch throws a new light *on Housecleaning*

Here's the modern cleaning aid that forever banishes the dread of hard-to-clean things. In the twinkling of an eye, Old Dutch cleans and polishes porcelain, enamel and glass surfaces...restores the freshness of painted walls and woodwork...removes spots, stains and tarnish from metals...makes wood, tile and linoleum floors gleam.

Old Dutch not only saves time and work, but saves money too because it does more cleaning per penny of cost and keeps lovely surfaces lovely. It's kind to the hands, leaves no gritty residue, doesn't clog drains, is odorless, removes odors, DOESN'T SCRATCH.

Be wise and thrifty! Don't miss the satisfaction and economy of using Old Dutch. Remember, it's the only cleanser made with

SEISMOTITE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

a *scratchless* cleaning and polishing material that is scientifically processed and compounded with other valuable ingredients. There's nothing else like Old Dutch.

6 TEASPOONS
for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and
50¢
VALUE $3.00 PER DOZEN

Old Dutch offers an amazing opportunity to secure Wm. A. Rogers A1 Plus Quality Silverware made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd.

This fine silverware may be had in the beautiful Croydon pattern, which was selected for its smartness and style by Eleanor Howe, nationally known home economist. Under the plan of this offer you may have your choice of teaspoons, oval soup spoons, salad forks or a dinner knife and fork, and thus build up a complete set of silverware at an amazingly low cost.

This is all you have to do—send the windmill panels from 3 Old Dutch labels and 50c and you may have your choice of *one* of the following four units.

....

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. S83, 221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing_____windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and_____¢ for which please send me

☐ 6 Teaspoons ☐ 1 Dinner Knife and Fork
☐ 3 Oval Soup Spoons ☐ 3 Salad Forks

You may order any one of these units, or as many as you like. (Remember each unit requires 50c and 3 windmill panels.) Take advantage of this [illegible] today. It is good only in the United States and Canada and expires December 31, 1935.

*Name*____

*Address*______________________________________

*City*__________________________ *State*____________

© 1935, The C. P. Co.